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THE

POEMS

OF

FERDOSI.

Literary Society of Bombay.

THE

POEMS

OF

FERDOSI.

TRANSLATED FROM THE PERSIAN BY

JOSEPH CHAMPION, ESQUIRE.

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MIHI SIT, ORO, NON INUTILIS TOGA,
NEC INDISERTA LINGUA, NEC TURPIS MANUS.

SIR W. JONES.

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EX-C-4

VOL. I.

LONDON:

Printed for T. CADELL, STRAND; and J. DEBRETT, PICCADILLY.

M. DCC. LXXXVIII.

1788

THESE

POEMS,

INTENDED AS AN

INTRODUCTION TO THE

PRINCIPAL HEROIC POEM

OF

FERDOSI,

ON THE

ACTIONS OF RUSTEM,

ARE ADDRESSED TO

SIR WILLIAM JONES, KNIGHT,

WITH EVERY MARK OF RESPECT,

DUE TO EMINENCE OF TALENT,

EXERTED IN THE

ADVANCEMENT OF ORIENTAL LITERATURE,

BY HIS FAITHFUL

AND OBEDIENT SERVANT

THE AUTHOR.

DEDICATION

TO

SIR WILLIAM JONES, KNIGHT.

IN this attempt Ferdoſi's wond'rous pow'rs,
Seen like the ſun obſcur'd by vernal ſhow'rs,
Struggle through various miſts, that juſtly claim
The critic's candour on the poet's fame.
Shou'd Titian's tints, or Rubens' manly grace,
Some future painter on his canvaſs place,
Thoſe lights and ſhades, that energy divine,
That wake each paſſion in their bold deſign,

Faint

Faint in the copy ſketch th' unequall'd art,
Which charms the eye, and ſeizes on the heart.
No lofty notes have tun'd my humble lyre;
No ſpicy odours raiſe the fragrant fire;
No ſwelling ſongſters warble o'er my flowers;
No verdant foliage ſhades the tuneful bow'rs;
Pleas'd if the imitative line ſhou'd give,
In Britiſh verſe Ferdoſi's ſong to live,
Dip in the torrent of his rapid ſtreams,
Or draw a ſhadow from his radiant beams.
'Tis rich imagination, force ſublime,
That leads the poet in the hand of time:
'Tis gay invention dreſt in nervous thought,
With melody of verſe by nature taught,
That ſtamps the bard: and yet thy beamy rays
May give my thoughts a tranſitory blaze.
Thus when the zephyrs waft the morning breeze,
And Phœbus richly gilds the vernal trees,
The vivid light rejoices all the throng,
And wakes to harmony the tuneful ſong.

Thy

Thy glowing tints the bright'ning canvaſs ſhows,
Thy breathing line with living beauty glows.
Did Poeſy, ſweet maid! employ thy hours;
(Still courting thee with her alluring pow'rs)
Our happy nation, favor'd by the ſkies!
Had ſeen in thee another Maro riſe.
The eagle bore our Perſian bard along,
Enchanting Aſia with his magic ſong.
His energy of thought, his boundleſs mind,
Drew ev'ry ſcene as ſplendid as refin'd.
Whether through hiſtory's delightful page,
He leads the muſe, or wakes her into rage,
Whether attractive fable fills the ſtrain,
Winds through the mazes in poetic vein,
Whether 'tis fancy or deſcription warms,
Or genius varying in a thouſand forms,
He reigns unequall'd on the muſes' throne,
And bounds o'er nature into worlds unknown.
The lofty columns of immortal fame
Riſe o'er his tomb, and dignify his name.

When godlike deeds demand exalted ſtrains,
When heroes triumph on the well-fought plains,
When eminence requires the nervous rhyme,
Who like Ferdoſi, reach'd the great ſublime?
He tow'r'd on wings beyond our mortal ſight,
And brought each muſe from her celeſtial height.
Strengthen my feeble pinions from thy throne!
To bear thy wonders to the frigid zone.
To lead thee to a world that knows thy name,
Though ſtill unconſcious of thy ſoaring fame.
Though Mahmoud frown'd, high ſeated on a throne,
Thy fame will reach where Mahmoud is unknown.
Mark well, ye great, while wafted on the tide
Of a ſmooth ſummer's ſtream with bubling pride,
The innate dignity, the conſcious fires,
That genius kindles, and that worth inſpires.
Mark well, ye proud, Ferdoſi's cloſing hour!
A king, a victor in the height of pow'r,
Oppreſs'd the bard; who eminently roſe,
Greatly triumphant o'er his ſcepter'd foes.

Unblemiſh'd

Unblemiſh'd manners fill'd his ev'ry hour,
Above the keeneſt blaſt of ruffian pow'r.
Injur'd, he wou'd not ſupplicate a crown,
But ſcorn'd the terrors of a monarch's frown.
Let deſpots, with their minions circled round,
Delighted hear the flatt'rer's ſoothing ſound.
Ages unborn, and wiſdom's ſacred train,
Will damn the tyrant as they read the ſtrain.
Many a Troy, and many Hectors fall,
And many a monarch rules the ſpacious ball.
What crowds of monarchs, from remoteſt time,
Have paſs'd like meteors thro' each earthly clime!
For Homer only did the epic muſe
Weave the bright wreath, impearl'd in orient dews?
For our Ferdoſi did the fates deſign,
The Poet's crown, and fancy's richeſt mine?
Does Hector or Achilles rage in fight?
A Ruſtem equals with undaunted might!
Do envious gods the fierce contention raiſe?
Ahermen riſes, and the dæmons blaze!

Does filial piety Eneas warm,
Through ſeas immenſe, and through the hoſtile ſtorm?
Read in great Munochere's illuſtrious reign,
The ſame bright moral, and exalted ſtrain.
Inſpir'd by genius, who aſſum'd his name,
By ſcience tutor'd, and impell'd by fame,
See how Ferdoſi, on his eagle wings,
Leaves time and nature gazing as he ſings,
As when through chaos burſt the beaming day,
And gave to ſight the wond'rous heav'nly way,
So the rich language of the Perſic plain,
Amaz'd and dazzled in Ferdoſi's ſtrain.
Proud Mahmoud dar'd the bard, whoſe mighty pow'rs,
Taught kings to tremble in their lofty tow'rs.
Thus when the lofty oak the ſtorm defies,
And the fierce tempeſt in the low'ring ſkies;
Struck by the light'ning, by the tempeſt blown,
Proſtrate it lies. A tyrant's fallen throne!

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ESSAY

ESSAY

ON THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

FERDOSI.

ABUL Caſſem Munſuril Ferdoſi was deſcended from Ahmed 'ul Ferdoſi, one of the principal inhabitants of the town of Sar, in the province of Tus, in the kingdom of Khoraſan. At the period of his birth, his

his father ſaw the infant in a dream ſtanding with his face to the weſt, and elevating his voice, the echo of which reverberated from every quarter. When Ahmed aroſe, he applied to Rudgebuddein, a famous interpreter, for the ſolution of his viſion. The interpreter gave the following expoſition: "That the "fame of his ſon, and his poetical talents, would be "the theme of the univerſe." The tranſlation of the dream was natural. Poetry at that æra was the principal road to preferment, and the praiſe of tuneful verſification was the general theme. This circumſtance, which is related of Ferdoſi, bears a ſtrong reſemblance to the reply of the oracle of Apollo to Mniſarchus, the father of Euripides, on the birth of his ſon. "Happy Mniſarchus! Heav'n deſign a ſon. "The liſtening world ſhall witneſs his renown, and "with glad ſhouts beſtow the ſacred crown." So

fond

fond are all nations of giving ſome wonderful preſage to illuſtrious characters. Ferdoſi received the early rudiments of his education under the beſt maſters of the place of his nativity. His memory, when a boy, was extenſive; his application, ardent. The firſt dawning of that blaze which ſubſequently burſt forth with ſuch unrivalled luſtre, was perceived by the poet Aſſadi, who animated his pupil, and encouraged his vehement inclination to penetrate the moſt remote period of hiſtory.

The court of Mahmoud, ſultan of Ghezny, was the ſeat of the muſes. Fame has pictured him as one of the moſt accompliſhed ſovereigns that ever ſat on the Perſian throne: His own taſte led him to an extenſive patronage of men of literature. Poetry and hiſtory were his favourite purſuits. His library was

furniſhed with the moſt authentic annals of the Perſian empire; and a complete hiſtory, collected in the reign of Yezdegerd, by the moſt judicious hiſtorians in Perſia—A liſt of every narrative, and every production which bore any relation to this ſubject, was formed by order of Yezdegerd, and from them was compoſed the annals of the kingdom. When Saadvekas, the general of Omar, plundered the palace of the Perſian monarch, he found this valuable manuſcript, and preſented it to Omar—The caliph ordered a tranſlation. The tranſlator ſelected ſuch paſſages as he deemed excellent, and laid them at the feet of Omar, who reprobated part of the book, for treating of ſuch worldly affairs as are forbidden by the prophet. The book was thrown among the plunder, where it fell to the lot of an Abyſſinian, who carried it as a preſent to his prince—The hiſtory was tranſlated into the

the Abyſſinian language, by order of the king—Thus were the ancient annals of Perſia preſerved from the mandate of Omar, which deſtroyed the public library, fearful of the amuſing and romantic tales which characterized theſe Aſiatic writings—Hence were loſt the origin and tenets of the worſhip of the ſun, and the adoration of fire.

The hiſtory thus preſerved ſoon found its way into Hindoſtan: Its fame reached the kingdom of Khoraſan. Yakcoob Lais (of the ancient family of the kings of that country) ſent an envoy to tranſcribe the manuſcript, and bring it to Khoraſan; when it arrived, the tranſlation of it (for it was written chiefly in the Peihlouvi language) was intruſted to Abu Munſur—Abu Munſur, at a conſiderable expence, aſſembled four of the principal hiſtorians, (Munſur of Umro,

Shaſhpoor of Zeiſtan, Mahoo of Neſhapour, and Sulman of Tus) who added to, and embelliſhed this invaluable work: To each of theſe he aſſigned their different part. The origin of the empire, the mode of government, their military ſkill, their civil and religious inſtitutions. The poet Dukeki was ordered to form this hiſtory into heroic poems, but, after writing two thouſand verſes, was ſtabbed by a ſlave. The reſearches of the ſultan, and his magnificence continued to throw more light into the ancient hiſtory. Hoorferoſe, deſcended from Nourſherwan, was compelled to fly his native country, and on preſenting the ſultan Mahmoud with a hiſtory of Perſia, was magnificently treated——The chief of Kernan, as the greateſt gift he could ſend to the court of Ghezny, tranſmitted many particulars of the ancient royal families, written by Arzub-Zerrin, a writer celebrated for his

his attention to the events of paſt ages. Ferozabad, (lineally deſcended from Saum Nuriman, the father of the celebrated Ruſtem, had received from his parents many oral traditions of Saum, Ruſtem, and Zal, which had been invariably handed from father to ſon, in the ſame manner as the ſongs of the Tartars) was employed by the ſultan to tranſcribe them. To ſeven of the poetical courtiers, with their principal Unſuri, Mahmoud gave ſeven parts to be formed into heroic poems. To Ferdoſi we now return——

When Mahmoud had peruſed the work preſented to him by Hoorferoſe, his deſire of having the annals of Perſia, and the atchievements of the heroes in a ſeries of heroic poems, was increaſed—It conſequently became the general topic of converſation. The deſign of compoſing the imperial annals ſuggeſted itſelf

ſelf to the mind of Ferdoſi. To Mahommed Leſkery, who was at Tus, and with whom he was connected, he communicated his intentions, deſcribed the conſciouſneſs he felt of being equal to the arduous undertaking, and regretted the want of materials and books to proceed in the attempt—His friend, enamoured of the deſign, aſſured him of immortality, and declared how readily he would ſupply him with ſuch manuſcripts as might be eſſential to the completion of his poems. He revealed his intentions to Sheych Mahommed Maſhook, the high prieſt of Tus, and required his benediction—His requeſt was granted; and he aſſured the poung poet, that fame and honour would attend him. Thus animated, he compoſed the wars of Feredoon and Zohak——Fame told the ſtory to all the neighbouring provinces, and crouds of people thronged to the reſidence of our poet, to hear

hear him repeat his verſes. Abu Munſur Afsagien, the chief of Tus, could not long be unacquainted with the eminence of Ferdoſi. He requeſted his attendance, and charmed by the ſpecimen of his genius, encouraged him to proceed, promiſing that he would introduce him to the royal preſence, and declared that to the extent of his ability, he ſhould be rewarded; but only the ſovereigns of Aſia could give thoſe honours which were due to his talents. Ferdoſi with undeviating induſtry perſevered. When his patron died, (and the poet has elegantly ſung his praiſes) Arſalan Haris was appointed the ſucceſſor of Abu Munſur Afſagien, in the government of Tus, and received the orders of the ſultan to direct the attendance of Ferdoſi at Ghezny. The ſultan, impatient to ſee the man, of whom he had heard ſuch unbounded praiſe, repeated his

his injunctions in a letter to the chief of Tus, ordering him to ſend Ferdoſi on the receipt of it.

In a dream, the imagination of Ferdoſi had pictured to him a young monarch, ſeated on a throne illuminating the univerſe; and particularly ſmiling on himſelf: To a friend he communicated the viſion, who ſolved it by the ſuppoſition of its being the ſultan Mahmoud. Arſalan Haris, in obedience to his orders, acquainted Ferdoſi with the inclination of the prince——Our poet, intimidated, was fearful of going alone to Ghezny: He perceived the umbrage it would give to the poetical courtiers; but recollecting his dream, and regarding it as a favourable omen, he quitted Tus, not without anxiety.

Report,

Report, on his arrival, had given ſuch a portrait of his genius and poetical ability, that Unſuri, Ferrokee, and Asjudy, formed a combination againſt him to prevent his introduction. Buddeuddun, an attendant on the court, blew the embers of this jealouſy, and plainly told them, that the appearance of Ferdoſi would eclipſe their merit in the opinion of the prince, and that their ſervices would meet with no future reward—Ferdoſi had a friend in the ſervice of the ſultan, whoſe name was Mahik; to him he imparted his arrival, and the cauſe of it. With Mahik he every evening conſulted on the mode that ought to be adopted to fruſtrate the machinations of Unſuri and his cabal. A few days after his arrival, the ſultan, as was his cuſtom, liſtened to the productions of the poets. Unſuri repeated the victory of Ruſtem over Sohrab, which the prince highly approved of.

On this Ferdoſi compoſed the actions of Ruſtem and Isfendiar.

Pleaſed with his own work, he gave them to his friend, and anticipated the praiſe he ſhould receive on the compariſon with thoſe of Unſuri. Mahik preſented them to the ſultan; the delighted prince called for the author, Mahik informed him that they were written by Ferdoſi, who was anxious to be preſented to the ſultan——In obedience to the orders of Mahmoud, Ferdoſi was introduced by his friend, and ſung his praiſes in the following lines:

Such are the bleſſings of the ſultan's reign,
The king of Turkey and the Indian plain,
That lambs with tygers, fearleſs of a fray,
Sport in the ſtream, or near the riv'let play.

From

From great Kanouge to Sind's imperial ſtream,
Through Iran, Turan, does the monarch beam;
From Caſhimere to China's diſtant bounds,
Obey'd his mandates, and his fame reſounds.
E'en kings, obedient, bow to his deſires,
The name of Mahmoud mark'd his infant fires!
Juſt is his word; intrepid in the fight;
Fierce as the terror-ſtriking dragon's might——
In ſtrength an elephant, the warrior ſhines,
Yet mild as Gabriel's, flow his juſt deſigns.
In acts beneficent, as when the rain,
Of fertile Behmen cultivates the plain;
His mighty ſoul, all boundleſs as the Nile,
Pants for renown, through fame's illuſtrious toil.

The king ordered Unſuri to execute his plan, but he, conſcious of his inability, pretended that his conſtant attendance on the ſultan would not admit of the leiſure requiſite for ſo extenſive an undertaking; and

taking hold of the hands of Ferdoſi, ſpoke of him as the only man of genius capable of accompliſhing the wiſhes of his maſter—The ſultan turning to Ferdoſi, ſaid, " 'Tis you that have thrown a luſtre on the " court of Ghezny." From this period our poet was treated with every mark of confidence by the ſultan. The effuſions of each day, Ferdoſi read every evening to Mahmoud. It was a common expreſſion of Mahmoud's, that whenever he was unwell, or chagrined, the verſes of Ferdoſi alone could alleviate. He ordered a thouſand dinars (each dinar is nearly eight ſhillings and ſixpence) to be paid to Ferdoſi for a thouſand lines, but he poſtponed the acceptance, that he might receive in one payment the promiſed amount of his labours, a dinar for every line. It was his intention to beautify the place of his nativity, and fix his daughter there in an elevated ſtation. All the

poets

poets of Ghezny emulated each other in their panegyric on the author of the Shâh Namêh. The vizier of Mahmoud, Khaja Huſſin Meymundy, was ſecretly inimical to Ferdoſi, who refuſed to court, and could never be prevailed on to write any eulogium upon him. The difference of ſect increaſed the mutual animoſity; (Meymundy being a Suuni, and Ferdoſi of the followers of Ali) he would often in exultation ſay, "why ſhould I ſubmit to pay any adula-"tion to the vizier? I am conſcious that I alone "can complete the poems, and I expect no reward "from Mahmoud above the ſpecified adjuſtment for "my labours."

The courtiers, envious of the poet's ſituation, ſoon whiſpered theſe ſentiments to the vizier, who exerted every means in his power to irritate the ſultan againſt him;

him; but the attempt proved ineffectual. Ferdoſi continued to enjoy the patronage of Mahmoud. The intrigues of the vizier continued. The poems as they were written by Ferdoſi, were occaſionally copied, and admired in every city of the empire. The heroes of Perſia were pictured in the moſt brilliant colours —— Inferior characters were delineated; the vizier was incenſed that no part of the Shâh Namêh had introduced him in that light which it was his ambition to be placed in: Preſents were offered from the princes of the neighbouring countries to Ferdoſi: theſe he conſtantly declined; the compact with Mahmoud, for his poems, he eſteemed an adequate reward.

Ruſtem (the ſon of Faker ud Dowla Dilemy) preſented five hundred dinars of gold to the man who brought him a copy of the actions of Ruſtem and Iſfendiar,

ſendiar, and tranſmitted a thouſand dinars of gold to our poet, inviting him in the ſtrongeſt terms to paſs ſome time at his capital. "All the nobles and diſtin-"guiſhed perſonages of this country," ſaid the prince, "ſhall attend you to the palace; more honours "it is not in my ability to ſhow." This invitation was ſoon publicly known at Ghezny. To Mahmoud, the vizier intimated the news, and inſinuated that as Ruſtem and the chiefs who had courted the attention of Ferdoſi were the enemies of his majeſty, and of the ſame ſect as the poet, theſe preſents were an intended inſult to him. The poetical courtiers found every other calumny ineffectual; they urged, that Ferdoſi, being of the ſect of Ali, had reprobated every other, and as his majeſty was of the Charyary, it was highly indecent. The Moſlems conſider the Suunit Ruſool, the law of the prophet, as nearly of equal authority

thority with the Koran, but it is rejected by the ſect of Ali, and they quoted the following lines in ſupport of their opinion:

When God the ſea created, and the ſkies,
And taught the waves, and boiſterous winds to riſe——
He ſeventy veſſels made, full ſwell'd the ſails,
They plough'd the ſurgy main, with fav'ring gales.
One veſſel, far more ſplendid than the reſt,
Bright as the eye by brilliant ſcenes impreſt,
In honour of the altar he ordains:
In it, the prophet plough'd the liquid plains.
With Ali, his aſſociate divine,
And all their kindred, their illuſtrious line.
Say, do thy hopes in future life aſcend,
To Ali, and Mahommed's doctrines bend?
Yet ſhould to future ills thy tenets lead,
Mine be the blame, by Mahommed decreed.

This

This my religion—taught in early youth,
In this I die, all conſcious of its truth;
My future life to this alone I give,
In its eulogium ever will I live.

The ſeventy veſſels are the ſeventy ſects of the Mahommedan religion. The intrigues of his rivals ſtill had not the deſired effect. The friends and enemies of Ferdoſi now formed themſelves into cabals, and whenever they met in any mixed ſociety, the merit of our poet was generally the ſubject of their converſation, and often the cauſe of high altercation; even the preſence of the ſultan could not curb their animadverſions. Mahmoud, in the heighth of a diſcuſſion, ordered Ferdoſi to attend with his lines which he had compoſed that day, that his merit might be decided by his own production. The part was the ſtory of Ruſtem and Uſkaboos; the ſubſtance of which is as

follows: When Kamoos ſent Uſkaboos to Iran, Rohan, the general of Tus, met him on the plain. A battle enſued——On the concluſion of the day, Rohan fled to the mountains. Tus, indignant at the intelligence, prepared to march againſt Uſkaboos in perſon, to whom Ruſtem ſaid, "why ſhould the "chief himſelf in this inſtance dare the front of war? "that is my duty; while you remain at the capital "with your martial followers, I will ſoon cloſe the "period of his exiſtence." Ruſtem, alighting from his horſe, aſſumed the diſguiſe of a ſervant, and immediately departed to the encampment of Uſkaboos. On his arrival he drew his bow, at ſight of the combatant; the arrow did not ſtrike him, but piercing his horſe, the general of Kamoos fell, and darted an arrow at Ruſtem; it had no effect; Ruſtem ſeized a lance,

lance, and approaching his antagoniſt, ſtruck him to the heart.

When Ferdoſi had repeated the poem on this ſubject, it was followed by a general acclamation. The ſultan, as a recompenſe, ordered him the amount of whatever was received by Ruſtem from the provinces of Kabul and Zabul. It was Ruſtem, ſay the fables of Perſia, who, in a dream, appeared to our poet, and adviſed him on that day to prepare a poem on this ſubject; and that the ſhade of Ruſtem, pleaſed with the elegance and melody of the verſes, which had pictured his own atchievements in ſuch ſublime colours, again viſited Ferdoſi in the armour he wore, on the day of his combat with Uſkaboos. He told Ferdoſi, in a place at Bicknabad, that he had marked with an arrow, he had buried the ornaments taken in battle

from his enemies, which he now beſtowed on Ferdoſi. Our poet, fearful of the conſequence, related his viſion to no perſon, but Ayâze, the favourite ſlave of Mahmoud. Some days after this event, Mahmoud ordered a ſeat to be built at Bicknabad, and in cutting the foundation, the ornaments were found. Ayâze immediately related the viſion to the ſultan, who ordered them to be delivered to Ferdoſi, who divided them among the poets of Ghezny, and retained none for his own portion. It is a common cuſtom to bury jewels, &c. in Aſia. Theſe ornaments were probably found, and Ayâze, anxious to ſerve his friend, took this occaſion of doing it.

Ferdoſi, at the age of ſeventy, on the 25th day of Inſpendarmus, the laſt month of the Perſian year, (February) in the 374th year of the hêjra, concluded the

the heroic poems, which conſiſted of one hundred thouſand lines, and preſenting them to the ſultan, demanded his reward; Mahmoud ordered the ſtipulated amount to be paid, and charged the vizier to attend to his commands. "Highly, ſaid the ſultan, "does Ferdoſi merit every recompenſe: So ſublime a "poet, fame has never given to the world; and ſuch "poliſhed verſification I never read; his induſtry too "has been equally great." The ſultan then expreſſed himſelf in this manner:

The tuneful lines, that elevate to fame,
Are as the ſoul that animates the frame.
Who but Ferdoſi cou'd ſuch thoughs inſpire,
To Heav'n they riſe, and with celeſtial fire;
Sublime, and eminent, he ſoars along,
And ſweeteſt odours breathe around his ſong.

Fair

Fair melody ſtill courts his flowing lays;
And rival bards all leſſen in his rays.
High as the elephant, on wiſdom's plain,
He tow'rs aloft, and decorates the ſtrain.
The pearls of eloquence Ferdoſi brought——
I never knew ſuch eminence of thought.
I will reward him with a monarch's hand,
And raiſe the leader of the tuneful band.

Huſſin Meymundy, the vizier, in lieu of ſending the ſixty thouſand gold dinars by one of the ſultan's ſlaves, gave him, in ſealed bags, as many ſilver ones. Ferdoſi happened to be bathing at the period of his arrival. When he opened the bags, his high ſpirit felt all the indignity which he imagined the ſultan intended to load him with. He gave immediately twenty thouſand to the keeper of the bath; twenty thouſand to a fruiterer who attended, and twenty thouſand

thouſand to the ſlave who delivered him the money. The poet conſoled himſelf with the laurels of immortality, and he has beautifully deſcribed his hope of paradiſe from the conſcioufneſs of a life well ſpent. "I wrote for fame," ſaid Ferdoſi to the ſlave, "not "for the attainment of riches!" The ſlave repeated to the ſultan the whole ſtory—he was irritated at the inſolence of the vizier, and reproved his conduct: "This action," exclaimed the ſultan, "will not "only irritate the poet, but mankind will reprobate "a ſordid parſimony injurious to my fame; I ordered "the golden dinar to be ſent, and you have baſely "changed it into ſilver." To which the miniſter replied, "whatever is given by your majeſty, imprints "an honour on the man to whom it is beſtowed—— "it was inſolent in Ferdoſi to treat any donation of "the ſultan's with contempt: the moſt trivial pre-

"ſent

" ſent from his hands is a trophy that ſhould be re-
" ceived with pride—his conduct exhibits a diſpoſi-
" tion devoid of that reſpect which is ſo eminently
" due to your majeſty." Theſe, and various inſinua-
tions reſpecting the difference of ſect, from which the
miniſter pretended to fathom the motive of Ferdoſi's
behaviour, provoked the monarch of Ghezny. " The
" foot of the elephant," ſaid the irritated prince,
" ſhall teach the refractory a leſſon of obedience."
Ferdoſi received immediate intelligence of the ſultan's
indignation; and on the ſucceeding morning, watch-
ed his entrance into the garden, where, being alarmed
for the conſequences he had ſo much reaſon to appre-
hend, he threw himſelf at the feet of Mahmoud, ex-
claiming in the moſt affecting manner, " Pardon me,
" illuſtrious ſovereign! For I am not culpable; the
" repreſentations of my enemies are a violation of
every

"every truth, and are fabricated to exaſperate your "majeſty againſt me. I am not guilty of diſobe- "dience; I received your gracious donation with the "greateſt humility, and eſteemed it as a diſtinguiſhed "honour. I diſtributed the gift among thoſe who "had claims upon me; many are the diſobedient in "this monarchy, but I am not of the number; I am "but an humble individual; the ſentence of your "majeſty I have heard; yet what glory can ariſe to "the monarch in depriving a poor man of his exiſt- "ence? Let me implore a reverſion of the decree, and "let me be reſtored to life."

The ſultan, moved by this affecting addreſs, revoked the ſentence. Ferdoſi returned to his apartment, where he deſtroyed ſome fine poems which he had intended to preſent to the ſultan on the completion of

the Shâh Namêh; they probably were in praiſe of Mahmoud—he threw them, with indignation, into the flames.

Ferdoſi, anxious to quit a ſcene where every object that preſented itſelf recalled the mortifications he had endured, wrote a note, and delivered it to Ayâze, requeſting him to preſent it, twenty days after his departure, to the ſultan, whenever he ſhould be in a feſtive mood. Ayâze received the note, and in compliance with the wiſhes of Ferdoſi, whom he revered as a parent, gave it to the ſultan: It was the celebrated ſatire of Ferdoſi, which I have imitated from the Muuntuk ul Shâh Namêh.

Think not, O! King, thy ſceptre, or thy power,
One moment can arreſt the deſtin'd hour;

Know,

Know, 'tis thy charge, pre-eminently thine,
To act with juſtice, moral and divine.
The ant has life, that culls the bearded grain,
Thou ſhalt not dare to ſorrow it with pain.
Didſt thou not tremble, conſcious that the muſe,
Wou'd eminently ſcorn thy ſordid views?
Didſt thou not fear the man, whoſe heav'nly ſtrain,
Bounding o'er time, made monarchs rule again.
Had worth or judgement glimmer'd in your breaſt,
In peace, the old man wou'd have ſunk to reſt.
Had royal blood flow'd in your grov'ling veins,
A monarch's laurels had adorn'd my ſtrains.
Or, were your mother not ignobly baſe,
The ſlave of luſt! thou, firſt of all thy race!
A poet's merit had inſpir'd thy mind:
By ſcience tutor'd, and by worth refin'd.
Such as thou art, the vileneſs of thy birth,
Precludes each generous ſentiment of worth.
Nor kingly origin, nor noble race,
Warms thy low heart, the offspring of diſgrace!

Thy life, poor wretch! 'twas Isfahan that gave,
Thy ſire a blackſmith, and thy dam a ſlave.
This leſſon let each moraliſt indite,
Ne'er ſtrive to make an Ethiopian white;
Nor vainly think the baſtard of a ſlave
Can emulate the feelings of the brave.
Can the baſe proſtitute with virtue glow?
Or worth can her polluted lineage know?
For thee, will nature from her order ſtray,
And give to night the ſun's meridian ray?
In ſmootheſt ſtreams my numbers richly flow,
Now glide along, and now with rapture glow.
Lives there a poet in whoſe tuneful veins,
Flow loftier thoughts in more poetic ſtrains?
Though poor, though humble, ſtill the voice of fame,
Shall eterniſe Ferdoſi's laurell'd name.
Heroes have blaz'd, the meteor of an hour,
Oblivion menac'd to entomb their power.
Till ſnatch'd from ſilence, from devouring time,
They reign for ever in the verſe ſublime.

For

For thirty years I woo'd the tuneful nine,
And Perſia lives in my immortal line.
But when, alas! I clos'd the grand deſign,
(The royal word was pledg'd, that word divine,
To monarchs ſacred) vainly did I claim
That wealth and honour which exalts to fame.
So baſe a gift thou meanly dar'd to ſend,
(Stamp'd for thy falſehood, wither'd be thy end!)
Thy gift, I gave it to my menial ſlave,
(Him it might ſuit, from poverty might ſave)
Had clear reflection e'er illum'd thy mind,
The bard had never damn'd thee to mankind.
No low'ring clouds had hover'd o'er my day;
Serene and mild had paſs'd my evening ray.
Had not thy birth, polluted as thy ſoul,
Strove, though in vain, my genius to control.
Mortals attend! no low-born tyrant truſt!
The truly great are to the muſes juſt!
The tree, whoſe native juices are defil'd,
No foilage ſhades, for ever rank and wild.

Though

Though richeſt eſſence ſpreads its ſweets around,
Though nurs'd and water'd on elyſian ground,
For ever wou'd its wither'd bloſſoms die,
And art, in vain, her utmoſt efforts try.
Expect not, honour'd bards! though ſweet your ſtrain,
Plaudits or trophies from the looſe profane.
From tainted ſprings no lucid waters flow,
From the rank weed no roſeate bloſſoms grow.
The ſlave of envy damns your tuneful lays,
Droops at your powers, and ſickens at your praiſe!

The exalted ſentiments of the poet were not to be daunted by the power of the ſultan. Conſcious of having deſerved the higheſt honours that monarch could beſtow, and irritated at finding the labour of a life thus rewarded, it is not wonderful his indignation burſt into the keeneſt ſatire. The gate of fortune, for thirty years, was preſented to the view of Ferdoſi, which

when

when the diſgraceful intrigues of a court cloſed, the temple of fame opened her doors for the poet. His diſappointment was increaſed by the fondneſs which he had for an only daughter; to place her in an elevated ſituation was a conſtant ſtimulus to his genius.

It has been ſaid of Homer, that, liberal as he was of the praiſes of others, his modeſty prevented him from any encomium on himſelf. Ferdoſi, in this ſatire, extols his own powers; but when we conſider the provocation, and that his only reſource lay in conſcious eminence, the celebration of his own labours, as they tend to lower the character againſt which his ſatire is levelled, is not only excuſable, but eſſential to the ſubject.

Ferdoſi,

Ferdoſi, ſays the Mudjemoonovader, wrote by inſpiration—read his works, and all the productions of other writers ſink in the imagination. Ferdoſi wings on a generous ſteed, while other poets ſcarcely riſe above the ſurface of the earth. To the end of time, ſays the elegant Jami, will ignominy wait on the name of Mahmoud, and he breaks out in the following beautiful apoſtrophe:

Bleſt is the man whom love of fame inſpires,
Who knows the poet, his immortal fires.
When hoſtile time the adverſe arrow wings,
The poet ſtamps the future fate of Kings.
Mahmoud is dead——his ſplendour beams no more,
Loſt in oblivion's ſolitary ſhore:
Diſgrace alone attends upon his name,
Blind to Ferdoſi's merit and his fame.

Ferdoſi,

Ferdoſi, on the day he delivered the note to Ayâze, fled, on foot, from Ghezny. His friends were told that he had no means of ſupport, and were deſirous of tranſmitting him money; but the apprehenſion of Mahmoud's anger prevented the execution of their wiſhes. The faithful Ayâze riſqued the conſequences, and ſecretly provided Ferdoſi with what was requiſite for the continuation of his journey. The intelligence ſpread through Aſia. The nobles and the learned reprobated the conduct of the ſultan. As Ferdoſi approached Kohiſtan, the chief of that diviſion, Nazer Mullick Motaſhem, a dependent of Mahmoud's, and a favourite of that prince, ſent for the poet, which alarmed him; but he was received with honour. The chief of Kohiſtan being informed that the poet intended to tranſmit to poſterity a ſatirical narrative of the ſultan's conduct, and was proceeding to Dilemy,

told Ferdoſi how unbecoming it was to reprehend Mahmoud, and how unworthy of his ſuperior genius to revile his prince; I am willing to ſerve you, and will, to the extent of my ability. He then ordered Ferdoſi ſeveral thouſand rupees, and requeſted him to bury his indignation in oblivion, and to deſtroy the ſatire.

From Mahmoud, the unjuſt, on Ghezny's plains,
Pale ſorrow flow'd through all my bleeding veins.
Loſt are my toils, my God will this atteſt,
And the whole labour of a life ſuppreſt.
Loud ſhall the piercing ſatire tell mankind
The ſordid tale, and Mahmoud's lib'ral mind;
In the deep ſtream of woe he plung'd my age:
Fair truth ſhall animate the pointed page.
Through every region ſhall his race be known,
I fear no monarch, tremble at no throne!

To

To heav'n I ſolely bend with fearful awe,
Shall I then ſhudder at a tyrant's law?
From his firſt origin I trace his riſe,
And mark the monarch with ſuch ſable dies,
Not all the art of man, not lucid ſtreams,
Shall change the tinge, obliterate the themes.
Who knows not friendſhip from the artful foe,
Shall feel the arrow of the poet's bow.
To pleaſe Motaſhem, ſhall the reſt remain
Wrapt in oblivion——naught I will detain;
But ſend to thee whate'er the poet's rage
Had ſketch'd indignant on the piercing page.
There ſhou'd a line be found not ſtrictly true,
To flames conſign them——to the public view
The ſight of Mahmoud now can pleaſe no more,
I ſeek a refuge on a foreign ſhore.
I crave no pardon. The Almighty pow'r,
Will ſtill protect me in the adverſe hour.
And when the day of judgement ſhall appear,
Then let the mighty Lord of Ghezny fear.

Motaſhem treated the poet with diſtinction, gave him an apartment in his palace, and wrote in the following manner to Mahmoud: "Ferdoſi is an old attendant on your majeſty, who has faithfully ſerved for thirty years; when you diſmiſſed him, he received no reward adequate to his labours, and thoſe labours were in obedience to your majeſty's orders. Surely this does not reflect honour on the imperial dignity." This letter was received the day that his majeſty went to the moſque, where Ferdoſi had written the following lines on the wall, oppoſite to the royal ſeat:

Bright is the reſidence of Mahmoud's pow'r,
Yet like the ocean in unbounded view.
'Twas there I ſounded, yet no pearl I found,
'Tis not the ocean, but the fates I blame.

Alarmed

Alarmed at the idea of being pourtrayed to poſterity in diſgraceful colours, Mahmoud began to feel ſeverely for the paſſion he had imbibed by the inſinuations of his miniſter. The friends of the poet catching the favourable moment as they perceived the turn of the ſultan's mind, ſounded the worth and high abilities of the fugitive; they worked on the fears of the prince by aſſerting, "that the treatment Ferdoſi had "received from the vizier, would, by poſterity, be im-"puted to the ſultan; that it would ſtand as a memo-"rial to all people and to all nations. What is," ſaid they, "the trivial conſideration of ſixty thouſand dinars, "or what value is a treaſury where diſhonour attends "on the prince." The ſatire was public in Ghezny, and ſpread to every ſurrounding country. The vizier now ſeverely felt the effect of his duplicity.

To

To Mazinderan, Ferdoſi precipitated his journey, apprehenſive of the ſultan and the machinations of his miniſter. He here corrected the Shâh Namêh, and wrote a panegyric on Haſſum ul Moulla Kaboos, the chief of the country, who was himſelf a poet, and had written an heroic poem in his own language.

When the chief of Mazinderan was informed of the arrival of Ferdoſi, who had been employed by Mahmoud, he recollected that he was the poet who had abſconded from the court of Ghezny, for the account had ſpread over Aſia, and declared how difficult it would be for him to remain in that country, where the authority of the ſultan extended; he however deſired a peruſal of the poems, and our immortal bard ſent them to him. The chief of Mazinderan was enchanted with the work, but apprehenſive of the ſultan's indignation, and

and fearful of being diſplaced, he ſent the poet a conſiderable preſent, with an injunction to ſeek an aſylum in a different country, and to be cautious in revealing the place of his intended retreat. Ferdoſi haſtened his departure for Bagdad, where, on his arrival, the reflection of his misfortunes, and the neceſſity he was under of flying from his native country, in an advanced ſtage of life, embitter'd all his moments. For ſome time he was melancholy. Here he had no friend to adminiſter conſolation to his declining ſpirits. He paſſed his hours alone, and in apprehenſion of the ſultan's indignation, when fortunately he met a merchant at Bagdad, who recollected him, and Ferdoſi was joyfully recognized by him; he opened his doors to the poet, whoſe health was impaired by fatigue. In a ſhort time he recovered his uſual ſtrength and ſpirits. The merchant aſſured Ferdoſi, that on the publication

of

of his poems, he would receive every mark of diſtinction. "Be not uneaſy," ſaid the generous merchant, "I will inform the vizier of your worth, your abilities, "and your misfortunes. Attach'd himſelf to the "muſes, he will intereſt the caliph in your favour." Ferdoſi, whoſe knowledge of the Arabic was extenſive, wrote a panegyric on the vizier in that language, and had the honour of preſenting it. The noblemen of Bagdad, charmed with the ſpecimen of ability, and the energy of indignation in ſo old a man, declared their ſentiments warmly in his favour. An apartment in the palace of the vizier was allotted to him, and he was aſſured, that on the firſt occaſion, he would be introduced to the caliph. "Your reputation," ſaid the vizier, "can no more, than the rays of the ſun, be "concealed."

When

When Ferdoſi was introduced to the caliph, he laid a thouſand verſes at his feet. The caliph ordered ſixty thouſand dinars (being the ſum promiſed him by Mahmoud) to be paid the poet. "Ferdoſi," he exclaimed to the vizier, "is the poetical wonder of "Aſia; his talents exceed whatever was known in "this world."

Sultan Mahmoud, after a long period, in which the wars and high avocations of that prince had employed him, recollected Ferdoſi, and directed an enquiry to be made The attendants of the court informed him, that the poet was at Bagdad, honoured by the patronage of the caliph, and affluent in his fortunes. The ſultan ordered Ferdoſi to be apprehended, and wrote to the prince of Bagdad to ſend him immediately to Ghezny, threatening that in the

event of his diſobedience to the mandate, the foot of the elephant ſhould tread down his royalty. Khadim Abaſi, unable to oppoſe the ſultan in the field, and reſolved at the ſame time not to deliver up the poet, who had ſought his protection, an action which would, at that period in Perſia, have covered him with ignominy, aſſembled his peers, and after many conſultations, he replied to the ſultan, "that Ferdoſi had "preſented himſelf at Bagdad, where he had re- "ceived him with thoſe marks of honour and reſpect "to which a man of ſuch eminence was entitled. I "was ſo charmed," ſays he, "with the harmony of "his numbers, and his univerſal knowledge, that it "is not in the ſcale of my ability to deſcribe the "elegance of his poetry. However anxious I was "that the court of Bagdad ſhould be honoured with "the preſence of ſo illuſtrious a gueſt, yet he de-

"parted

" parted from me and is gone to Yemen." (Arabia Felix) No ſooner had Khadim Abaſi, by the united council of his nobility, reſolved on this expedient, than he ſent to Ferdoſi, and conjuring him to drop all idea of his indignation to Mahmoud, adviſed him to go to Yemen, whoſe princes were worthy of his friendſhip, and attentive to eminence of merit. Ferdoſi, well informed of the motives which cauſed the advice of Khadim Abaſi, acceded to the propoſal; the prince gave him five hundred dinars for the expence of his journey.

Ferdoſi, at parting from the generous Khadim, thus addreſſed him——although his ſorrow almoſt denied an utterance to his ſpeech:

I go from Bagdad——yet its prince will ſhare,
Each thought, each honour, and each future care.
By heaven's high favour, by our God ſublime,
Thou art the Lord of this imperial clime.
Live with each glory that a mortal knows,
Juſt in each thought, victorious o'er thy foes.

The generous prince ſenſibly felt the loſs, and replied in theſe words:

I cannot picture in exalted ſtrain,
Thy general knowledge, thy poetic vein;
Yet to my ſoul thy name ſhall mem'ry give,
While life remains, there ſhall Ferdoſi live.
To draw my knowledge from thy lucid ſpring,
To riſe to fame on thy ſuperior wing,
Fair hope had pictur'd——but relentleſs fate,
Leads thee away from Bagdad's penſive ſtate.

Khadim

Khadim Abaſi, with infinite reluctance, beheld the venerable man quit his preſence.

To Tus, and not to Arabia, did Ferdoſi proceed, when the anger of Mahmoud was either ſoftened into pity, or he was anxious to avert the future indignation of Ferdoſi. The ſultan ordered the ſixty thouſand dinars to be carried to Tus. One day, while the ancient, venerable poet was walking in the market place of the city, as a boy was repeating a verſe to him, he fainted, and was carried to his houſe, where he expired without uttering a ſingle word. As the people were carrying him to his grave, the preſent from the ſultan arrived at Tus; it was preſented to the daughter of Ferdoſi, who, contrary to the counſel of her aunt, declined the acceptance of it, and gave the following memorable anſwer: "That as her father, in his life-

"time

" time, had not received the preſent, it would ill be-
" come her to take what her father had declined." The daughter of our poet built a famous ſtone ſtair-caſe on the banks of the river, which was to be ſeen a few years ſince at Tus. This was in honour of her father, who had, in the early period of life, formed the idea for the convenience of his fellow citizens.

Naſir Khiſroe, a celebrated phyſician, records that in the 438th year of the hêjra, when he was at Tus, he obſerved a magnificent public edifice, and on enquiry, was informed, that it had been built by order of the ſultan Mahmoud, in honour of Ferdoſi's memory, with the ſixty thouſand dinars his daughter had refuſed. Near this building was the garden where the Homer of Perſia was entombed.

The

The enthuſiaſtic admirers of Ferdoſi dwell with rapture on the following ſtory, which gained aſtoniſhing belief: Abul Caſſim, the prieſt of Tus, refuſed to read the uſual prayers over the grave of Ferdoſi, aſſigning, as a reaſon, that poets were the inventors of fables, and ſacrificed truth to the embelliſhments of verſe. In a dream Abul Caſſim thought that he ſaw in paradiſe a ſumptuous chair decorated with precious ſtones, and on enquiring for whom the magnificent ſeat was prepared, was informed, that Ferdoſi had written a couplet, ſo pleaſing to Omnipotence, that this eminence was awarded to him. When Abul Caſſim aroſe, with the viſion imprinted on his mind, he repaired to the tomb of the poet——and performed that duty to his remains which he had before declined.

The

The elegant poet of Beleck, Tahir Wahid, has given us, in the following lines, the general idea of the Perſians relating to the genius of Ferdoſi:

If e'er the glow that animates the ſtrain,
Of the great bard, a mortal cou'd attain,
I were an infidel——all beauteous came,
From th' empyrean heav'n, firſt born of fame!
Bright eloquence, deſcending from the ſkies,
Ferdoſi, in his arms, receiv'd the prize,
And ſeated her triumphant on the throne,
Sacred by time, and genius all his own.

Invention, that parent of poetical genius, never exhibited ſuch unbounded powers as are diſcovered in the imperial annals of Ferdoſi; the whole circumference of oriental knowledge is diſplayed; the fictions of the eaſt are embelliſhed; the manners of paſt ages juſtly delineated;

delineated; and the force of human paſſion highly pictured. The Perſians attributed ſeven qualities to the poems of Ferdoſi; the baſis of knowledge, the ſpring of excellence, a model of hiſtory, the true portrait of religion, that the ſources of joy and ſorrow are pointed out, that every ſpecies of intelligence is admirably marked. I have in vain ſearched for a commentary of his works; the oſtentation of men of eminence in the eaſt does not lead them to exhibit their learning in various lections, or in the amplifications of meanings formed on their own conjectures. The beauties or errors of the poet muſt riſe or fall by their own merit. The commentaries on the Mahommedan law are an exception to the preceding obſervation—— There are above ſixty volumes explanatory; though indeed they are rather verbal criticiſms, which the negligence of copiers afford ſo ample a field for.

The habits of education, and the veneration imbibed in the early period of life for the writings of the Greeks and Romans, have led us to put leſs value on the oriental manuſcripts than they deſerve. If ever the men of genius in Europe turn their thoughts to the poetry of the eaſt, it will appear like the radiance of the ſun breaking through a cloud; and I hope the ſpecimens, though few, which ſome men of genius have lately given us, will lead to the cultivation of ſo important a branch of polite literature. The poetry of Jami is as harmonious as the moſt poliſhed and muſical verſification of the Latins.

To ſofteſt muſic beauteous Jami ſung,
And the bee's ſweetneſs on his numbers hung.

ANON.

The

The ſimiles of Ferdoſi are *pleniſſima nectaris*—his invention lively and vigorous. When we conſider the aſtoniſhing length of the production, and the conſtant flame that animates the whole, preſerving an equal blaze, leaves the mind of a common reader in aſtoniſhment, and leads the poetical genius through unknown regions of the imagination. If Ferdoſi is too luxuriant, he is carried on by the rapidity of his powers, and diſplays ſuch extenſive fertility, that the critic, incapable of reaching the ſublimity of his conceptions, may judge of him by the coldneſs of his own feelings. The labours of Ruſtem are the ſtandard of Ferdoſi's genius. The influence of ſupernatural beings over his birth, prepare the mind for grand and extraordinary actions. We read of the birth of Minerva and of Bacchus, born in an extra-natural manner. If we admit of the Grecian fable, ſurely we

may ſubſcribe to the Perſian, and not turn rigid Roman Catholics in poetry, damning all ſects but one!

The reflections of Ferdoſi are animated and moral; the verſifications ſmooth and poliſhed; a quality, though poſſeſſed in general by the Perſian poets, is heightened by the *poeſis divina vis*, and gives that beauty to the range of enchantment which at once ſeizes on the avenues of the heart: nor can the judgement, in its cooleſt moment, cenſure the exuberance. The annals of the Perſian kings and heroes would have been cold and inſipid, and only would have been peruſed as they might have related to hiſtorical facts. —Ferdoſi, piercing through the bounds of nature, created new worlds, and making them ſubſervient to his plan, regulated his own ſphere with ſuch ſuperior ability

ability and fanciful ſyſtem, that the conduct of his poems appears in the natural order of that imaginary creation dignified by himſelf: they may not bear the touchſtone of truth; but the fables of the eaſt admitted them. There are no fatiguing digreſſions. Every ſucceeding poet has copied Homer. Ferdoſi followed or imitated none, his genius was above all tranſlation, the invention was his own. The ſtory, a recital of actions that happened, in a certain degree embelliſhed by fable: Aſiatic ſplendour favoured the magnificent deſcriptions.

The Shâh Namêh was no ſooner known than every man of conſequence and letters was ambitious of having a copy, and conſidered his library as incomplete without it. The princes of the eaſtern world had it decorated with pictures, repreſentative of the principal actions

actions in the poems. The fondneſs for quotations, which peculiarly marks the Aſiatics, made the Shâh Namêh univerſally read. Many of the ſucceeding princes, though loſt in indolence and luxurious ſloth, ſtill continued to imitate their predeceſſors in the elegance of their libraries; and this oſtentatious diſplay has preſerved ſome of the poems of Ferdoſi correct, and beautifully decorated.

No action is performed, no council held, without the approbation and advice of the wiſe men who were eſteemed as under inſpiration. The gay foliage caught the eye of the people, and they deemed events as determined on their opinions. They were in the ſunſhine of royal favour, which could not fail of giving new vigour to government. In a ſoil where it was a political principle to patronize men of genius, it is no wonder

wonder that ſcience roſe to early eminence. When monarchs are the companions of ability, it is not ſtrange that they exert their powers in exhibiting to futurity ſplendid pictures of their martial atchievements. Hence thoſe encomiums beſtowed on the Perſian princes; hence thoſe romantic qualities, which the luxuriance of oriental imagination aſcribes to their patrons and their predeceſſors.

Diveſt the picture of its ornaments, and the natural image remains. A poet may embelliſh his ſubject, may illuſtrate it with all the beauties of imagery, yet he would never ſubject himſelf to the contempt of his co-temporaries, as well as poſterity, by narratives of actions, the fallacy of which are publicly atteſted; nor would the Perſian nation, ever attentive to their records, which omitted not the moſt trifling circumſtances

ſtances wherein their princes were concerned, have eſteemed the annals of Ferdoſi as authentic, had they militated againſt the public records.

The poetry of this wonderful compoſition muſt be particularly pleaſing to an European ear; the heathen Gods and Goddeſſes have ſported for ſo many ages in the regions of heroiſm, that new fiction, new imagery, new manners, and new warriors muſt yield the higheſt intellectual amuſement. The fancy of Ferdoſi was luxuriant; his delineation of ſucceſſive characters in ſuch variegated colours, is ſo happily diverſified, that the whole range of human imagination ſeems exhauſted. A celebrated poet has thus characteriſed the writings of Ferdoſi:

No bard e'er found in nature's richeſt mines,
Th' inſpiring ardour of Ferdoſi's lines.
If other poets in mellifluent ſtrains,
Have ſung of heroes, or of verdant plains,
Not with ſuch equal beauty have they ſtrung
Our orient pearl, or with his genius ſung.
Fir'd by his thoughts, the mighty monarch glows,
And the bee's ſweetneſs o'er his numbers flows;
Through ev'ry line he ſoars on equal wing,
And the whole world his wond'rous merits ſing.
The brilliant in his ſtrain preſerves its ray,
For ever beaming with meridian day.
The diamond, ruby, or the coſtly ore,
No longer dazzle, and enchant no more.
Loſt in the brighter luſtre of his lines,
There the gem ſparkles, there the diamond ſhines.
There all eſſentials breathe in ev'ry rhyme,
And kings and warriors fill the verſe ſublime.
Propriety is thron'd:——the lofty ſtyle,
Flows, like the ſurges of the boundleſs Nile.

In the ſelection of characters, Ferdoſi has been peculiarly judicious; there are no mean perſonages, no low imagery, to take off the mind from the dignity of his heroes, or to yield any ſatisfaction varying from that which muſt ever ariſe from ſublimity of thought, and a juſt concatenation of events: the *ſpecioſa miracula* are ever introduced in conformity with the opinions of that nation for whom he wrote. That there are many errors in the Shâh Namêh cannot be denied; but in a production, which, from its aſtoniſhing length, precluded accurate reviſion, it is wonderful that they are ſo few. We ſee our poet perſecuted from the period of its concluſion, to the cloſe of his exiſtence; and though the conſcious eminence of his mind was not to be intimidated by power, and that power at command of a deſpotic prince, yet the perfect ſerenity of mind which is eſſential in the correction of ſuch a work

work could not be expected in a man ſtung with diſappointment. The fine copy of Arabic verſes which he compoſed at Mazinderan, at the advanced age he was then at, evince the fertility of his genius, as well as the circumference of his knowledge, unimpaired by time or misfortune.

By order of ſultan Æly Adihim Eeſvy, of the family of the Acoubites, the Shâh Namêh was tranſlated into Arabic by Kyamedeen Fitthè Abou Ali Il Hendi.

It will be here neceſſary to ſubjoin a few remarks on the commencement of the Shâh Namêh.

BOOK I.

VERSE IV.

" 'TWAS Kiûmers." Taher Mahommed, in his general hiſtory of Aſia, as well as all the Perſian hiſtorians, agree, that Kiûmers was the firſt chief who began the Perſian empire; ſome repreſent him as ſix, and ſome three deſcents from Noah. The Magi aſſert, that he was the firſt inhabitant of the globe. The four Dynaſties or great families who ſat on the Perſian throne, were the Peiſh Dadians, the Kianians, the Aſhkanians, and the Saſſanians. The Peiſh Dadians reigned from Kiûmers to the death of Gerſhaſp. The Kianians from Keykobad, of the family of Munochere, to the death of Iſkender Roumi. (Alexander the Great) The Aſhkanians from Aſke. The Arſacides of the Greeks to Arduan, the ſon of Terſy. The

Saſſanians

Saſſanians to the death of Yezdegerd, who loſt his life and kingdom in a battle againſt the caliph Omar. The fables of the eaſt are loſt in a variety of conjectures reſpecting the birth of Kiûmers. The Magi, in proof of their poſition, maintain that the appellation of Gilſhah was given him in conſequence of his having been the firſt king. They eagerly inculcated this belief to give the greater ſolemnity to their tenets, by making the worſhip of fire coëval with mankind, and aſſerting that Kiûmers was the origin of their religion. The Tawareeck Tebri makes him the ſon of Keyan in ſix deſcents from Noah. Keyan left ſeveral children, with whom Kiûmers being at variance, he quitted the hills Dumavend, (the place of his nativity) near Rey, the capital of Perſian Irak, where, from the protection he gave the people againſt the dæmons, they voluntarily made him their leader.

VERSE

VERSE XXXV.

" Rehmen alone." Rehmen or Aherman, (the principle of evil) the chief of the dæmons, who were with the peres, or fairies, inhabitants of the earth, long previous to the creation, and governed by Jan bin Jan, the imaginary monarch of theſe fabulous beings. Their refractory ſpirit provoked the indignation of Omnipotence, and Ebles, the angel, was ordered to puniſh them. Elevated with his ſucceſs, he refuſed obedience to the mandates of heaven, and was in conſequence plunged into hell. Aherman and the dæmons were driven to the mountains, and the peres, or fairies, were baniſhed to Jenniſtan. By their repentance, and the protection they afforded to mankind, they were received into the favour of heaven. Aherman, from his mountains, ordered his ſubjects to many

many parts of the world, where they ſpread deſolation, and were at variance with the fairies, who watched over the actions of the dæmons. The reſidence of theſe beings on the earth, before the creation of man, is fabled at nine thouſand years.

The ſuperiority in war of Kiûmers is thus accounted for: Previous to his ſettlement of the new people, he made a journey to Serendeb, (the iſland of Ceylon) and there diſcovered ſome of the armour of Jan bin Jan, the anteadamite king, who had preſented them to our firſt parent.

VERSE L.

"Kiûmers ſhall reign." The ambiguous oracle of the aërial ſpirits is well calculated to inſpire the king and his army with confidence. The aſſurance of ſafety againſt

againſt the ſupernatural arts of the dæmons, by ſuppoſing a ſuperior counteracting power, frees the mind from apprehenſion, and puts the two armies in the day of battle more on an equality——As much of futurity as is conduſive to the animation of the new people is announced. The diſcovery of the fall of Seamuck would have deſtroyed the effect.

VERSE LXX.

"Rouſe each warlike." The power of the dæmons, the loſs of his ſon, and the ſuperior knowledge of his enemies, would naturally make an impreſſion on the mind of Kiûmers. The poet properly introduces a heavenly agent, informing him of the divine decree, and elevating his thoughts by making him the agent of the divine orders. The religion of the Perſians admitted not of the machinery of deities preſiding

preſiding over different qualities and natures; but they believed in predeſtination; and Kiûmers muſt have been confident of ſucceſs, acting in obedience to the decree of heaven.

BOOK II.

VERSE LV.

" BEND every knee." In this account of the origin of the worſhip of fire, as Ferdoſi varies from many of the Perſian hiſtorians, I ſhall give the reader another relation from the Kholaſitul Achbar, taken from the Mazer ul Muluk; and as the worſhip of idols precedes that of fire, it may not be unentertaining to trace it to its ſource.

The prophet Idrees, or Enoch, was united by all the ties of friendſhip to a man whoſe name is not recorded. On the death of Enoch, his friend was inconſolable; Ebles, in a human form, preſented himſelf to him, and under the ſemblance of participating his grief, adviſed him to make a ſtatue in the likeneſs of

of the prophet. The inſtigation of Ebles had the deſired effect; a ſtatue was formed, and the friend of Enoch died ſoon after. The people finding the ſimilitude, and urged by the exalted opinion they entertained of Enoch, worſhiped the ſtatue, and the vanity of princes led them to aſſume divine honours. Nimrod, at Babel, ordered his image to be adored. Azur, the father of Abraham, was a celebrated ſtatuary, and employed on this occaſion by Nimrod. An aſtrologer, whoſe reputation for ſculpture was great, prognoſticated, that in this year a man would be born who would expel idolatry from Babel; Nimrod immediately ordered all the infants unborn to be ſlain as ſoon as they ſaw the light. One hundred thouſand, ſays Caſſeey, periſhed by this execrable decree. All the men in Babel were compelled to quit the city. Azur alone, in whom the king had implicit confidence,

remained. The wife of Azur proved with child; but the circumſtance was carefully concealed, even from Azur. In nine months ſhe brought forth Abraham, who was placed in a cave, where he remained fifteen years, and then viſited his father's houſe. On a day, when, on account of ſome public religious ceremony, Azur and his family were attending the feſtival, Abraham cut all the idols in various places. On the return of his father, he informed him, that the idols had been battling together: "That cannot be," replied Azur. "Why," ſaid Abraham, "if they are inca-
"pable of action, and of thought, do you pay divine
"honours to a piece of wood alone?" Nimrod received immediate intelligence of this event, and directed Abraham to attend; Abraham waited on the king, who obſerving him neglectful of the uſual homage, demanded the cauſe of his inſolence; "You are no
"God,"

"God," ſaid the undaunted Abraham; "to him "who has the power of life and death, I alone bow "with reverential awe." Nimrod directed two malefactors to attend, and judged life to one, and inſtant death to the other; "behold," ſaid Nimrod, "the "deſcription you have given of a deity." "This is "not," replied he, "the action of a God; the God "that I adore, directs the motions of the ſun from the "eaſtern to the weſtern world; reverſe this order of "nature, and you have a juſt claim to adoration." Nimrod made no reply, and Abraham departed. He began his public exhortations; when the aſtrologer, who had predicted the event, informed the king, that Abraham was the man whom he foretold would expel idolatry. Abraham, by order of Nimrod, was thrown into a furnace, from which he uttered the *ſind* and *pazind*; he remained unhurt amidſt the flames, and

to

to the aſtoniſhment of the wondering ſpectators, the fire was extinguiſhed, and the red roſe alone viſible. An angel attended Abraham in a human form. No one dared to repeat the ſtory to Nimrod, who, a few days ſubſequent to this event, perceived Abraham with the attendant angel in a garden. "Whence is "this!" exclaimed the irritated Nimrod. "Theſe," ſaid Abraham, "are the actions of the God whom I "adore; after this, can you arrogate the honours of a "Deity?" "If you will," replied Nimrod, "wor-"ſhip my idols, I will ſacrifice to thy God; my own "deification I cannot ſurrender." "Sacrifice is of "no avail," ſaid Abraham, "if you continue your "own idolatry." Nimrod vowed revenge on Abraham and his kindred, and aſſembled his forces; the prophet met them fearleſs and alone; a croud of inſects infeſted the men of Nimrod; and the inſects piercing

piercing to his own brain, ſoon cloſed the period of his exiſtence!

The country which formerly was named Pars, received that appellation from Pars, the ſon of Peihlou, who was the chief of Iran; and all the cities and countries of that kingdom were anciently named Pars. From the river Iihon to Forat (the Euphrates) it extended; in breadth, from Babul Abwáb, on the Caſpian Sea, to the Ocean. The ſeveral kingdoms which conſtituted the original empire were ſubſequently divided. Khoraſan was included in the diviſion of Muſhrek Iſtachur, and from thence it was named Khoraſan. Iſpahan, at the period of Mahommediſm, was partitioned into Erak Arib, and at preſent is in Erak Ajem.

Sheick

Sheick Bin Hajur Aſcalani, a man celebrated for the greatneſs of his erudition, records, that the weſtern part of the empire took its name from the twelve ſons of Edram, (the grandſon of Noah) who were famed for their ſkill in horſemanſhip, and were called Faris, which word, in Arabic, implies a cavalier. Faris from this became the name of this weſtern empire. They were of the religion of the Magi, and repreſented as men equally famous in the field and council.

The Perſian language was divided into ſeven dialects, four of which, the Suky, Harohy, Sazi, and Sewali, are obſolete, and were never conſidered as deſerving of attention. The Parſi, the Dery, and the Peihlouvi, were the remaining three. The Parſi is celebrated for

its

its ſoftneſs, and principally ſpoken in the diviſion of Iſtakhar, built by Kiûmeŕs.

The Deri is formed on the ancient Parſi, famous for its courtly and elegant ſtyle. Beleck Muroe, Shazan, and Bochara, are the principal cities in which it is ſpoken. Some authors add the city of Bahdackſhan, and thoſe writers who are the natives of theſe countries, fond of tracing, to a diſtant period, the origin of their language, aſſert that the Kianian princes always uſed this dialect. The prophet Mahommed, attached as he was to the Arabic, frequently declared, that the Supreme Being, in every decree of particular benevolence, declared himſelf in the Deri.

The Peihlouvi is named from Peihlou, the father of Pars, ſpoken chiefly at Rey, (Bactriania) Iſpahan, and Dinou. Peihlou emphatically ſignifies a city.

CHRO-

CHRONOLOGY

OF THE

FOUR DYNASTIES,

ACCORDING TO THE PERSIAN ACCOUNT.

THE PEISH DADIANS REIGNED 2441 YEARS.

	Years.
Kiûmers	30
Hoſhiung	40
Tahmuraz	30
Gemſheid	700
Zohak	1000
Feredoon	500
Munochere	120
Nooder	7
Zou Tehmaſp	5
Gerſhaſp	9
Years	2441

The

THE KIANIANS REIGNED 684 YEARS, 4 MONTHS.

	Years	Months
Kaikubad	100	
Kai Kaous	150	
Kai Khoſro	60	
Zohraſp	120	
Gerſaſp	120	
Behmen	60	
Homar	32	
Darab, the elder	14	4
Darab, the younger	14	
Iſkender, (Alexander the Great)	14	
Years	684	4

The

THE ASKANIANS REIGNED 217 YEARS.

	Years.
Aſkan - - - - - -	30
Shapour - - - - - -	60
Aſhk - - - - - - -	20
Godurz - - - - - -	11
Terſy - - - - - - -	12
Godurz, the younger - - - -	11
Avour Mezd - - - - - -	26
Arduan - - - - - -	7
Khoſro - - - - - -	7
Akuſh - - - - - -	9
Arduan the Great - - - -	30
Years	217

The

THE SASSANIANS REIGNED 484 YEARS, 6 MONTHS.

	Months.	Years
Arudſheir Babegan	32	1
Shapour	32	
Avour Mezd	1	9
Behram	9	3
Behram, the younger	19	
Behremian	0	4
Terſy	9	
Bourmurd Terſy	9	9
Shapour Zul Akwaf	70	
Arudſheir Necko Car	10	4
Shapour, the younger	5	
Behram	15	
Yezdegerd	22	
Behram Gour	60	
Yeſtigerd	18	
Hourmurd	12	
Hourmeize	9	
Parvis	11	
Kobad	40	
Nourſherwan	48	
Khoſro	38	
Sherouya	0	7
Arudſheir	1	6
Poorandockt	0	6
Ferocktzerd	0	1
Aruſmdoet	0	4
Yeſdyud Sheiryar	20	
Years	484	6

TO

TO THE

SUBSCRIBERS.

WHOEVER adverts to the difficulty of rendering the ſpirit of an author, whoſe language and the manners of whoſe heroes are ſo diſſimilar, not only to our own, but to thoſe of the ancients, whom we are taught, from our early infancy, to reverence, will excuſe the inacuracies of this attempt to give the Perſian

poet

poet an Engliſh dreſs. Idioms ſo various as thoſe of Europe and Aſia, muſt require conſiderable diſcernment to preſerve them in any tolerable degree. Errors may eaſily be diſtinguiſhed. If the intention is preſerved, and the ſimilitude retained, the colouring muſt be that of the tranſlator. Particular paſſages may be open to the eye of criticiſm; but to retain the beauty of the original, and make the beauty accord with the intelligence of our native language, will appear chiefly difficult to thoſe who have made the experiment. That part of the Shâh Namêh which is now offered to the public, is the leaſt intereſting of the whole production. The genius of Ferdoſi expands as the brilliancy of the exploits of his heroes demands a ſuperior animation of ſtyle, and an exertion of the higheſt powers of imagination to deſcribe actions which require almoſt unbounded abilities.

The

The Subſcribers have a claim upon me to be informed, in what manner I propoſe to continue my tranſlation of the Shâh Namêh; ſhould health permit me to re-aſſume it, the length precludes a faithful interpretation of every line. The heroic poem, which includes the atcheivements of Ruſtem, Sohrab, and Iſfendiar, will be the continuation of my next publication. I propoſe ſelecting the moſt animating alluſions, the moſt ſplendid actions, and moſt beautiful paſſages from Ferdoſi, without loſing ſight of the concatenation of events. The number of lines will be equal to the Iliad of Homer. This forms what may be called the ſecond diviſion of Ferdoſi's heroic poems. With reſpect to the remaining part, it is impoſſible to hazard, at this period, any deciſive opinion.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE elevation of Kiûmers, *and the attack of the dæmons*—— Kiûmers, *the firſt monarch who reigned in* Perſia, *and his ſon* Seâmuck, *are attacked by the dæmons, jealous of their increaſing power*— Seâmuck *is killed in a ſingle combat with a young dæmon, which cloſes the firſt action*—*The intelligence carried to* Kiûmers *cauſes the higheſt lamentations: he determines on revenge, and aſſembling his army, places* Hoſhung, *the ſon of* Seâmuck, *at the head of his troops*—*His advice to him*—*The dæmons meet them in the field, where the old king gains a compleat victory*—*The dæmon, by whoſe proweſs* Seâmuck *had fallen, is killed by* Hoſhung—Kiûmers *dies*—*The author's reflections on the inſtability of life.*

THE

SHÂH NAMÊH.

BOOK I.

GREAT deeds I ſing! my guide recording time!
Imperial annals fill the ſong ſublime——
What chief invented firſt the royal throne,
The rich tiara, and the ſplendid zone?
'Twas Kiûmers! at whoſe auſpicious birth
A ſmile expanded o'er the genial earth!

'Twas when yon ſun was moving on his way,
From Aries to the Lamb, with brilliant ray.
On him fair worth and ſpotleſs honours beam,
Pure and unſullied as the limpid ſtream.
Though born 'midſt hills, he felt an innate flame,
An humble chief as then unknown to fame!
But when enthron'd, exalted high in pow'r,
A greatful world confeſs'd the fav'ring hour?
For thirty years the royal veſt he wore,
He cloth'd the naked and he fed the poor!
As yon bright orb its borrow'd beams diſplays,
So beam'd the chief with heav'n-reflected rays.
His form erect a manly luſtre ſpread,
As the tall cypreſs rears its lofty head.
E'en at his ſight the brute became ſerene,
And bow'd before his throne with placid mien.
So thinking mortals, in ſome dome divine,
Obedient bend before the awful ſhrine ——
One ſon he had, pre-eminent in worth,
Like his fond ſire, a fav'rite of the earth!

Seâmuck

Seâmuck was his name! alone the boy,
Each thought employ'd and center'd ev'ry joy,
As the young vines new life and vigour bring,
In him would renovate the parent king.
A moment's abſence wak'd the tender ſigh,
And the fond tear ſtood trembling in his eye.
Fair peace attended, and a fav'ring gale
Through life auſpicious, fill'd the ſwelling ſail.
Rehmen alone, a dæmon damn'd to fame,
Breath'd hoſtile fury, and infernal flame.
Dire Rehmen's ſoul teem'd with malignant rage,
To cruſh the monarch and the riſing age.
His daring ſon ſhook all a trembling world,
Fierce as the wolf, he wide deſtruction hurl'd.
Without reſerve he every plan confeſt,
No fear he knew, no honour mov'd his breaſt.
The king intrepid dar'd the high alarm,
And fatal courage! ſcorn'd the dæmons arm.
Th' alarum ſpread, when in a viſion'd dream,
A ſpirit arial ſung this miſtic theme.

(Sweet

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(Sweet was his voice, melodious as the lyre,
Reſembling fairies whom the gods inſpire.)
" Each artifice the dæmon tries in vain,
" Vain his ambition, Kiûmers ſhall reign!"
On this Seâmuck, full of martial fire,
Call'd all his force, and brav'd the dæmon's ire.
A tyger's ſkin his manly limbs o'erſpread,
No armour known, no helmets grac'd the head.
The hoſtile legions mov'd in firm array,
Front of the lines Seâmuck dares the fray.
The dæmon ſought the youth; ah! fatal hour!
Both onward ruſh; yet ſuch his mighty power,
Soon the brave youth lay welt'ring in his gore,
While the black fiend his beauteous body tore.
His dire aſſociates, full of impious joy,
Of club and veſt deſpoil the lovely boy.
The grief-ſtruck army mourn'd —— with rapid wing
Fame ſpread the ſtory to the anguiſh'd king.
Long ſorrow ſat on ev'ry feeling breaſt,
Till heav'n, by angels, thus its will expreſt:

" Tears

" Tears are of no avail! diſpel thy grief;
" Arm all your legions; rouſe each warlike chief:
" 'Tis my decree, attack the fiend-like foe,
" And bravely combat, blow revenge by blow."
To heav'n the good old hero rais'd his eyes,
And greatful! bleſt the goodneſs of the ſkies!
Revenge alone now fill'd the Perſian's breaſt,
Or day, or night, he knew no balmy reſt.
On lov'd Seâmuck's ſon his thoughts incline,
To teach in council as in arms to ſhine.
Hoſhung his name: the king the youth addreſt,
And thus declar'd the ſecrets of his breaſt:
" Ere long in arms my marſhall'd legions beam,
" And hoſtile blood o'er yonder plain ſhall ſtream.
" Thou muſt attend; a few ſhort minutes o'er,
" Theſe aged limbs will ſeek another ſhore.
" On me the arial ſpirits gladly wait,
" And e'en the brute creation guard my ſtate."
He ſpoke; in bright array his troops appear,
But, feeble grown with age, he ſought the rear.

High

High in the midſt of the embattl'd hoſt,
Young Hoſhung ſtood, the royal Perſian's boaſt.
Onward each army ruſh'd with martial glow,
Revenge and empire dwell upon the blow.
Immortal vigour fir'd the Perſian train,
And clouds of duſt o'erſhadow'd all the plain.
Proud and audacious! dauntful in the fight,
The dæmon rov'd, too confident of might.
His ſtrokes on all re-echo, all engage,
As when the roaring lion hurls his rage.
The old king trembled as he view'd the force
Of the dire dæmons mow their dreadful courſe;
'Twas then brave Hoſhung, with undaunted might,
Sought the young dæmon through the thickeſt fight.
They met; they fought; the hero's patriot glow
Gave force and vigour o'er the treach'rous foe.
Long was the combat; when the prince's arm,
Struck the pale dæmon, trembling with alarm.
Then hurl'd him from his courſer as he fled,
And, as he fell, he lopp'd his impious head.

With

With conqueſt in his arms, the good old king,
(The aſſaſſin of his ſon having felt the ſting
Of death and of remorſe) reſign'd to fate
The ſplendid trappings of his earthly ſtate.
A name alone remains; the greateſt pow'r
Secures no mortal from the fatal hour.
Yet though his life in each exertion paſt,
Th' effect he knew not, when he breath'd his laſt.
Brave Kiûmers, with patriotic ſway,
Firſt taught th' untutor'd nations to obey.
A few ſhort moments cloſe this troubled ſcene,
And life's at beſt a nugatory dream!
How fruitleſs grief! how vain the plaintive ſigh!
To ſtop pale death, or raiſe the dying eye!

THE ARGUMENT.

THE introduction of agriculture—The diſcovery of mines—The riſe of the religion of the Magi.

The character of Hoſhung—*He forms various implements—Attention to cultivation—To mining—To policy—The worſhip of fire inſtituted—The loom firſt in uſe—*Ferdoſi *concludes his reign with moral reflections.*

THE

SHÂH NAMÊH.

BOOK II.

HOSHUNG, on whom unblemiſh'd laurels ſhone,
Adorn'd for forty years th' imperial throne.
Juſt as a judge the legiſlator reigns,
And ſeven proud kingdoms were his bleſt domains.
Wide ſpread the virtues of his nations o'er,
And cities ſmil'd where deſerts frown'd before.

Fame told the ſtory to the wond'ring earth,
And nations bleſt the hour that gave him birth.
He from the quarry brought the iron ore,
And taught the ſmith its ever uſeful lore.
Within the mine the ſparkling gems conceal'd,
To gazing eyes by Hoſhung were reveal'd;
He form'd and gave the workman various tools,
And taught the architect to build by rules.
To ev'ry valued art his thoughts incline,
To plough the waſte land, or improve the mine.
Through the ſcorch'd lands he bade canals to flow,
That corn might flouriſh, and the paſture grow.
Through ev'ry town he conduits paſt along,
Supplying water to the inland throng.
Canals were taught to flow through ev'ry place,
And commerce rear'd aloft her ſmiling face.
Bridges were form'd, where ſtreams obſtruct the way,
Opening new intercourſe from day to day.
He taught to ſow the ſeed, to reap the grain,
The arts of tillage were his conſtant ſtrain.

Fruits

Fruits were the food of man till this bleſt time,
And leaves of trees ſole ſhelter from the clime;
Rules for ſociety the chief creates,
And law and order grac'd his riſing ſtates.
Now policy, with eye extended, roſe,
And bade the mountain-hind forget his woes.
Now tranquil pleaſures form their rural life,
And ſcenes far varying from their former ſtrife.
Bright-ey'd religion rear'd her cherub face,
For piety adorn'd the hero's race.
As once, attended by a gallant few,
He ſought the high-lands, with a patriot view,
An object from afar appear'd to riſe,
Of form immenſe, and of prodigious ſize;
Sanguine its face, its eyes were ghaſtly blue,
Its body glaring ſhock'd the diſtant view;
Through the whole air its dire obnoxious breath
Darkneſs diffus'd, and ſtench like putrid death:
Hoſhung with dauntleſs ſteps approach'd the ſprite,
And ſeiz'd a pond'rous ſtone with nervous might:

The

The ſerpent rear'd its creſt; on Hoſhung came,
And fearleſs threw the ſtone with dext'rous aim:
The ſerpent bent beneath the weighty blow,
And, groaning as he fled, life ſeem'd to flow:
The ſhatter'd ſtones in num'rous pieces ſtart,
And ſparks of fire emit from every part.
Amazement ſeiz'd the chief. The view, unknown,
Of fire emitting from repulſive ſtone,
Firſt gave the pious thought, "Bend ev'ry knee,"
The chief exclaims, "'tis heav'n's ſupreme decree!
"To fire celeſtial let us altars raiſe,
"For God himſelf his attribute diſplays."
As the high prieſt of Mahommed divine,
Bends towards Mecca, to the ſacred ſhrine ——
So the new Magi, as their prince inſpires,
Bow with devotion to the golden fires.
Conqueſt to kings have giv'n exalted fame,
And chiefs have reach'd a celebrated name.
Yet by this deed, the hero of his age,
Stands high recorded in th' hiſtoric page.

To raiſe new faith to Hoſhung it was giv'n,
Who deem'd it the benevolence of heav'n.
This night the goblet crown'd the feſtive board,
This night was bleſſed ſtyl'd, and all ador'd;
Hoſhung's new altars charm the gazing trains,
And oft inſpir'd them all with fervent ſtrains.
Each village bleſs'd him, each increaſing town,
With heart-felt raptures hail'd their king's renown.
From age to age his praiſes will be ſung,
Eternal goodneſs on his actions hung.
He chac'd the wild aſs at the early dawn,
The kingly lion and the rapid fawn.
He tam'd the lordly bull; to well-cloath'd meads
The gentle lambkin and the ſheep he leads.
From the gray ſquirrel, from the rapid fawn,
From the ſly fox were ſkins for cloathing drawn.
He ſpun the wool, explor'd each varied art,
And things of uſe were form'd from ev'ry part.
Here the ſcene cloſes; for the gallant mind
That labour'd for the good of human kind,

Paid

Paid nature's debt—— the greatful world confeſt
His glorious actions and his patriot breaſt.
The muſe hiſtoric crown'd his honour'd days,
And knowledge woo'd him to eternal praiſe.
His kingdom flouriſh'd by his mild domain,
And nature ſmil'd through all his happy reign.
Ah ſoon! too ſoon! the fates control his pow'r,
Nor could his goodneſs ſtop the fatal hour.
Grief, fortune often gives, and oft renown!
Her ſmile inconſtant as her wav'ring frown.
A day muſt come when hope herſelf deſiſts;
It only leaves impenetrable miſts.

THE

SHÂH NAMÊH.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

TAHMURAZ, *the enchainer of dæmons, aſſembles the learned—The* Magi *addreſs them on the ſubject of his future government—He improves on the plan of* Hoſhung—*The character of the vizier—He ſeizes on the leader of the dæmons, whoſe followers aſſemble, chuſe a leader, and conduct their forces againſt* Tahmuraz—*Are routed—Their offers of ſubmiſſion—Different arts introduced through their medium—The death of* Tahmuraz—*The reflections incidental to his death.*

THE

SHÂH NAMÊH:

BOOK III.

THE conqueror of dæmons, Hoſhung's heir,
Brave Tahmuraz, then fill'd the regal chair;
Soon he conven'd the magic prieſts of fire,
His actions mark'd him worthy of his ſire.
In converſe ſage they paſs'd th' inſtructive time,
And taught the monarch how to rule ſublime.

Them he addreſt:—"Inſtruct me how to reign,
"And what the duties of my ſtate ordain.
"Teach me proud vice far from my throne to chaſe,
"And drive theſe dæmons headlong to diſgrace;
"Whatever may advance my nations' good,
"Poliſh their manners, and improve their food."
Their precious wool the ſheep and lambkins yield,
And all the fleecy tribe that rove the field;
The beauteous ſongſters that late flew on high,
And ſung melodious through the azure ſky,
Allur'd in averies, charm'd the wondering throng,
Pleas'd with the plumage and the warbling ſong.
The hawk and falcon by the hunters taught,
Birds through the air in artful windings ſought.
The king's vizier, pre-eminent in fame,
Folly in terror fled where'er he came.
All day religious thoughts his ſoul purſu'd,
Reflection crown'd him, and he took no food
Till ſunſet, when he waited on the king,
And told the road to glory's heav'nly ſpring.

His fame for piety, to earth's extreme,
Had rais'd him high, and was the patriot's theme.
How vice to ſhun, impiety explode,
How point to excellence the faireſt road,
His conſtant care; and by his counſel ſage,
The king appear'd the hero of his age.
One day the chief, as mounted on his ſteed,
Seiz'd the firſt dæmon, ere he could proceed
In magic ſafety: ſwift the nations flew,
And for their king the honeſt ſabre drew.
The race of dæmons, with indignant ſtrains,
Beheld their leader in inglorious chains.
They all conven'd, and vengeance ſwore aloud,
Dire imprecations fill the horrid crowd.
On royal Tahmuraz his girdle bound,
And ſtruck his axe tremendous on the ground.
All the magicians, necromancers, all
In myſtic pray'rs their kindred dæmons call,
And choſe a leader——black as deadlieſt night,
With eye of horror, roſe th' infernal ſprite;

Such

Such noiſe and tumult, ſuch tremendous cries,
The dæmons howl, as echo to the ſkies;
Dark was the face of heav'n! and earth no more
Its chearful tints and pleaſing verdure wore;
Nor light nor object ſtruck the blinded eye,
Opaque was all beneath the ſolar ſky;
But ſtill the king, impatient for the fight,
Commenc'd the battle in the ſhades of night;
He claſp'd his girdle and with rapid ſpeed,
Charg'd the fierce dæmon on his fiery ſteed.
In monſtrous forms, in ſhapes of livid fire,
Arrang'd, the dæmons wait the royal ire.
Firm they receiv'd him, and with deſperate blows,
Menac'd the braveſt of their Perſian foes.
But Tahmuraz, intrepid in the fight,
Quick hurl'd them headlong to the realms of night.
Some by the axe were levell'd to the ground,
And ſome in chains of iron ſtrongly bound.
All ſtood appall'd——for mercy they implore,
And "mercy! mercy!" was their general roar.

Then

Then thus:—" Oh! ſpare us, monarch of the world,
" On us no longer be thy thunders hurl'd.
" Arts, that are ours, we will to thee impart,
" And own allegiance with ſubmiſſive heart."
The king conſents, impatient quite to know,
Arts, though inſtructed by a barbarous foe.
The dæmons freed, fair characters impart,
And writing now illumin'd ev'ry heart.
From age to age, ideas may be trac'd,
And royal actions by the muſes grac'd.
The Roman, Perſian, the Arabian ſtyle,
The Phelevi, Chineſe, and Sadi ſmile,
With many more——The king for thirty years
Spread wide this novel art to all his peers.
Such a vizier, and ſuch a chief alone
Cou'd give high luſtre to an earthly throne.
His name will live to time's remoteſt end,
His labours prov'd him to mankind a friend.
Yet though his name had reach'd th' ethereal plain,
Low lies his aſhes, ſilent is his ſtrain.

THE ARGUMENT.

AN angel addreſſes Gemſheid; *rebukes him for not being active in the expulſion of the dæmonic cuſtoms—Prognoſticates the favour of heaven—Thus inſpired, he confines the dæmons—He forms various inſtruments and armour for the uſe of his army—He aſſembles the different ſects, and according to their knowledge he aſſigns their different departments—He builds a magnificent palace entrenched round by the information and inſtruction of a dæmon—He firſt introduces the art of building—The people eſteem him more than mortal—Pride takes poſſeſſion of his ſenſes—His fortune and eminence alter his former piety—His boaſting expreſſions to the* Magi—*His glory begins to fade—The indignation of heaven—The king of* Arabia, Merdaz, *whoſe ſon* Zohak, *inſtigated by* Ebles, *the infernal, lays a ſnare for his father, in which he periſhes—The artifices of* Ebles—*He leaves* Zohak, *and aſſuming a different form, returns—Introduces luxury—And in embracing* Zohak, *which is requeſted as a token of friendſhip, two ſerpents ſpring from the ſhoulders of that prince—He vaniſhes, and again appears in the ſemblance of a phyſician—Adviſes the daily application*

cation of the brains of two men as a cure, and alleviation to the pain cauſed by the ſerpents—His advice is adopted—The nobility of Iran *deſert their monarch, and croud to the ſtandard of* Zohak—Gemſheid, *with his army, meets him in the field—The flight of his army—* Zohak *marches to* Iran—Gemſheid *flies—Is ſeiz'd—*Ferdoſi's *reflections—The deſcription of* Gemſheid's *ſiſters, who are debauched by* Zohak—*Two men are ſacrificed each day—The conſultation of* Armel *and* Germail—*They are ordered for execution—The jailor releaſes one, and ſupplies his place with the brains of a lamb, and afterwards purſues the ſame conduct—*Zohak, *in a dream, ſees three warriors, who tell him his future fate—He convenes the ſages, and demands an expoſition of his dream—The prognoſtic of the ſages—The birth of* Feredoon—*His concealment by his parents—Nurtur'd by a cow—The reſearches and indignation of* Zohak—Feredoon *eſcapes from the purſuit of* Zohak, *with his mother* Feranuk, *to the hill of* Elburs—*The tyrant deſtroys the place where* Feredoon *had been concealed—The arrival of the fugitives at* Elburs—*The prieſt receives them—The exhortation of* Feranuk—*The houſe of* Feredoon *levelled by* Zohak—*He quits* Elburs, *and demands an account of his birth from* Feranuk—*The tale is related to him—He determines on revenge*

—*The apprehenſions of* Zohak—*He orders his nobles and the ſages to ſign a paper, atteſting the goodneſs and excellence of his adminiſtration* —*The complaint of* Gao, *reſpecting the ſeizure of his ſon*—*The uſurper orders him to ſign the atteſtation*—*He refuſes, and addreſſes the people* —*Flies to* Feredoon—*Is graciouſly received*—*The ban of* Gao, *from this period, the ſtandard of the* Perſian *empire*—Feredoon *takes leave of* Feranuk—*Marches to* Arabia—*A prieſt inſtructs him in the page of futurity*—*The attempt of his brothers, jealous of his eminence, to deſtroy him*—*He is informed of it in a dream*—*Prevents it*—*Marches to* Bagdad *and* Jeruſalem—*Seizes the fort by ſurprize*—*Is ſeated on the throne of* Zohak—*Deſtroys the magicians*—*Is informed by the ſiſters of* Gemſheid, *that* Zohak *had marched to* Hindoſtan, *to invoke the magicians to deſtroy him*—Khundroo, *a ſervant of* Zohak, *flies to his maſter with the intelligence, who affects to diſbelieve it*—*The return of* Zohak, *who is taken and enchained in* Dumavend—*The reflections of* Ferdoſi.

THE

SHÂH NAMÊH.

BOOK IV.

THEN Gemſheid reign'd—The virtues of his ſire
Fill his young mind, and all his acts inſpire.
The rich tiara grac'd his youthful head,
And all the wonted royalties were ſpread.
The greatful nations deem their prince a God,
And all th' aërials bend before his nod.

An angel's voice, attun'd to heav'nly ſtrains,
Addreſt the monarch of the Perſian plains:
" Why thus inactive, in inglorious eaſe,
" Does Gemſheid ſlumber o'er divine decrees?
" Exalt to eminence thy high domains,
" Expel the dæmon cuſtoms from thy plains;
" By land, by water, let your labours riſe,
" Fear not the dæmons, favour'd by the ſkies!"
No more was heard——The heav'n-taught monarch glows,
And chain'd in dungeons his dæmoniac foes.
Such were his actions, free from ev'ry crime,
That paradiſe threw wide the gate ſublime:
The king, the prieſt of Magi, ſtood confeſt,
Equal in each! a friend to the diſtreſt.
The man of vice ſoon felt the awful rod;
The good, illumin'd, bow'd before their God.
Firſt various hoſtile implements he made,
Till his brave Perſians were in arms array'd.
The iron he mallows, and the helmet forms,
And coats of mail defy impending ſtorms.

Girths

Girths for the horſe were form'd of felt alone;
The cuiraſs armour now defend his throne.
Habits of war that glitter in the field,
The miſſile weapon, and the glitt'ring ſhield,
Were form'd by Gemſheid; linen cloth, for cloaths,
And the rich tiſſue, from his labours roſe.
To waſh, to ſow, to weave, his people learn;
Yet not content while more he cou'd diſcern.
Well pleas'd was heav'n! and earth with wonder view'd
The various ways he excellence purſu'd.
One bright example from each ſect he choſe,
And fifty years the juſt ſelection cloſe.
The Aluzeban, ardent in their pray'rs,
In caves the monarch plac'd exempt from cares.
Not e'en the hero claim'd ſuperior place,
The firſt in honour are the firſt in grace.
The Naſireans next in order ſhone,
As lions brave, the pillars of his throne;
While fame to valiant deeds ſhall glory give,
Their names, their martial eminence, ſhall live.

Another

Another ſect was Oſteruſh by name,
The loom their labours —— culture all their aim;
Free is their ſpirit —— all the world admires
Their conſtant duties, and their ſteady fires.
Theſe they alone purſu'd —— Then next ariſe
The Artukuſhy, valiant, gen'rous, wiſe;
Artiſts in peace, and ſoldiers on the plain;
Thought and reflection follow'd in their train.
Theſe Gemſheid honour'd, and their worth diſplays,
In gifts that ſhow'd him conſcious of their praiſe.
To each his duty did the chief aſſign,
That all might follow the appointed line.
A dæmon thus addreſt th' imperial throne:
" From clay and water, from the harden'd ſtone,
" Form thou a model of a finiſh'd wall;
" High let the building be o'erlooking all."
This ſoon was rais'd in geometric line,
And ſtone with mortar finiſh'd the deſign.
A court with baths was built; tow'rs rear'd their head;
A lofty palace roſe, and terror fled.

From the rough ſtone, by aid of magic ſound,
The ruby and the ſilver ore were found.
The variegated coral, ſaphire blue,
And many a gem appear'd to mortal view.
Muſk, amber, ſcented wood; each flow'ring bloom,
With fragrant roſes, yield their rich perfume.
He built a veſſel, launch'd it in the ſtream;
The artiſts copied, and admire the ſcheme.
Friend to deſert, inimical to ill,
His open doors the poor and hungry fill.
Full fifty years in labours ſuch as theſe
The monarch paſs'd, regardleſs of his eaſe;
But now, alas! he thought his labours o'er,
That art or nature cou'd ſupply no more.
He deem'd himſelf of more than mortal birth,
Ally'd to heav'n——pre-eminent on earth.
A throne reſplendent now his ſoul deſigns,
A blaze of gems on ev'ry pillar ſhines.
On this enthron'd, the dæmons raiſe the chair;
On this he tow'ring rode aloft in air.

Gazing

Gazing ſpectators crowd from all the earth,
And deem their prince of more than mortal birth.
The road with gems were ſtrew'd; his ſplendid day
In feſtivals ſhall future times diſplay.
Pleas'd were the nobles, wine, and flowing bowls,
With vocal muſic, charm their raptur'd ſouls.
So brilliant was his ev'ry act, that fame
Will ever wait upon his laurel'd name.
Three hundred years health ſmil'd upon his plains,
And death indignant fled his bleſt domains.
No indolence appear'd, no vagrants roſe,
No ſickneſs wither'd, no corroding woes.
But now his former ſplendor ſets in night,
Its glory fades, and all his vaunted might.
The muſes droop the impious ſtrain to tell,
When Gemſheid thus began, inſpir'd by hell:
" Behold in me the monarch of the world,
" By me all nature ſpeaks, by me the thunder's hurl'd.
" For me the dæmons all their magic ſpread,"
(So vain his ſoul he knew not what he ſaid.)

His

His ſubjects too, forgetful of their God,
Follow his mandates, and obey his nod.
On thrones of ſplendor he his orders gavè,
Soft muſic play'd, and ſongs unnerve the brave.
For many a year theſe tranſient glories riſe,
Once heav'n his actions view'd with fav'ring eyes;
But now no more before his darken'd ſight
The God appears——'twas all a gloomy night.
His eminence had clouded all his pow'rs;
His God forſakes him, and his fortune low'rs.
Each aged ſeer he ordered from the field,
Then thus addreſt, to ev'ry virtue ſteel'd!
" This world is mine, no other God I know,
" From me alone all excellence can flow.
" No chief or monarch ever reach'd my name,
" Tow'ring ſuperior on the throne of fame.
" Whate'er deſerves attention, it is mine;
" Sleep, reſt, and food, by my commands, are thine.
" High walls I rais'd, cloaths I beſtow'd on man;
Mine are the nobles; thrones, each martial clan.

" Lives there a man who, vent'rous, dares to name
" Another king immortaliz'd by fame?
" Behold the dæmons tremble at my nod,
" And own a juſt allegiance to the God."
The pious ſeers, unable to reply,
Held down their mute-ſtruck ſouls, and vented many a ſigh.
Heav'n would no longer bear his impious pride,
Far ſpread the boaſt, and nations but deride.
No longer did he feel the heav'nly guard,
His ſoul to ev'ry former virtue barr'd.
Now all his ſentiments from diſcord ſpring,
Deſtruction hover'd with inſatiate wing.
Hear wiſdom ſpeak, her dictates are a prize,
Monarchs from piety ſuperior riſe.
When the auguſt Omnipotent of heav'n,
From thy weak eyes and impious heart is driv'n,
Terror and fear with diſcord for thy guide,
Shall humble thee ſeverely for thy pride.
The day of Gemſheid darken'd —— and no more
His ſplendor riſes —— all his glory's o'er.

Alarm'd

Alarm'd at the review, his timid mind
Aw'd, no relief from piety can find.
Impiety his former honour ſtain'd:
Diſcord uſurp'd the place where glory reign'd.
The pious Merdaz in Arabia reigns,
With num'rous herds that grace his fruitful plains;
His flocks unnumber'd, and his neighing ſteeds
Bound o'er the fields, and crop the verdant meads.
Zohak, his ſon, ten thouſand horſe commands;
Brave in the fields, he leads his victor bands
In Deri Pooraſp: for, by night and day
Benevolence his generous acts diſplay.
In ſemblance of a ſage, one morning came
Th' infernal Ebles, ever damn'd to fame;
So wiſe and ſo mellifluent was his tongue,
Ill-fated Zohak on his ſpeeches hung;
Unconſcious of deceit, ſo deeply laid,
All his whole ſoul to Ebles was diſplay'd.
When this the infernal ſaw, invidious joy
Cheer'd his dark thoughts, ambitious to deſtroy.

He tun'd his language to melodious ſtrains,
And pour'd his poiſon into Zohak's veins.
'Twas then he ſpoke. " My ſciences exceed
" All that man knows, or all the ſages read."
The youth, impatient, urg'd him to impart
His letter'd knowledge, and ſuperior art.
With artifice the horrid fiend reply'd,
" By ſolemn oath firſt chuſe me for your guide;
" Swear that attentive to my great deſign,
" Whate'er I ſay, whatever I enjoin,
" You will obey. My knowledge I will teach,
" And lead you far beyond all mortal reach."
Th' unwary Zohak ſwore: deluded youth!
To whom, unconſcious, do you pledge your truth?
He ſwore that ſilence ſhou'd the tale conceal!
'Twas then that Ebles broke the fatal ſeal:
" A ſon like you with ev'ry talent bleſt,
" With God-like virtues, in unwarlike reſt,
" Thus doom'd, depriv'd of empire and of pow'r,
" To wait, unactive! for an old man's hour,

" Argues

" Argues a grov'ling ſoul——while thy ag'd Sire
" Lives glimm'ring on, ſuppreſt thy active fire——
" Long will he rule; a ſlave thou muſt remain;
" Seize on his ſceptre, and aſſert thy reign.
" His throne is thine: obedient to thy guide,
" The world will own thee with a conſcious pride."
Zohak attentive heard; ambition, pow'r,
Rag'd in his ſoul, and mark'd the choſen hour.
A ſpark of virtue ſtruggled in his heart——
" Adopt ſome mode, where nature will not ſtart."
Ebles with ſternneſs anſwer'd——" Take his ſeat,
" Or perjury is thine ſhou'dſt thou retreat.
" For perjury, will piety atone,
" Thus, thus ejected from a ſplendid throne?
" For ages will your Sire in triumph reign,
" And thou, inglorious, curſe the pious ſtrain!"
Alarm'd, the youth aſſents——no fears appal——
" But how, or where? the king's belov'd by all!"——
" Be ſilent only, and the means are mine;
" Great ſhalt thou be, and like yon ſun ſhall ſhine."

A well

A well was ſunk, and cover'd in the night;
A level plain it ſeem'd to mortal ſight.
Merdaz each eve within the garden roves,
And bow'd before his God in ſacred groves.
There lay the ſnare, alas! deſign'd by hell;
In it at eve the pious monarch fell,
Fearleſs of ill. For lions, though they rage,
Submiſſive wait upon a parent's age.
Zohak, whoſe ſoul was in th' infernal's pow'r,
No fear or ſorrow knew—"Let the fates low'r;
"The throne is mine."—So ancient annals tell;
And Ebles ſmil'd to view the pow'r of hell.
The infernal now a beauteous ſhape aſſum'd,
And words more gracious all his thoughts illum'd.
Each pow'r was granted him; till then the earth
Yielded all food, and ſimple was its mirth.
No luxury it knew; the fowl, the ſheep,
With various birds, fiſh from the watery deep,
Were dreſs'd by Ebles for the wond'ring king;
The winter, ſummer, autumn, and the ſpring,

Were

Were ranſack'd all to catch th' inglorious mind,
Whoſe ſenſes were to luxury reſign'd.
Zohak from Ebles, wond'ring, ſeeks to know,
From whence ſuch knowledge, ſuch improvements flow;
Whether of mortal or immortal race?
" Say what rewards can ſuch atchievements grace!"
To whom:—" Oh monarch of Arabia's plain!
" My ſchemes, my labours, ſhall not prove in vain.
" Your kindneſs warms the ſlave of your deſire;
" One ſole requeſt I crave—one only boon require;
" On thy immortal ſhoulders let me place
" My faithful head, and bow my bending face."
Zohak, not conſcious of impending ill,
Bids him his wiſhes and his boon fulfil.
Ebles, the moment ſeiz'd with proud delight,
Touch'd either arm, and vaniſh'd from his ſight.
Inſtant two ſerpents ſpring from either arm:
All gaze, all wonder, trembling with alarm;
Erect they roſe, and all around them view'd,
Their open mouths demand immediate food.

All

All ſkill'd in med'cine, try their art in vain,
All herbs prove fruitleſs to relieve the pain.
Ebles, in habit of a ſeer, unknown,
Appear'd, and thus addreſt the royal throne:
" With brains of men alone theſe ſerpents feed,
" For this, no herb, no med'cine is decreed.
" This will deſtroy them." Hell cou'd no more;
The infernal revell'd, pleas'd with human gore.
The world, alarm'd at Zohak's horrid powers,
Crowd to his ſtandard, and fill all his tow'rs.
Fame ſpread the tale: Iran to Zohak run;
The fate of wretched Gemſheid now begun.
His nobles left him with the frantic crowd;
Heav'n had forſook him; ſtill the monarch, proud
Of his own pow'rs, dar'd Zohak to the fight;
His army fled: his glories ſet in night.
Iran to Zohak yielded up the throne,
And Gemſheid's ſorrows for his crimes atone.
With all the pomp of war, a ſplendid train,
The haughty Zohak reach'd Irania's plain.

The fall of Gemſheid rais'd the uſurper high;
Juſt the reſentment of the injur'd ſky!
Gemſheid the firſt, in theſe polluted times,
Ignobly fell, the victim of his crimes.
O'er many a nation did the monarch fly,
With fear attendant, for his hour was nigh.
As wading o'er the Cheen, all plung'd in woe,
The guards of Zohak, that uſurping foe,
Seize the faint prince, and ſawing through his frame,
Left him, inglorious ſpectacle of ſhame!
The adverſe fates o'er all his fortunes low'r,
And ſtars relentleſs doom'd the fatal hour.
In early years, the fervency of youth
Points ev'ry action, dignified by truth.
But when the mind in life's more vent'rous ſtorm,
By pride or by ambition we deform,
Imperious paſſions roll in rapid ſtreams,
Alas! far varying from his morning beams.

Say what avails it, that unnumber'd years,
In fates uncertain tide, above my peers,
Shou'd paſs in fervent hope, or anxious fears?
Since death, that fatal inſtrument of time,
Cloſes the ſcene, where fortune rode ſublime.
Snatch me, kind heav'n! where in celeſtial themes,
No dazzling meteors, or no golden dreams,
Miſlead the ſenſes; there the ſwelling ſoul
No more vain gleams of frantic pow'r control.
To Zohak's armies all the vagrants crowd;
Splendor and pomp the vileſt actions ſhrowd.
Afar the wiſe and virtuous ſorrowing fled;
The vile and worthleſs rear aloft their head.
All excellence retir'd with rapid ſpeed,
For vice with Zohak only cou'd ſucceed.
Falſehood in triumph walk'd th' uſurper's court!
Truth lay enchain'd: here truth was but a ſport.
All the fair females were their wanton prey,
Lawleſs and wild, impatient of delay;

Though

Though the mild luſtre of each ſofter charm
Might awe their hearts, and even vice diſarm.
Lovely as fairies, whoſe all-beauteous forms
Each attribute of bluſhing virtue warms.
Fair as an angel, on the lucid green,
The modeſt Sheirnaz had a mind ſerene.
And Arnewas, whoſe charming looks diſcloſe
The lily's tints, and bluſhes of the roſe.
Siſters of Gemſheid, though, ill-fated pair!
Doom'd the ſad victims to a dark deſpair,
To Zohak led, whoſe luſt no virtue awes,
Whoſe hell-born paſſions were his only laws.
Their virtues were deform'd by magic arts,
Stain'd were their perſons, and defil'd their hearts.
Murder was all the joy of Zohak's ſoul;
In death and rapine all his moments roll.
Two men each day the victims of his ire,
Nor royal birth, nor deeds of martial fire,
Cou'd ſnatch from fate. Two youths of noble birth,
(Alike diſtinguiſh'd for peculiar worth)

On Zohak's deeds revolve; for none control
His plund'ring armies, his rapacious ſoul;
His dragon dæmons, whoſe devouring rage,
Spread deſolation o'er a groaning age;
" Let us, fond brother! to the jailor go,
" And teach fair mercy in his breaſt to glow;
" For ah! too ſoon, we may the victims fall,
" Let one but live to wing the vengeful ball."
The brothers ſeek the dungeon of deſpair,
And find the mandate for their death was there.
Seiz'd, fetter'd, and to gloomy dungeons led,
To ſcenes of murder, manſions of the dead.
And now the awe-ſtruck jailor mourn'd within,
The murd'rous inſtrument of death and ſin!
The brothers ſilent ſnatch'd the laſt embrace,
Grief and deſpair ſat pictur'd in their face.
Mute was their voice, by agony ſuppreſt,
And ſilence ſpoke the feelings of the breaſt.
The jailor one releas'd: " While in thy bloom,
" From cities fly to deſerts' horrid gloom;

" (He

" (He counſell'd well) where, whelm'd in deepeſt ſhade,
" No Zohak governs by a dæmon's aid.
One hapleſs youth was ſacrificed; his brain,
Mix'd with a lamb's, relieve th' uſurper's pain.
Thirty the jailor ſav'd —— in diſtant groves,
Far from his native ſoil, the wand'rer roves.
The brains of lambs the pious fraud beſtows;
The pious fraud not e'en the ſerpent knows.
The lovely Arnewas, in beauty's pride,
(Her lordly tyrant ſlumb'ring by her ſide,
To all the luſtre of her charms unjuſt)
Was treated as the common ſlave of luſt.
To his diſorder'd fancy in a dream,
Three youthful warriors o'er his ſlumbers gleam:
Dauntleſs they roſe, in ſhining armour dreſt;
Tow'ring aloft, one younger than the reſt,
Clad and accout'red in the pomp of war,
Their royal preſence glitter'd from afar.
He fancied that the younger forward ſprung,
And ſtruck his head till it with horror rung;

He fancied, that while ſprawling on the ground,
His writhing body was in fetters bound:
He fancied that they bound his head and hands,
To caves they dragg'd him in ſevereſt bands.
All turbulent with rage, he foaming roſe,
The dream prophetic in his fancy glows.
He roar'd ſo loudly, with ſo fierce a ſtrain,
The pillars of the palace ſhook again.
All the fair females, as their fears inſpire,
Demand the cauſe of ſuch unuſual ire.
" Why when repos'd the earth's great maſter lays,
" Whom nature and th' aërial world obeys,
" What can alarm? for from the deep profound,
" To yon celeſtial moon, your praiſes ſound."
To Arnewas he ſpoke: " I will reveal;
" My ſecret thoughts, nor this from thee conceal:
" When you ſhall liſten to the direful tale,
" Thy organs and the ſpring of life will fail."
When thus the fair: " To me the cauſe relate,
" Counſel ſhall aid thee to arreſt your fate.

" For

" For wiſe reflection in my boſom dwells."
To Arnewas his dream the tyrant tells;
Who thus adviſes: " Firſt conſult the ſage;
" Their juſt reflections ſhall thy cares aſſuage.
" Thy throne, the globe —— thy reign, the voice of fame;
" Auſpicious ſtars have crown'd thy laurell'd name.
" By man, by dæmon, by the fairy train,
" Thy mandates are obey'd, avow'd thy reign;
" All in aſtronomy, or magic ſkill,
" Convene, and order thy imperial will;
" Demand the cauſe of ſuch illuſions dire,
" By whom to be dethron'd; by whom expire;
" By dæmons, or by fairies, or by man?
" Fear not th' event, and thence direct your plan."
The well-pleas'd tyrant, raptur'd at the ſtrain,
Conven'd the Magi, and the letter'd train.
Now ſable night had clos'd her raven wings,
And the green grove with vocal muſic rings.
The orient dawn appear'd ſerenely mild;
Nature with renovating ſplendor ſmil'd.

When

When yon bright orb a brilliant luſtre ſhed,
With rubies ſpangling ev'ry mountain head.
The trees were purpl'd o'er with radiant beams,
And the vales gliſten'd with their lucid ſtreams.
To all the ſages Zohak tells the tale,
Retiring to conſult, with terror pale.
The tyrant orders that without delay,
A quick ſolution chaſe his fears away.
In private the arcana of our fate,
What's good, what's vile, theſe Magi ſage relate.
" Who ſhall my throne, or my tiara, grace?"
Zohak exclaims, " Who dares uſurp my place?
" Tell, tell me all, or by th' immortal God
" You fall the victims to my vengeful rod."
The ſages were alarm'd, with fear impreſt,
No voice cou'd ſpeak the terror of their breaſt.
In ſecret they bewail'd their mournful fate;
" Death is our lot, ſhou'd we the truth relate!"
Three days elaps'd, not one adventrous ſpoke;
The fourth, the tyrant thus the ſilence broke:

" And

" And are you all reſolv'd on inſtant death?
" Declare the cauſes, or reſign your breath."
They bow'd their heads, blood guſh'd into their eyes,
Low were their hearts, they anſwer'd by their ſighs.
When one more bold, in ſapience more renown'd,
Thus ſpoke the tyrant, with prophetic ſound
" Let no alarms diſturb your ſoft repoſe,
" That man muſt fall each ſapient mortal knows.
" Monarchs have reign'd, and from their throne expell'd,
" Have died, or others have their ſceptres held;
" Though were your frame of iron, ſtill the fates
" Enforce the fix'd decrees, and deſtin'd ſtates.
" That chief, who laid you level with the earth,
" Will fill the throne, and of illuſtrious birth:
" His name is Feredoon; by him you bleed;
" His ſtars propitiate, 'tis by heav'n decreed.
" In youth exalted to the fav'ring ſkies,
" As the tall cypreſs will the hero riſe;
" So the rich tree adorn'd with cluſt'ring fruit,
" Yields its ſweet virtues to the ſlender ſhoot.

" Of poliſh'd ſteel his radiant ſword will ſhine,
" Fatal to thee, to thy uſurping line.
" A cow will mark the ſword that gives the wound,
" And far from cities will thy ſoul be bound."
Then Zohak thus: " Why ſhou'd he riſe my foe;
Why bind in chains; why give the fatal blow?"
The ſage replies, " If free from vice or ſtain,
" You need not dread, exempt from mortal pain.
" His ſire you murder'd; this awakes his rage:
" A cow will nurture firſt his early age.
" This cow will fall the victim of your ire;
" Her image you will ſee as you expire."
When this he heard he utter'd many a groan,
And, fainting, fell from his reſplendent throne,
Pallid with fear: when life reviv'd again,
On the rich throne he ſat, with anxious pain;
He watch'd with care, and ſending faithful ſpies
T' obſerve the moment Feredoon ſhou'd riſe.
No gentle ſleep, no food, no ſoft repoſe,
The tyrant knew, o'ercharg'd with various woes;

Ere

Ere many a fearful, penſive year was o'er,
He thought the gloomy proſpect dawn'd once more.
Now Feredoon was born; the ſmiling train
Beheld a ſaviour with exulting ſtrain.
Straight as the cypreſs; in his face appears,
A regal luſtre far above his peers.
In form, a Gemſheid, like the ſun he roſe,
His action with immortal ſplendor glows.
As earth is cultur'd by ethereal ſhow'rs,
So wiſdom poliſhes the mental pow'rs.
Around his head the ſtars propitiate play,
To him the cow Purmahy bends her way.
From home the boy his anxious mother bears,
And chang'd the native colour of his hairs.
Many aſtronomers, and Magi ſage,
Foretel the future glories of his age.
They praiſe Purmahy, of ſuch beauteous mould,
And ſapience new to animals foretold.
Still Zohak ſearches with inceſſant fear,
Abteen, the ſire of Feredoon, too near,

In terror fled; though death his ſteps purſu'd,
He in each face the tyrant's mandate view'd.
Thus when with horror, and with dire diſmay,
The victim dreads to fall the lion's prey,
Abteen was captur'd by the tyrant's ſpies,
Bound like a timid deer, the hunter's prize.
His wife, ſo late embelliſh'd with the pride
Of orient gems, with fortune's flowing tide,
Penſive, diſconſolate, with anxious pain,
Seeks, with her darling boy, the deſert plain:
Feranuk was her name, of form divine,
Of ſenſe ſuperior, of illuſtrious line.
She ſearch'd the deſert, there Purmahy found,
And thus the ſhepherd ſpoke, with plaintive ſound;
The purple drops bedew'd her lovely eyes,
Each word impeded with affecting ſighs:
" Ah! take the child, the infant of deſpair,
" And nouriſh him with all a mother's care.
" Be thou a father to my darling boy,
" The future hope of ev'ry promis'd joy.

" The

" The milk of yon fair cow will pleaſe the child,
" And ſave a parent from diſtraction wild.
" This, if accorded, I no more repine,
" And my whole ſoul with gratitude is thine."
" Be that my care," the gentle ſhepherd cries;
She gave the infant from her longing eyes.
" Three years," ſhe ſaid, " with milk the infant feed,
" And let his tender age for mercy plead."
Still Zohak not relaxes; ev'ry ſoil,
Each birth is ſcrutiniz'd with anxious toil:
Nor cou'd Purmahy's celebrated name
Eſcape the eager ſearch or voice of fame.
The fair Feranuk, to diſguiſe her form,
Conſcious and fearful of th' impending ſtorm,
With darkeſt tints deſpoils each radiant grace,
And tinges all the roſes in her face;
She ſeeks the deſert, where the darling boy
Fills all her thoughts, and gives a gleam of joy.
She ſpoke: " No longer on this deſert plain,
" ('Tis wiſdom dictates) can my child remain.

" From

" From this magician, Feredoon I bear,
" And ſeek in Hindoſtan a refuge there.
" Far from his native clime my child expel,
" And fly to Elburs, where the Magi dwell.
Rapid ſhe flew, though grief her boſom tore,
The child to Elburs' ſacred hill ſhe bore;
There to the prieſt, ſecluded from mankind,
She ſpoke the feelings of a parent's mind.
" A fugitive from Iran, reverend ſeer!
" With ſorrow torn, and ev'ry anxious fear,
" Now bows before you. 'Tis decreed by fate,
" This boy ſhall triumph in imperial ſtate;
" Shall ſeize uſurping Zohak's ſplendid throne,
" And lay the tyrant low, with many a groan.
" Be as a ſire to him; ſtill guard his youth;
" Raiſe him to manhood, dignified by truth."
Purmahy's fame had reach'd the tyrant's ear,
Too late he found the object of his fear.
Zohak, indignant, foam'd with furious ire,
Rage ſeiz'd his ſoul, and all his paſſions fire;

As

As when fierce elephants, provok'd; in vain
Seek the proud female, tearing up the plain.
The victim of his rage Purmahy fell,
Each hind was murder'd by this fiend of hell.
Burnt was each cottage, and the verdant green,
Torn by the tyrant's rage, no more was ſeen.
To Abteen's roof he march'd; no victim found;
Enrag'd, his houſe he levell'd to the ground.
To manhood riſing now the youth aſcends;
His ſteps great Feredoon from Elburs bends;
Seeks his fond mother, clinging to her breaſt,
And eager thus impatiently addreſs'd;
" Say from what race I ſprung? from whence I came?
" Should ſtrangers queſtion, I ſhould ſink with ſhame.
" To me the ſecret of my birth reveal,
" My ſire, my origin, no more conceal."
Feranuk thus replies: " From Iran ſprung,
" Abteen thy ſire, wife, valiant, brave, and young.
" From Tahmuraz he roſe, of royal race;
" No ſtain, no vice, thy warlike ſires diſgrace.

" The

" The fondeſt huſband! ever flow my ſighs!
" For thee, my Feredoon, thy father dies.
" And from that hour, the ſource of all my woes!
" This breaſt, alas! has never known repoſe.
" Zohak, accurs'd magician! gave the blow
" Deſign'd for thee. I ſnatch'd thee from the foe.
" Revolving years conceal'd thee from mankind,
" Nor durſt I ſpeak the anguiſh of my mind.
" Two ſerpents roſe on Zohak's either arm,
" And brains of men alone their rage diſarm.
" Depreſs'd by ſorrow, thee, my darling child!
" I bore to mountains, and to deſerts wild;
" There in the deep receſs, devoid of fear,
" Thy name I thought would never reach his ear.
" Deck'd with the brighteſt hues, on diſtant ground,
" For thee deſign'd, a beauteous cow I found;
" So bright her hues, in vain the painter tries
" To imitate the variegated dies.
" Her keeper nurs'd thee with a parent's care,
" Purmahy's milk preſerv'd me from deſpair.

" In

" In manly ſtrength you grew; the voice of fame
" To the fell monſter told thy infant name.
" The cow he murder'd; when, with rapid wing,
" We fled to Iran from the tyrant king.
" Far from our native ſoil the tempeſt low'rs;
" Thy palace falls; thy father's boaſted tow'rs."
Now Feredoon all glow'd with gen'rous ire,
Now ſorrow riſes, and now paſſions fire.
He ſpoke:—" Shou'd lions in a cavern dwell,
" Or live in peace, who cou'd their proweſs tell;
" From martial deeds aroſe the hero's fame,
" And ſplendid actions raiſe a ſplendid name.
" What this magician dar'd is paſt——'tis time
" To wear the ſword, and ſting him for his crime.
" Aided by heaven, I light the vengeful brand;
" The murd'rer falls by this avenging hand."
The tender parent, anxious for her boy,
Replies:—" Thou art too feeble to annoy
" A king encircled with a warlike band,
" High thron'd in pow'r, and led by fortune's hand.

" Say, what allies will aid thy ſingle arm ?
" Or who protect thee from impending harm ?
" Quit then this paſſion, this impetuous rage,
" Let peace and ſolitude thy cares aſſuage.
" Youth dictates paſſion wiſdom will condemn ;
" The light of reaſon is the pureſt gem.
" Theſe wiſe reflections in your boſom bear ;
" View varying counſel as the paſſing air.

The name of Feredoon, with awful fear,
Still trembling vibrates on the tyrant's ear ;
Though arm'd with ſceptres, yet his ſpies, in vain,
Search ev'ry city, wood, or deſert plain.
One day when ſeated on his ivory throne,
When o'er his brow the rich tiara ſhone,
He call'd the nobles, and each martial band ;
Round the high palace warlike legions ſtand.
Each ſage conven'd, whoſe ſcientific rays
The luſtre of the richeſt gem diſplays.

Then

Then thus: " One foe alone can dare my pow'r,
" From him my ſplendor ſinks, my fortunes low'r.
" Though ſapient, young, and of illuſtrious race,
" Of poliſh'd manners, and of manly grace,
" This foe the Magi counſell'd to deſtroy,
" To plunge in ſhades of night this rival boy.
" Not that I dread his ſapience or his hate,
" I tremble only at the will of fate;
" I fear the ſtars propitiate may deſign
" To ſnatch my ſceptre, and eraſe my line.
" More force muſt arm, the dæmons, fairies, man,
" Muſt guard inceſſant to avert his plan.
" You know the motives that my ſoul alarm:
" I try the dire predictions to diſarm;
" Let each deſcribe how excellence has flow'd,
" That truth and goodneſs in my actions glow'd."
Each chief atteſts, and marks it with his name,
How Zohak merited imperial fame.
A voice was heard among the liſt'ning croud,
With deep-ton'd ſorrow, with impatience loud.

Him Zohak call'd, and, ſeating near the peers,
The cauſe demanded of his flowing tears.
" What cauſe but thou?" undaunted, he reply'd;
" Juſtice I ſeek! and be it not deny'd.
" My name is Gao. Anguiſh fills my breaſt;
" If thou art juſt my wrongs will be redreſt.
" Your will has tortur'd all my bleeding ſoul,
" New anguiſh writhes me, and new ſorrows roll.
" Why ſeize my ſon? oh! give him me again,
" If free from crime —— mark well the parent's pain.
" When old men die, if yet their children live,
" The poor remains of life they freely give.
" My peace is gone; faint is the old man's pow'r;
" My ſon is gone; farewel each chearful hour!
" Say, what pretext cou'd cauſe ſo baſe a deed?
" Dark is my cloſe of life, ſhou'd Armel bleed.
" Humble I am, a blackſmith is my trade,
" A wretched parent ſeeks the ſable ſhade.
" Thou art a king, for thee the ſerpents riſe;
" Then view my humble pray'r with fav'ring eyes.

" Thy

" Thy royal mandate ſeven proud realms obey,
" Why ſpread on one ſo low ſuch dire diſmay?
" Say, will you triumph in a parent's pains?
" And to the ſerpent ſacrifice their brains!"
With eye aghaſt the tyrant trembling hears;
The juſt remarks appall'd his conſcious ears.
He mildly anſwer'd, " Shall thy ſorrows cloſe:
" This paper ſign'd, each ſage, each warrior knows.
" Truth to declare, do thou atteſt the ſame;
" With all theſe reverend men include thy name."
Gao the paper read; with fix'd diſdain
He view'd the chiefs, and, with indignant ſtrain,
Thus ſpoke: " Ye vile apoſtates to your God,
" Why bow ſubmiſſive to a ſatan's nod?
" No fear ſhou'd tempt me to atteſt a lye;
" I ſee no terror in a tyrant's eye."
He fled the court, enrag'd the ſcroll he tore,
And with his ſon he ſought ſome happier ſhore.
The ſuppliant throng addreſt th' aſtoniſh'd king:
" Long may you reign, rais'd high on fortune's wing;

" May

" May conqueſt crown thee, may thy victor band
" Thy trophies ſpread o'er ev'ry hoſtile land.
" With what ſuperior mind his rage you bore!
" How calmly did you view the writing tore!
" Thy high pre-eminence this Gao ſcorn'd;
" Doubtleſs by foes, by Feredoon ſuborn'd.
" 'Tis him he ſeeks." Quickly the tyrant ſpoke:
" My mind, aſtoniſh'd, was by fortune broke.
" Fate hovers round; ſuch inſolence before
" I never heard, and let the tempeſt roar;
" When Gao ſpoke, by ſecret impulſe preſt,
" His words ſtruck terror to my ſtartled breaſt.
" When mov'd with grief, he ſtruck his anguiſh'd head,
" A gloomy horror o'er my ſenſes ſpread.
" So when high tempeſts, and loud ſtorms o'erwhelm,
" The trembling pilot ſhudders at the helm.
" I could not fathom the decrees of fate,
" Fear aw'd my ſenſes and appall'd my ſtate."
As Gao rode, the people crouding round,
Aſſemble, and the trump of juſtice ſound.

The

The blackſmith ſpoke; (the emblem of his trade,
The leathern apron in his hand diſplay'd)
Loud acclamations rend the vaulted ſkies,
When thus, indignant, to the throng he cries:
" Ye pious men, obedient to your God,
" Seek Feredoon, and ſpurn the tyrant's rod.
" His ſoul, the ſlave of hell, and heav'n his foe;
" For Feredoon let ev'ry boſom glow?
" Zohak, infernal fiend! condemns the juſt;
" To foes, to dæmons, only will he truſt."
Though Gao knew not Feredoon's abode,
Whole realms he travers'd, and alone he rode;
At length with joy he reach'd the deſtin'd place,
And pleaſure ſparkled in his glowing face.
Aloud the friends of Feredoon exclaim,
" Behold a warrior comes of mighty name.
" See his ſtrong arms a leathern ſtandard bear,
" It glitters like a *comet in the air.*"
With richeſt gems, brocade, and pureſt gold,
The ban adorn'd by Feredoon behold:

Aloft

Aloft he bore it; from afar its rays,
Like the full moon, a brilliant beam diſplays.
His ſtandard, emblem of victorious fields,
Conqueſt and triumph to the victor yields.
Gold fringe, and pendant jewels, raiſe its fame,
The ban of Gao was the ſtandard's name——
Still more adorn'd, plac'd in the royal hall,
This ban the warriors Actur Gavean call.
Succeeding kings, proud of the mighty prize,
Stud it with jewels of the richeſt dies.
Sometime by Feredoon conceal'd, till fate
With fav'ring ſmiles adorn'd his future ſtate.
The day of Zohak darken'd; the brave boy
To his fond mother ran with anxious joy;
All arm'd compleatly. On his head he bore
The crown Kianian, by his fathers wore;
And thus addreſt: "I ſeek the martial plain;
"Do thou our God addreſs with fervent ſtrain.
"Pray'rs are accepted by the pow'rs divine;
"Succeſs attends them at the awful ſhrine."

The

The parent ſigh'd.——" Thy zeal I cannot blame;
" May God preſerve thee, and exalt thy fame;
" That heav'n may guard thee from the hoſtile blow;
" That vice may find in thee an adverſe foe."
He bow'd, and, mounting his Arabian ſteed,
Obſerv'd what's good and ill, the various meed,
The actions of mankind; revolving o'er
Their different paſſions, and their changing lore.
Two brothers eminent, of elder birth,
Attend his ſteps, diſtinguiſh'd for their worth.
Katâbus one, and Neiknham, gen'rous name!
Excell'd in martial arts, and op'ning fame.
To them the hero ſpoke: " Be ever bleſt;
" Let joy and virtue dignify thy breaſt.
" For me, ſo heav'n decrees—ſuperior fate
" Attends my fortunes, big with future ſtate.
" Haſte to the ſmith, a ſword reſplendent bring."
His order they obey with rapid wing.
The maſter-ſmith attends them to the chief;
He drew the model, grateful in his grief!

The figure of a cow adorns the ſteel;
Its tempered force the man of vice will feel.
The chief approves, the gorgeous ban diſplays,
Like the bright orb of day, a ſplendid blaze!
The ſmith the chief aſſures of future ſpoil,
And many a gift rewards him for his toil.
"If Zohak falls, high will I raiſe thy fame,
"Thy labours triumph in a glorious name.
"With pow'r adorn'd ſhall white-rob'd juſtice riſe,
"And meek religion, fav'rite of the ſkies!
"Mercy with piety ſhall radiant ſmile;
"The gen'rous monarch ſpurns the man of guile."
Then lifting to the ſun his eager eye,
His father's fate remember'd with a ſigh.
He marches on, the face of nature ſmiles,
And ſtars propitiate crown his future toils.
The well-arm'd warrior to his ſtandard crowds,
In throngs as num'rous as the paſſing clouds;
With acclamations loud they rend the air;
Camels and elephants his baggage bear.

On

On the right wing the brave Katâbus ſtands;
And on the left, young Neiknham leads the bands.
As fleet as winds they march in firm array,
Each warrior glows impatient for the fray.
They reach the Arabian fields, encamp the train,
There pious prieſts exult in heavenly ſtrain.
To the high prieſt a choſen chief he ſends,
When night o'er earth her ſable mantle bends.
To him the prieſts a pious ſage depute,
Whoſe heavn'ly wiſdom ſtood in high repute;
Black were his treſſes, reaching to the earth,
His face a houri, of celeſtial birth:
An angel he appear'd from that bleſt plain
Where happy ſpirits in Elyzium reign.
To Feredoon his happier lot reveals,
Nor from his mind the deſtin'd ill conceals.
In form a fairy, in his looks are ſeen
A radiant ſplendor and a mind ſerene;
The ſource of knowledge to his view diſplay'd,
And told the ſecrets of the magic aid.

" Such is the will of heav'n!" the hero cry'd;
His heart dilating with a conſcious pride.
A new-born joy irradiates o'er his face,
Blooming with youth, and ev'ry manly grace;
A ſimple table cheers his gen'rous breaſt,
And ſleep invites him, by fatigue o'erpreſt.
The heav'nly ſeer, remote from ev'ry eye,
Had told the mandate of the vaulted ſky;
The brothers heard it; jealous of his pow'r,
Rebellious counſels in their boſoms low'r.
Though in ſoft ſlumbers Feredoon reclin'd,
By heav'n's high aid he knows their impious mind.
Far from the camp they rove in ſecret guiſe,
And ſeek to ruin what their fate denies.
Dark was the night, the howling tempeſt blows;
Near to the camp a lofty mountain roſe:
They reach the height; a pond'rous, craggy ſtone,
By them, ungenerous! on his tents is thrown,
Wak'd by the rumbling noiſe; ſo heav'n ordains,
In the midway the dreadful ſtone remains

By

By magic ſkill; they ſtartl'd at the ſight:
" 'Tis God decrees; our fate is ſet in night;
" Great will our brother and the hero riſe:
" Vain to oppoſe the mandate of the ſkies."
Swift to the preſence Feredoon ſublime
Commands the chiefs, though ſilent on their crime,
Obſervant of their deeds with patriot care:
Their down-caſt eyes the conſcious guilt declare.
Gao attends; of brave, exalted mind;
The ban of Gao in the army ſhin'd.
With all the glow which youthful warriors fires,
When danger animates and fame inſpires,
The chief to Arvend leads his martial train,
Arvend (the Tygris call'd in modern ſtrain)
Upon its banks fam'd Bagdad's lofty tow'rs
Shine ſplendid, like the ſun, through vernal ſhowers.
Boats to collect, to paſs the rapid tide,
The chief directs: impatient, by his ſide,
The army throngs: ſtrict orders were enjoin'd,
Not one of all the train ſhould ſtay behind.

The timid boatmen fly, they leave the ſhore,
And to the other bank their veſſels bore.
Enrag'd the hero ey'd th' impetuous ſtream,
And daring actions in his boſom beam;
His belt Kianian on his waiſt he bound;
His foaming courſer, for his ſtrength renown'd,
Intrepid plunges in the rapid waves,
All fear diſdaining, ev'ry danger braves.
His army, glowing from ſo bold a deed,
Through the ſtrong current ſpur the furious ſteed.
Led on by glory, yet by toil oppreſt,
The wond'ring army almoſt ſink to reſt.
Black was th' ethereal ſphere; the ſable night,
Now darkneſs ſhrouds, now ſhows a glimm'ring light.
They reach'd the ſhore; on march his martial pow'rs,
Jeruſalem diſplays her lofty tow'rs.
(In Phelevi, Rai Kuttuſh is its name,
In words Arabian, Houſe of Pious Fame)
Here ſtood a fort by impious Zohak built,
A model of his greatneſs, and his guilt.

When

When nearer he approach'd, by glory preſt,
The view of empire fir'd his ardent breaſt.
Now big with fate behold th' important hour;
Diſtant a mile, it ſeem'd one riſing tow'r!
The planet Saturn not more high appears;
It ſeem'd a ſtar in the celeſtial ſpheres.
Not Jupiter more brightly guilds the ſkies,
Than this fam'd city, his triumphant prize.
Here feſtivals, and ebrious ſcenes of joy,
The gay luxurious reſidents employ;
Now Feredoon exclaims with fervent ſtrain,
"This is the caſtle where the ſerpents reign;
"This ſcene of ſplendor! this the ſcene of guilt!
"And yon high fort, by impious Zohak built,
"Let us, Iranians! level with the ground
"Ere th' uſurper's guards ſhall hear the ſound
"Of hoſtile armies——when their num'rous trains
"Will dare the battle, covering all the plains."
Thus having ſaid, the brave Kianian boy
Spurr'd on his ſteed, impell'd by furious joy.

High

High flam'd his ſword, no force can dare its rays,
E'en dæmons ſhrink before its dreadful blaze.
The ſentinels with ſhudd'ring terror fled,
To heav'n with gratitude he rais'd his head.
Ent'ring the caſtle, now the ſcene of fear,
He found a taliſman aloft in air;
Seizing the ſymbol, on its figur'd ſigns
Were idols grav'd, and dire dæmoniac ſhrines;
Far different from the faith the hero bore,
Or thoſe who piouſly their God adore:
Each dæmon black, and each magician dire,
Was ſcourg'd, and ſentenc'd to perpetual fire.
The chief repoſes, all his glories own;
He ſits in triumph on the tyrant's throne.
Conqueſt and wiſdom lead him to renown,
And heav'n rewards him with a ſplendid crown.
Through ev'ry palace, o'er each neighb'ring plain,
Through the whole fort, was Zohak ſought in vain.
All the fair women, whom the tyrant plac'd
In wall'd apartments, were by nature grac'd;

Their

Their beauties charm'd the impious Zohak's court,
Loſt in laſcivious eaſe, and wanton ſport.
In indolence they paſs'd their laſcive hours,
And gay luxuriance enervates their pow'rs.
The chief directs that firſt ablutions clear;
That virtue be inſtill'd in ev'ry ear;
That faith new born irradiate ev'ry mind;
That each polluted ſoul ſhould be refin'd!
Gemſheid's fair ſiſters ſmile with new-born grace,
And livelier tints adorn the roſeate face.
With ſofteſt accents they the chief addreſt;
" Bleſt be thy days, and bleſt thy gen'rous breaſt;
" Say by what ſtars propitiate do you ſhine?
" What God protects you; what exalted line?
" The lion's den that thus you greatly brave,
" That thus, unhurt! you dare the hoſtile wave.
" The dire magician ſtabb'd our peaceful mind,
" Where faith and innocence were late combin'd.
" How has our days in grief-worn ſorrow flow'd!
" Now loſt in woe! and now with anger glow'd!

" Of mortal ſhape appears his outward form,
" Though curs'd Ahermen's wiles his ſoul deform.
" Such deeds as thine no mortal dar'd before;
" Tranſcendent boldneſs, and ſurpaſſing lore!
" To ſeize a throne by warriors circl'd round,
" Though millions guard, though hoſtile realms ſurround."
The chief replies:—" The blind, the fickle queen,
" Fortune, for ever does not ſmile ſerene.
" I came for vengeance, and in me you view
" The ſon of Abteen, whom the tyrant ſlew:
" Him to expel I came, to ſeize the throne;
" My nurſe, the cow Purmahy, not unknown.
" Say what dire thought the tyrant's ſoul employs,
" Who without cauſe a ſpeechleſs brute deſtroys;
" Theſe are the motives which my paſſions fire;
" I came from Iran, as the Gods inſpire,
" See on this ſword Purmahy's image grav'd,
" In vain the tyrant's arms the image brav'd;
" He dies; and mercy ſupplicates in vain,
" Sinking for ever in eternal pain."

Thus

Thus having ſaid, Zohak's prophetic dream,
To Arnewas recall'd the former theme.
" And art thou, Feredoon," the fair rejoins,
" Born to deſtroy the tyrant's curs'd deſigns?
" Juſt are thy actions; thy victorious reign
" Will level vice, and view th' uſurper ſlain;
" Conqueſt is thine, the world thy nod obeys,
" And realms ſubdu'd will ſound thy mighty praiſe.
" Of royal race, one fate has doom'd our hours,
" Unwilling victims to a tyrant's pow'rs.
" Wedded to him; a ſerpent's ſlave he proves,
" With never-ceaſing fear the monſter moves.
" Say, cou'd delight on ſuch a life attend,
" Say, thou protector, guardian, brother, friend?"
To them the chief—" The paſt 'tis vain to mourn,
" The monſter falls, and pleaſure ſhall return.
" But tell me true in what receſs he lies,
" Point out his refuge, and the tyrant dies."
They thus reply: " In Hindoſtan he roves,
" And ſeeks thy downfal in the magic groves;

" Nor reſt, nor tranquil ſlumbers cheer his night,
" Thy image haunts him, ever in his ſight.
" He tries the pow'rs of magic on thy life,
" Each day he ſharpens his aſſaſſin knife.
" All fear, and all deteſt his murd'ring ſoul,
" With frantic paſſions all his moments roll.
" He thinks each inſtant that you ſeize his ſtate;
" A reverend ſeer inform'd him of his fate;
" Torn by contending paſſions, ſcorning heav'n,
" His ſoul, like fire, before the wind is driv'n.
" To eaſe his pain, on brains the ſerpent feeds,
" To eaſe his pain, the whole creation bleeds.
" On Indian plains, to meliorate his grief,
" In vain the fell magician ſeeks relief.
" Thy words will be fulfill'd, moſt reverend ſeer!
" Juſt the prediction, and thy ſapience clear!
" Nor night nor day a moment's peace he knows,
" Torn by th' ſerpents the curs'd wand'rer goes;
" His period of return is near; from clime to clime
" He roves, and ſtrives t' obliterate his crime."——

The

The chief attentive heard: to one juſt ſlave,
Affairs of ſtate in abſence Zohak gave.
Khundroo his name; to Feredoon he came,
And ſaw the monarch, ſaw him crown'd by fame.
Saw him erect, of manly martial form,
And ſtartl'd, conſcious of the riſing ſtorm.
Straight as the cypreſs, by his royal ſide
Stood Sheirnaz, Arnewas, his maſter's pride.
The city throng'd with troops, the palace gates
Guarded impregnable to hoſtile ſtates.
To Feredoon, ſubmiſſive, to the ground
He bow'd;—"Oh! king, with glory circled round,
"Whoſe word is conqueſt, and whoſe look's divine,
"Theſe ſeven imperial kingdoms now are thine.
"See yon bright ſpheres thy beaming ſplendors blaze,
"Oh! deign to tell me, whence ſuch glorious rays?"
The hero calls him nearer to his throne,
And tells him, wond'ring, whence his glories ſhone;
Bids him the royalties of Zohak bring,
And all the treaſures of the tyrant king;

Bids

Bids him bring flowing bowls to raiſe the ſtrain,
With vocal muſic, and the mimic train;
Bids him bring all the miniſters of joy,
And bids him for the feaſt his ſkill employ.
" Bring too each man of merit to my ſight,
" This night ſhall jovial teem with new delight."
Khundroo obey'd. The ſumptuous table ſhines,
Soft muſic warbles, and the gen'rous wines
Enliven all. The chief approves the feaſt,
Till the bright ſun, ariſing from the eaſt,
Cloſes the ſcene; when, on an Arab ſteed
Khundroo his maſter ſeeks, with winged ſpeed,
And reach'd his camp: the tale he thus relates:
" I fear, great prince! the dark, the adverſe fates,
" Have clouded all your pow'rs; a foreign clime
" Has given three warriors, martial and ſublime.
" Triumphant in your tow'rs the youngeſt ſways,
" And diſtant nations ſpeak his martial praiſe.
" In his ſtrong arm a ſplendid ſword he bears,
" And on his brow thy rich tiara wears.

" Thy

" Thy palace enters on a beauteous horſe,
" Two chiefs attend, reſiſtleſs in their courſe.
" He mounts thy throne, thy wiſe magicians ſlays,
" Thy ſlaves are murder'd in one gen'ral blaze."
This having ſaid, the artful king rejoins,
" 'Tis well; regard not; for no foe he ſhines."
Khundroo replies; " No foe! his fatal blade,
" The image of a cow engrav'd, diſplay'd:
" Still can you deem him not an adverſe foe?
" Let prudence dictate, and let caution flow.
" No foe! when joyful! ſeated on thy throne,
" Thy fame expires, thy ſceptre overthrown!"
Then Zohak thus: " This boiſt'rous clamour ceaſe,
" Some noble friend he comes; the gueſt of peace."
Still Khundroo ſpoke:—" I ſaw, I heard this friend,
" With your kind wives in gentle converſe blend;
" With Gemſheid's ſiſters, gracious in each hand,
" With looks enamour'd did the warrior ſtand.
" On their ſoft necks he toys the night away,
" Sports on their beauties with laſcivious play.

" Theſe

" Theſe radiant beauties, with their ſcented hair,
" No more will animate thy tender care."
This picture mounted to the tyrant's brain;
Like the fierce wolf he roar'd, when ſtung with pain.
To this he cry'd, " Were death or hell divine,
" Ye curs'd illuſions! blaſted be the ſign."
Still raging more. " Hence, Khundroo, from my ſight;
" Fly from my preſence, plung'd in endleſs night."
Khundroo replies, " Thy menaces I ſcorn;
" Soon wilt thou wander on the earth forlorn.
" Thy ſceptre falls; while with diſorder'd rage
" You threaten me, what can thy grief aſſuage?
" Why not attentive to your own affairs?
" Thus, thus expos'd to never-ceaſing cares.
" 'Tis time for thought; thy kingdom is no more;
" Thy foe is on thy throne; thy glory's o'er.
" Thy foe, who lifts the cow-grav'd ſword on high;
" Your wives are captives, and your followers die."
At this fierce Zohak rag'd with wild alarms,
Inſtant his dæmons buckle on their arms.

The fierceſt ſteeds in ſhining trappings beam;
Enrag'd he marches, tortur'd by the dream.
This reach'd the ear of Feredoon's domain;
His ſoldiers crowd, and glitter on the plain.
By various windings, and by ways unknown,
He leads his army to the royal town.
Each warrior mounts his ſteed, in arms elate,
And waits the mandate, big with future fate.
The name of Feredoon each breaſt reſounds,
His glory ſpreads to earth's remoteſt bounds.
Zohak, the man of blood! each gen'rous mind
Glows to deſtroy, and thus relieve mankind.
O'er all his cities frantic diſcord roſe;
War, civil war, in ev'ry boſom glows.
The miſſile weapons fly on ev'ry ſide,
Chaos and night in ſable triumph ride.
Each warrior fled, the ſage with horror flies,
And ſeeks bright Feredoon with penſive ſighs.
Now Feredoon in arms reſplendent ſhone,
To Zohak marches, trembling for his throne.

Such various clamours rend the vaulted ſkies,
When fires unſeen in rolling clouds ariſe.
On Feredoon each warlike chief attends,
Submiſſive waits, and to his mandate bends.
As hill on hill ariſing, ev'ry band
In order marches to the Perſian ſtrand.
" Shall Zohak rule, defil'd with human gore,
" While thouſands lay unburied on the ſhore?"
They ſpoke; and vengeance fir'd the martial train,
While clouds of duſt o'erſhadow'd all the plain.
In vain the fell magician tries repoſe,
He ſeeks the palace t' avenge his woes.
In armour ev'ry limb the tyrant clad,
Conſcious of guilt, and ſtarting at his ſhade.
To the high palace in his hand he bore
Arabian bows, long ſteep'd in human gore.
The black-ey'd Arnēwas, by magic art,
Perceiv'd his downfal with exulting heart.
Her cheeks the picture of the ruddy morn;
And jetty locks her lovely face adorn.

To Zohak now exulting ſhe relates
His falling greatneſs, and impending fates.
Zohak perceiv'd 'twas heav'n that gave the blow,
The earth in vengeance, and the Gods his foe.
Zohak indignant to the court deſcends,
His brain on fire, his Arab bow he rends.
Sunk was his ſoul, the manſion of deſpair!
And fate had doom'd him to corroſive care.
On his right hand a ſcymitar he wore,
(While all his ſoul contending paſſions tore)
This he unſheath'd, to fix the ſiſters' doom,
Lovely as fairies with celeſtial bloom.
But wary guile his ſecret purpoſe bends,
When with the ſhining blade the fiend deſcends.
On wings of winds bright Feredoon appears,
And ſeiz'd the weapon, while appall'd with fears,
He ſtruck th' uſurper's head; the well-aim'd ſtroke
Levell'd the tyrant, and his helmet broke.
An angel's voice, who hov'ring in the air,
Was heard in ſofteſt numbers to declare,

" The fall of Zohak muſt ſuſpended lay;
" His fate is deſtin'd for a future day.
" Send him in chains to mountains and to caves,
" Where he may howl with ignominious ſlaves,
" Let all acceſs to Zohak be deny'd,
" That no kind converſe may uphold his pride."
The chief obeys, and with his victor hands,
With ſkins of tygers fix'd the tyrant's bands.
So ſtrongly fetter'd, that to break the chain,
The reas'ning elephant wou'd ſtrive in vain.
On the reſplendent throne of burniſh'd gold,
The chief rewards the good, and daunts the bold.
When thus: " Ye gallant leaders, 'tis decreed,
" Zohak enchain'd, is yet not doom'd to bleed;
" Carnage no more ſhall deluge ev'ry land,
" But peace with olive branches grace the ſtrand,
" The tyrant fetter'd, you will bear no more
" Your brilliant arms to ſteep in human gore.
" On either ſide let ſavage war decline,
" For many a warrior in his armies ſhine.

" The

" The tyrant's chain'd, whoſe deſolating arms
" Struck the pale earth with terror and alarms.
" Let the exulting ſoldier cloſe his toil,
" And ſeek repoſe within his native ſoil."
The rich, the wiſe, unite in one applauſe,
And yield allegiance to the hero's laws.
He ſpoke again ; his looks with ardour glow'd,
And gifts proportion'd to each rank beſtow'd.
" Let heartfelt praiſes to my God be giv'n,
" I owe my eminence alone to heav'n ;
" Who from the mountains led me to a throne,
" And ſav'd mankind from many a future groan.
" To patroniſe each good, each juſt deſign,
" To watch the public happineſs, be mine.
" By heav'n's award, with ſceptres not elate,
" I greatful roſe to this diſtinguiſh'd ſtate.
" Through the whole realm attentive ſhall I go,
" And law with juſtice leag'd my ſubjects ſhow.
" Not in vain-glorious ſloth to paſs my days ;
" 'Tis worth and probity the king diſplays ;

" 'Tis

" 'Tis this diſtinguiſhes mankind alone;
" It marks the monarch, and adorns the throne."
The court, the warriors, join in loud acclaim,
And crown the patriot with the wreath of fame.
Around his palace all the cities crowd,
And, raptur'd, ſpeak their gratitude aloud,
With Zohak's name, ſtill grating on the tongue,
Each echoing roof with execration rung.
Then thus: " O! Feredoon, in chains ſevere
" Bind the fell tyrant, object of our fear."
Each chief to Feredoon ſubmiſſive bow'd,
And all the warriors to his ſtandard crowd.
Zohak they bound, upon a palfrey plac'd,
And to the mountains led, a ſlave diſgrac'd.
Such is the tyrant's fate; the meteors blaze,
And ſuch the moral turpitude diſplays.
The chief commands, at Sherkan, in a cave
They fix'd the tyrant as the meaneſt ſlave.
A guardian angel ſpeaks, unſeen in air,
" To Dumavend the dire magician bear.

" Where

" Where no allies, and where no kindred race,
" Can yield him aid, or ſoften his diſgrace.
" This heav'n permits!" Now far from human ſound,
In Dumavend's lone cave the tyrant's bound.
Many a year elaps'd, he there remains
In the lone cave, and fix'd in iron chains.
His ſenſes gone, he now more wretched lies,
Suſpended in the air! his groans, and ſighs,
The only ſounds he hears; from his ſad heart
Large drops of blood in bitt'reſt anguiſh ſtart.
In this ſhort tranſcient ſcene let virtue guide;
Be worth thy patron, excellence thy pride.
Let honour lead thee, or let vice prevail,
The hand of death will hold an equal ſcale.
From goodneſs only happineſs will riſe,
Vain all the ſplendor 'neath the azure ſkies.
Nor lofty palaces, nor coſtly ſtate,
Nor burniſh'd gold, will change the word of fate.
Be this for ever grav'd upon your breaſt,
" 'Tis excellence alone can give you reſt."

Bright

Bright Feredoon, an angel ſprung from heav'n,
Be all thy actions thus to virtue giv'n,
And thou art Feredoon. At vice he aim'd;
Before him, Zohak ev'ry worth diſclaim'd;
In wiſdom and improvement of mankind,
In acts benevolent, great Gemſheid ſhin'd;
Hoſhung aveng'd his ſire; in pious ſtrains
He taught the world, and fertiliz'd the plains;
Brave Kiûmers the dæmon race expell'd,
And the whole world in juſt obedience held.
Oh! world what art thou? a fallacious ſcene,
You nouriſh to deſtroy, the ſource of ſpleen!
See Feredoon with ev'ry virtue glow,
As humble as the tyrant he laid low.
Five hundred years he rul'd with gentle ſway,
Not all his virtues ſhelter from decay.
The world ſtill flouriſhes; another king
Succeeds, and baſks awhile in life's ſhort ſpring.
To the lone grave a mighty name he bore,
And left pale grief lamenting on the ſhore.

Such

Such is the fate of man; the ſhepherd ſwain,
The ſceptred monarch with his ſplendid train,
By death are equal: in his glorious time,
No chief but Feredoon appear'd ſublime.

THE ARGUMENT.

FEREDOON *ſeated on the* Kianian *throne—The uncertainty of human life deſcribed—*Feranuk *diſtributes donations to her attendants—Sends immenſe giſts to her ſon—The acclamations of the warriors—*Feredoon *makes progreſs through his dominions—Corrects all diſorders—He deputes* Jundal *to viſit the neighbouring kingdom, to find three virgins of birth as matches for his three ſons—*Jundal *goes to* Arabia, *and demands three of the daughters of* Cyrus—*The fears of that monarch, unwilling to be ſeparated from his children—*Cyrus *aſſembles his nobles, and ſtates his apprehenſions of the power of* Feredoon—*Their opinion—*Cyrus *ſeems to aſſent—*Jundal *returns to* Feredoon—*The three princes, after the diſcloſure of the intended artifices of* Cyrus, *ſet off for* Arabia—*The artifices of* Cyrus *are unſucceſsful—He attempts to deſtroy them by magic, in which he fails—The union of the princes with the daughters of* Cyrus—*Their return—*Feredoon, *in the form of a dragon, enters the camp of his three ſons, to ſound their diſpoſitions in that diſguiſe—Re-aſſumes his own ſhape—Pleaſed particularly with the youngeſt—Names his three ſons* Toor, Sulm, *and* Eritch—*And the daughters of* Cyrus, Arzu, Mah, *and* Behy—Feredoon *convenes the aſtrologers, to declare the future fate of his ſons—Diſtributes his dominions—To* Sulm *he gave* Greece; *to* Toor Turan; *to* Eritch, Eran—*They march to their different kingdoms.*

THE

SHÂH NAMÊH.

BOOK V.

THE throne Kianian, Feredoon prepares,
And Iran teems no more with anxious cares;
Bright-ey'd religion elevates her head;
Sereneſt influence ev'ry planet ſhed:
Far from the throne each vice the chief expels;
There excellence and radiant virtue dwells.

A houſe he builds, and calls the comic train,
Here the ſage mingle with inſtructive ſtrain.
From the bright cup they drink inſpiring wines,
Studded with gems, the cup reſplendent ſhines.
The world reviv'd. A monarch born to fame
Joys ev'ry heart, each infant liſps his name.
So when the riſing moon ſpreads round her light,
Each ſwain with rapture views the lamp of night.
Bright fires he kindles, ev'ry breaſt illumes;
Saffron and amber yield their rich perfumes.
Yon ſplendid orb he teaches to adore,
Peace and benevolence his choſen lore.
As the bright ſun around his orbit moves,
And the pale moon within her circle roves,
So life goes on; then mourn not tranſient fate.
Five hundred years this monarch rul'd in ſtate,
Yet death his glory clos'd; though high in pow'r,
Though fortune ſmil'd on each propitiate hour,
He died like thee; let not ambition fire,
Nor the vain trappings of the world deſire.

Ah!

Ah! let not grief, my ſon! diſturb your breaſt,
Short is our period, ne'er completely bleſt!
Feranuk cou'd not know a future king,
A future hero, from her loins wou'd ſpring.
The throne was vacant from the tyrant's crimes,
The ſtars indignant fix the fated times.
Fame ſpreads the triumph to Feranuk's ear,
A parent's tranſports in her looks appear.
Firſt ſhe abluv'd, and with devotion high,
Her grateful accents bleſs the fav'ring ſky.
Low to the ground ſhe bends her aged head,
And thanks her Maker that the tyrant's dead.
A place to each attendant ſhe aſſign'd,
And ſecret preſents pleaſe each grateful mind.
Seven days to fair benevolence was giv'n,
No more the Derweiſh ſupplicates his heav'n.
Now feſtal pleaſures reign, and pureſt gold
Enrich her friends, and animate the old.
To celebrate her ſon's triumphant riſe,
Gifts ſhe beſtows, and ev'ry want ſupplies.

Embroider'd

Embroider'd cloths, and gems of brighteſt hue,
With rapid ſteeds, ſpears, helmets, armour too,
Turbans and belts, ſhe liberally gave;
Her mind to avarice no ſordid ſlave;
Camels ſhe loaded with her choiceſt ſtore:
To her fond ſon, with tranſport flowing o'er,
The gifts ſhe ſends; her heart without diſguiſe
To heav'n ſhe bends, and rais'd her aged eyes.
With all the glories of her ſon inſpir'd,
She thus exclaim'd: "By bright religion fir'd,
"Oh! king, of heav'n belov'd, thy God adore;
"Thy thanks for his tranſcendent goodneſs pour.
"Oh! may each riſing ſun thy fame increaſe,
"And may thy foe ne'er know the joys of peace."
When Feredoon receiv'd the ſplendid ſtores,
A thouſand bleſſings on his mother pours.
Soon as the gifts to his bright court were known,
The chiefs, the warriors, crowd before his throne.
Around the ſteps the royal gifts they laid,
And thronging crowds their heartfelt joy diſplay'd.

One

One general exclamation rends the air,
" The crown for ever! and for ever wear!
" For ever may thy glorious ſceptre ſhine;
" (They bow'd devoutly to the Pow'rs Divine)
" Oh! may long life, long health, thy reign attend;
" Peace to thy ſubjects; to mankind a friend."
The hero now inſpects his bleſs'd domains,
With patriot eye he views his fertile plains;
Where vice appears, by ſalutary laws
He checks its progreſs, and explores the cauſe.
Where villages deſerted mould'ring lay,
By equal rules he ſhelters from decay.
On lofty mountains flow'ry ſhrubs are ſeen,
On earth is pictur'd the Elyzian ſcene.
From Zabul to Jehmeen the hero goes,
(This famous city, Tus, the modern knows)
Five years elaps'd, three ſons the chief delight,
Reſembling Feredoon, divinely bright.
The elder two, from beauteous Sheirnaz ſprung,
And one from Arnewas, ſublimely young.

No name he gave them; with their royal ſire
On elephants they rode; his deeds inſpire.
Their mind he cultur'd with each virtuous lore,
And led their thoughts to glory's ſacred ſhore,
To deeds of eminence; of warlike fame.
A chief he calls, and Jundal was his name;
Fidelity and honour fill'd his breaſt,
To him the hero thus his thoughts addreſt:
" Search through the globe three maids of royal race,
" Of gentle manners, and of poliſh'd grace,
" Sprung from one father's and one mother's loins,
" As fairies lovely, and whoſe birth combines
" Exalted ſtate and elegant deſires,
" Worthy my ſons, and pleaſing to their ſires.
" Be ſilent on their names; let there appear
" Such epithets as pleaſe a parent's ear."
Jundal obedient bow'd; his gallant breaſt,
Renown'd for wiſdom, excellence confeſt.
Much he revolves, for on his tuneful tongue
The grace of flowing elocution hung.

His actions, truth and blooming honour guide,
His glory, virtue; equity his pride.
From Iran now he travers'd many a plain,
Where royal chieftains, and where monarchs reign;
Through ev'ry realm where fame directs his way,
Where royal ſires with lovely daughters ſway;
The character and beauty of each maid,
In private queſtions, in the ſecret ſhade;
Not where ſmall chiefs o'er feudal bands preſide,
Whoſe daughters are ill ſuited for a bride
Of ſuch ſuperior birth. He reach'd the plains,
Where Cyrus o'er Arabia Felix reigns;
Whoſe three fair daughters fame had blazon'd far,
Renown'd for beauty, each a radiant ſtar,
As the gay pheaſant ſeeks the roſeate bow'rs,
He ſought theſe maidens, theſe all-blooming flow'rs.
He waits on Cyrus, then ſubmiſſive bow'd,
And ſpeaks his praiſes eloquently loud.
The king of Yemen to his ſpeech replies,
" Your preſence charms; ſay, favour'd by the ſkies!

" What meſſage bear you, or what mandate bring?"
" Order'd by whom? from what imperial king?"
Jundal thus ſpoke: " Let peace your boſom charm,
" I come, great prince, no envoy of alarm;
" No ſumptuous trains attend my humble ſtate,
" I come from Iran to this royal gate.
" Not the fair tulip with more ſoftneſs blows,
" Or ſweeter fragrance breathes the bluſhing roſe,
" Than the fair meſſage that I friendly bring
" From Feredoon the juſt, the mighty king.
" Your queſtion anſwer'd. His benignant ſtrains
" Teem with high honours for your bleſt domains.
" Such ſtrains as eminence alone beſtows,
" When royal favour on inferiors flows.
" Say to the king of Yemen, May no care
" Diſturb his mind; may fate, ſerenely fair,
" Smile on his days, may joy his hours illume,
" And muſk breathe round him a divine perfume;
" May conqueſt crown him, and the richeſt ſtore
" Of golden mines their plenteous tribute pour.

" Mark

" Mark well! O monarch of Arabia's plain!
" What ſtars propitiate bleſs thy glorious reign?
" Say, can a pleaſure reach the human breaſt
" Equal to that which makes your children bleſt?
" Ah! how more valued than all other ties,
" Or the whole range of life's dependencies.
" For his three ſons, I ſearch three beauteous maids,
" Of royal race, within thy ſacred ſhades.
" When you ſhall view theſe fav'rites of the ſkies,
" Bright joy will ſparkle in your royal eyes.
" By me the victor ſpeaks, who, till this time,
" No offer ever made; to pow'r ſublime
" Solely the monarch ſpeaks; the wiſe alone
" Strive to conciliate ſubjects to the throne.
" When kings inactive loſe their martial fires,
" Their ſubjects, ſcorning, brave their king's deſires.
" My royal lord adorns his fertile plains,
" And princely treaſures fill his bleſt domains.
" While the pale moon her monthly circuit runs,
" I ſcarce could ſpeak the praiſes of his ſons.

" So bleſt with wealth, encircled round with pow'rs,
" Obedience, and command attend their hours.
" Give your fair daughters to this royal race,
" Fame told the ſtory of their blooming grace.
" I came to thee; fame ſpoke them heavn'ly bright;
" As yet ſecluded from the ſtranger's ſight.
" When firſt I heard the maidens' youthful charms,
" My faithful breaſt ſereneſt pleaſure warms.
" No name the victor to his ſons has giv'n,
" I have not blaz'd their excellence from heav'n.
" From your fair daughters let their names be rais'd;
" Your royal actions by the world are prais'd.
" Let theſe bright jewels in connubial rites,
" Be join'd for ever, ſource of gay delights!
" Theſe fair ſequeſter'd, and theſe kingly boys,
" Thus join'd, will animate a parent's joys.
" Let the rich ſpouſals with ſuch luſtre beam,
" That eloquence may ſink beneath the theme.
" Such is the monarch's meſſage, which I bring;
" Say, what reply will pleaſe Arabia's king?"

Cyrus

Cyrus attentive heard; within his breaſt
Various emotions riſe, though now ſuppreſt.
So the gay hues which deck the budding flow'rs,
Are ſunk and wither'd by deſtructive ſhow'rs.
" Ah! ſhou'd they quit me, in whoſe ſight alone
" I breathe with pleaſure, who illume my throne,
" The eve of life will clouded paſs away;
" And yet what anſwer muſt my words convey?
" Reflection aid me; let the ſage adviſe;
" Such weighty buſineſs claims no promt replies.
" My every thought my darling daughters knew,
" And my whole ſoul was open'd to their view."
To Jundal firſt the chief a houſe aſſigns;
Revolving in his mind the various lines
His conduct might purſue. He now retires;
His court diſmiſs'd; the preſence he requires
Of faithful chiefs, and thoſe whom wiſdom grace;
The firſt in duty, as the firſt in place.
Theſe he addreſs'd: " With three fair daughters bleſt,
" Whoſe fond endearments charm my parent breaſt.

" Lights

" Lights of my ſoul! theſe Feredoon demands;
" An envoy comes to ſnatch them from my hands.
" He lays the ſnare; ye ſage adviſers! tell
" What juſt reflections in your boſoms dwell.
" This envoy has declar'd, three royal boys,
" Reſplendent as the ſun, his care employs.
" For theſe three ſons of Feredoon the great,
" My daughters he demands in nuptial ſtate.
" Should I aſſent, my heart will ne'er approve,
" Falſehood ſhou'd never with a monarch move.
" Should I aſſent, and yield to his deſires,
" My breaſt will burn with a volcano's fires.
" Shame glows within me that he thus demands,
" Unſeen! and unapprov'd! my daughters' hands.
" Shou'd I refuſe, reſiſtleſs are his pow'rs;
" Great is the monarch, num'rous are his tow'rs.
" 'Tis perilous to provoke ſuch mighty ſtate,
" Who has not heard the tale of Zohak's fate?
" Theſe the reflections of my mind you know;
" Let now the dictates of your judgements flow."

The

The chiefs, the ſages, with one voice reply,
" We ſee no tempeſt, or no peril nigh.
" Though Feredoon is mighty, we are thine;
" Let him approach, thy chiefs in armour ſhine,
" Devoted to thy will; in war's alarms
" We'll meet the foe, and dare his conq'ring arms.
" Dext'rous to manage the impetuous horſe,
" To dart the jav'lin with unerring force,
" To plant the dagger in the hoſtile foe,
" Till ſanguine ſtreams tinge all the ground below:
" To guide the fury of embattl'd hoſts,
" The victor's glory, and the warrior's boaſts:
" Till e'en the winds blow with ſuch ruſtling ſounds,
" As reeds by tempeſts mov'd in marſhy grounds.
" Does ſuch affection for thy daughters glow;
" Send no reply, but brilliant gifts beſtow.
" Yet if thy ſoul to varying thoughts inclines,
" And terror awes, aſſent to his deſigns."
This anſwer heard, unknowing what to do,
What plan to follow, what advice purſue,

He

He calls the envoy, and attunes his ſtrain
To ſofteſt eloquence. " A king I reign,
" Far, far inferior to thy royal lord,
" I bow obedient, to his wiſh accord.
" Tell him, the greatneſs of his gallant ſons,
" His glory, like the ſplendid planet runs.
" And tell him I aſſent; yet muſt require
" My daughters to agree to his deſire.
" Should he unwilling take them from my arms,
" My throne, my ſceptre, loſe their boaſted charms.
" Shou'd from my view my much-lov'd daughters go,
" For ever will my ſighs, my ſorrows flow.
" Shou'd he command, reſiſtance is in vain.
" And ſhou'd he force them from their native plain,
" Where ſhall I ſee his boaſted ſons, and where
" The regal luſtre, or the lover's care.
" Oh! let them come, and glad a parent's ſight;
" Here let them ſolemnize the nuptial rite.
" This gloom will brighten when their preſence charms
" My raptur'd heart, encircl'd in their arms.

" Then

" Then ſhall I view the luſtre of their birth,
" Their gallant actions, their diſtinguiſh'd worth.
" Then by the inſtitutes we here obey,
" I give my daughters to his ſons away.
" Then ſhall I ſee their heart-felt goodneſs ſhine,
" And feel their gen'rous arms encircling mine.
" Not long will I thy monarch's ſons detain,
" But ſoon reſtore them to their native plain.
Thus having ſaid, the envoy kiſs'd his throne,
Struck with his wiſdom that ſuperior ſhone.
Now Jundal haſtens to his native ſoil,
And tells the tale which crown'd the faithful toil;
To Feredoon relates the chief's reply,
How grac'd with goodneſs by the fav'ring ſky.
How much he wiſh'd the heroes to behold,
And all his converſe with the monarch told.
" The king of Yemen ſhines in virtuous fame,
" Juſt are his thoughts, and Cyrus is his name.
" Three virgin daughters, each a brilliant gem,
" Reſplendent glitter from this royal ſtem.

" He has no ſon; theſe daughters are his heirs;
" The ſpring of all his joys, and all his cares.
" Shou'd your bleſt ſons poſſeſs their heav'nly charms,
" Think they are angels in their youthful arms.
" For them, theſe maids in marriage I require;
" I prais'd your glories, and their martial fire.
" It only now requires your leave to go:
" 'Tis yours, my youthful lords, your ſkill to ſhow;
" 'Tis yours to ſhow to the admiring earth
" Juſtneſs in thought, and excellence in worth.
" With fix'd attention to his ſpeech attend,
" Senſe and politeneſs in your anſwers blend.
" Princes ſhou'd ever eloquently ſhine,
" And acts becoming of their royal line.
" 'Tis dignity of air, unmix'd with pride,
" With truth and wiſdom for a conſtant guide,
" That greatneſs marks. Oh! liſten to my ſtrain!
" Act as I tell, and glory marks your reign.
" The king of Yemen rules with ſapient ſway,
" And few ſuch ſenſe or excellence diſplay.

" In

" In royal wealth, his ſtate, his ſubjects roll,
" And warlike armies bow to his control.
" Enthron'd on high, fair wiſdom marks his ſtate:
" Be all thy actions eminently great!
" 'Tis this will give a luſtre to your youth,
" And ſhow the ſons of dignity and truth.
" For you the lord of Yemen lays the ſnares;
" To meet you on the way his court prepares.
" The beauteous maids, the daughters of the king,
" As a fair garden in the ſmiling ſpring
" Breathing divine perfumes, by beauty dreſt;
" With jewels ſplendid, and embroider'd veſt,
" Will lead you to the throne. The ſun's bright rays
" Do not with dazzling radiance higher blaze.
" Not with more grace the cypreſs waves ſerene,
" Each ſeems the ſame; no difference to be ſeen.
" Yon ſplendid orb, the world's admiring theme,
" Theſe fair eclipſe, with their tranſcendent beam.
" The younger firſt will lead the youthful train;
" The ſecond next will decorate the plain;

" The eldeſt near the younger ſon will place
" Her blooming form; the youngeſt maid will grace
" The elder youth; the ſecond maid will ſmile
" Near to the ſecond youth; this artful guile
" Well recollect; from you they will demand
" Which is the eldeſt of the beauteous band:
" And which the younger, which the ſecond maid?
" Remember well; let not thy glories fade."
The gallant boys, as Feredoon approves,
March eager on to view their promis'd loves.
Fair wiſdom triumph'd in their youthful breaſt,
Full of the counſel Jundal had addreſt.
His clear inſtructions Feredoon had giv'n,
And with them ſent each ſage approv'd by heav'n.
All the bright warriors of their father's train,
And well-arm'd troops reſplendent on the plain
Attend his ſons. This Cyrus heard elate,
And ſends an army with a monarch's ſtate
To meet the royal boys; his neareſt friends,
The ſtateſmen, and the faithful guard he ſends;

To

To Yemen now exulting on they came,
The city all ruſh'd forth to view what fame
Had blazon'd high; the richeſt gems were ſpread,
Saffron and ſweet perfumes their odour ſhed.
Before their ſteps the throng gay flow'rets ſtrow'd,
And ev'ry gale with warbling muſic flow'd.
The brighteſt colours deck the neighing ſteed,
And ſhow'rs of gold their eager ſteps impede.
Turkiſh brocades, and trays of pearl invite,
And brilliant jewels dazzle all the ſight.
They now alight. The ſun now darts his ray;
All nature ſmiles to view the riſing day.
Yet Cyrus does not meet the royal boys,
But ſends the beauteous daughters of his joys.
So lovely they approach, their ſparkling ſight
Charms each beholder: thus the god of light,
Breaking through darkneſs with his morning beams,
Sheds his mild influence o'er the lucid ſtreams,
O'er ev'ry hill diſpels the gloom away,
And breaks, reſiſtleſs! with refulgent day.

The

The fair Kianian maids as night ſerene,
When the full moon, unclouded, gilds the ſcene.
As Jundal had foretold, each beauteous maid
By one bright youth her dazzling form diſplay'd.
" Say which (the elder cries) is firſt in years,
" And which the ſecond, which the laſt appears."
As by their ſire inſtructed they reply'd;
Vain prov'd the ſnare, in vain the monarch try'd
The princes to deceive, and ſoon he found,
From the deceit no honour wou'd redound.
In his falſe look feign'd happineſs appears,
He match'd the pairs conforming to their years.
This point adjuſted, ev'ry heart was gay;
The maidens, lovely as the morn of May,
Conſcious of guilt, of the propos'd diſgrace,
With deep ſuffuſions paint their blooming face.
Each maid retires, with fault'ring accents ſlow,
Aſham'd and ſad, their conſcious bluſhes glow.
The king of Yemen bids the circling bowl
Bright joy irradiate in each jovial ſoul,

Bids

Bids the gay minſtrel tune his livelieſt note;
Soft muſic warbles through each vocal throat;
Till night the flowing cup, the ſparkling wine,
Warms the gay gueſts: the princes ſtill decline
The foaming bowl; they know the ſparkling juice
Nor chearful reſt, nor wiſdom wou'd produce.
The king commands to ſprinkle o'er the room
The roſeate eſſence, and each ſweet perfume.
Soft couches he prepares, the carpet ſhows
With ſcented flow'rets, and the bluſhing roſe:
And the young princes ſeek their ſoft repoſe.
The king of Yemen, vers'd in magic ſkill,
Conſults what beſt will execute his will.
The princes ſlept; when from his ſecret ſhade
Th' Arabian came, and tries his magic aid.
Th' incantation o'er, a furious ſtorm
And hoſtile winds the face of night deform,
That fatal it might prove; one heap of ſnow,
And winds with peſtilential vapours blow.

So

So cold, not e'en the bird of night would fly;
The youths by counter-acting magic try
T' avert the danger of the threat'ning air,
By courage, wiſdom, and religious pray'r.
At early dawn he viſits his gay gueſts,
Vainly ſurmiſing that the noxious peſts
Ere this, had tainted the fair ſpring of life,
The victims ſad of elemental ſtrife!
This hope had pictur'd, and this fate denies,
To ſnatch his daughters ftom the nuptial ties.
But when he view'd them on the chairs of ſtate,
Thrones that he made, all blooming and elate,
He found his magic artifice was vain;
Health ſmil'd upon them, and unmix'd with pain.
In his high hall he ſummon'd all his peers,
Renown'd for courage; all the reverend ſeers.
His golden treaſures and the diamond's blaze,
(Long kept from mortal ken) the king diſplays.
Fair came his lovely daughters, in whoſe eyes
The diamond's beam with equal luſtre lies;

On whoſe vermilion face the blooming flow'rs
Of paradiſe diſplay their roſeate pow'rs;
Such ſhapes unequall'd, ſuch ſurpaſſing lore,
As grac'd theſe ſtars, the world ne'er knew before.
Care was a ſtranger to their heav'nly breaſt;
To theſe he, ſighing, gave the golden cheſt.
Great preparations for the nuptials made;
Though ſorrow tore his mind, by fear diſmay'd.
Penſive he takes the royal princes' hands,
And joins his daughters' in connubial bands.
But ſtill his mind, unſettled, fears that fate
And Feredoon would hurt his future ſtate.
" How keep my daughters! ſhou'd his fury riſe,
" His arms through Yemen ſnatch the valued prize.
" Death then my fix'd reſolve; the ſplendid vein
" Of royal blood will grace a foreign reign.
" May peace and joy attend my daughters' breaſt."
'Twas thus he ponder'd, then the court addreſt:
" Know that theſe beauteous mirrors of the earth,
" Theſe ſtarlike maidens of illuſtrious birth,

"By my own laws to theſe bright youths I give,
"Dear as the ſoul by whoſe fair ſpring we live.
"For their departure now the gifts prepare;"
His boſom torn by ſorrow and deſpair.
All Yemen ſhone in one reſplendent blaze,
The coſtly diamond beams with cleareſt rays.
On the vaſt elephant the ſplendid chair,
With gems adorn'd, high glitters in the air.
The canopy diſplays the rich brocade;
Of pendant jewels were the fringes made;
The hardy camels bear the royal gift,
And golden ſaddles ornament the ſwift,
The neighing ſteed. They quit th' Arabian plain;
Love warms their heart, and animates the ſtrain;
To Feredoon the winged voice of fame
Proclaims their near approach, and heighten'd name.
To view the conduct of his ſons unſeen,
To mark their judgement, furious or ſerene,
He quits his camp, aſſumes a dragon's form,
More fierce than tygers when enrag'd they ſtorm;

Or when the lion howls with furious ire,
And fancy pictures globes of flaming fire.
When Feredoon approach'd the mighty train,
As numerous mountains nodding o'er the plain,
He ſpurr'd impetuous on his foaming ſteed,
And ſhouting crowds all wonder at his ſpeed.
The elder prince thus queſtions: "Brave and wiſe,
"Why dragon-like appear in hoſtile guiſe?
"Fair wiſdom dictates, not with furious might,
"Thus unprovok'd, to dare the dubious fight."
Quick to the ſecond youth the hero turns;
He draws the bow; his breaſt with paſſion burns.
"A lion thou, then feed on brutal prey;
"A warrior thou, I dare thee to the fray.
"Think not in vain from warriors born to fly;
"From war you muſt inevitably die."
The younger prince with voice indignant brave,
Thus ſpeaks, as tempeſts howling o'er the wave:
"Hence, for I deem thee warlike among men,
"Yet, dare not to approach the lion's den.

" If the high fame of Feredoon divine,
" Has reach'd thy ear, behold his royal line.
" Approach not as a foe, for in our breaſt
" Bright courage reigns; but if no motive preſt
" This rude encounter, and the chief you know,
" Hence from the camp, and fear the godlike foe."
Pleas'd with their courage, now the king retires,
And ſoon returns, (as fondeſt love inſpires)
In his own ſhape, and with his royal band,
The cow-grav'd ſword high glitt'ring in his hand.
On kingly elephants his nobles ſhine,
And the whole world eſteem'd him as divine.
When the bright youths their king and father meet,
Quick they alight and kiſs his royal feet:
He ſtopp'd his elephant; with fond embrace,
Hung o'er his ſons, and nam'd his royal race.
With pious praiſe to God he rais'd his eyes,
And ſaw the future mandate of the ſkies.
On chairs of ſtate the gallant youths he plac'd,
And thus addreſs'd: " The dragon that you fac'd,

" Was

" Was Feredoon, with fond affection warm,
" To view thy actions in a varying form;
" Convinc'd of all thy worth; and now a name
" Shall grace thy actions equal to thy fame."
The firſt he Sulm calls: " Oh! may each deed,
" Tow'ring aloft through future life ſucceed;
" When as a dragon to your camp I came,
" Juſt your reply, and worthy of your fame;
" It charm'd my ſoul." To the next youth he turns,
Whoſe boſom with tranſcendent courage burns.
" The brave man does not fear the lion's rage,
" But acts with courage which no fears engage;
" Quick as impetuous fire he darts along,
" And eminently ſhines above the throng."
Him Toor he call'd. " As lions brave and ſtrong,
" Whom fierceſt elephants wou'd dare in vain;
" Thy courage merits a reſplendent reign;
" The timid monarch rules a ſervile train."
Next to the youngeſt, in whoſe temp'rate mind
Courage by white rob'd wiſdom was refin'd:

" Thou

" Thou in whom fire and mildneſs both unite,
" Coolneſs in thought, and vigour in the fight,
" In whoſe reply much ſenſe and courage ſhone,
" Though prudent, young; deſerving of a throne;
" Let Eritch be thy name. Oh! may thy arms
" Triumphant riſe, and ſhine through war's alarms.
" Now let your nuptials raiſe the glorious ſtrain,
" Pleas'd as when fiſh along the liquid main
" Sport in the ſtream, as night aſſumes her reign.
" Now let theſe maidens ornament my theme,
" Theſe fairy beauties, that conſpicuous beam.
" The wife of Sulm, Arzu be her name;
" Of Toor's, be Mah; and Eritch lovely dame
" Be Behy nam'd." The record of our fate
He call'd, where fam'd aſtronomers relate
Under what ſign we're born; their future ſtate
The father ſhows; to Sulm's ſight appears
The planet-Jupiter, and o'er his years
Bright Sagittarius rules; the ſun's bright rays
O'er warlike Toor his fervent beam diſplays.

The

The changing moon o'er Eritch's fate preſides,
Marks all his hopes, and on his doom decides;
That Eritch wou'd in battle greatly die,
The king perceiving, utters many a ſigh;
His anxious ſoul is pictur'd in his eye.
Eritch beheld his future fortunes low'r,
That ſtars unfav'ring mark'd his deſtin'd hour.
The monarch views the map; there warlike Greece,
Eran and Turkiſtan his pow'rs confeſs.
To Sulm now fair Greece the monarch gave,
Turan to Toor, renown'd for heroes brave.
Sulm prepares the warlike choſen band,
Pleas'd with his lot, he ſeeks the Grecian ſtrand.
The king for Toor commands a martial train,
Who heads his army, and begins his reign
With ſalutary rules; the nobles bring
The richeſt gems; his name the Lion-king.
Now Eritch came: Eran to him was giv'n,
The nobleſt land beneath the vaulted heav'n.

Fam'd

Fam'd for its palaces, and royal ſeats,
The reſidence of kings, and bleſt retreats:
Its thrones of ebony; its ſceptres ſhine;
And Eritch nam'd it, Eran the divine!
For many a year fair peace attends their pow'r;
Time in her womb conceals the future hour.

THE

SHÂH NAMÈH.

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE machinations of Sulm *to induce the concurrence of* Toor *in a rebellion againſt the king—The averſion of* Toor *to take arms againſt his father—He at laſt acceeds, on an interview with* Sulm—*An envoy is ordered to the court of* Feredoon *with reproaches—The envoy arriving is alarmed at the magnificence of* Feredoon—*Relates his meſſage—The king's reply*—Eritch *offers to go to* Sulm *and* Toor *to conciliate the diſpute*—Feredoon *endevours to diſſuade—Aſſents to his departure—His brothers meet him under a ſemblance of friendſhip—The murder of* Eritch—*His head is brought to* Feredoon—*The lamentation of the old king—The birth of a daughter of* Eritch *by* Mahafreed—*Her marriage with* Poſhung, *the king's nephew—The birth of* Munochere—*Being able to carry arms,* Feredoon *orders the chief of the empire to aſſemble his forces—The alarms of* Sulm *and* Toor, *they ſend an envoy to the king, expreſſing their penitence—He rejects their petition*

—*The*

—*The envoy returns*; *deſcribes the ſplendor and military array of the troops of* Feredoon— *Announces the vengeance of the* Iranian *princes*— *They collect an army*—*The forces of* Feredoon *march*—*The inſtructions of the king to* Munochere—*The armies approach*—Sulm *ſends a taunting meſſage to* Munochere—*His reply*—Cyrus, *the* Arabian *chief, addreſſes the army*—*At daybreak hey engage*—*Deſcription of the battle*—*The battle undetermined*—Sulm *and* Toor, *after a conſultation, reſolve to attack the* Iranians *in the night*—*The ſpies of* Munochere *inform him of their deſign*—Karun *watches their motions*—Sulm *and* Toor *begin their onſet*—*Find the enemy prepared*—*Their aſtoniſhment*—*Endeavour to fly*—Munochere *purſues*—*Kills* Toor—*Returns to his tents*—*Writes to* Feredoon *an account of the action, and ſends the head of* Toor—Sulm, *alarmed, retreats to a fort*—Karun *requeſts to lead a choſen band againſt him*—*With the ring of* Toor *as a paſsport he propoſes to gain admittance into the fort*—*Succeeds, and places the ban of* Gao *in the fort in the night*—Sherovy, *a chief in the army of* Munochere, *on the ſignal, marches to the gates, and takes it*—Karun, *returning to the young prince, finds that* Kakou, *a grand-*

ſon of Zohak, *was approaching—The armies engage—*Munochere *kills* Kakou *in a ſingle combat—The death of* Sulm—*His army ſubmits to* Munochere—*Who, returning to* Iran, *is met by the old king—The coronation of* Munochere—Feredoon *prepares for death—His laſt reflections, and death—The grief of his ſubjects—The author's ſentiments on the inſtability of human life.*

THE

THE

SHÂH NAMÊH.

BOOK VI.

NOW Feredoon grows old; the ſilver hairs
Are oft forerunners of approaching cares!
No more the garden of the verdant ſpring
Smiles on the drooping winter of the king.
His eve of life beheld a painful ſcene;
Chang'd were his ſons; no more the mind ſerene

Directs

Directs their acts; ambition, fatal pow'r!
O'er Sulm see with venom'd fury low'r.
Much he revolves: "The realms my father gave
"Ill suit my birth; were Eritch's soul more brave,
"His mind more lofty, or his deeds more bold,
"That he shou'd place him on his throne of gold?"
Rage tore his heart: an envoy he prepares,
To tell Turania's king his new-born cares.
"This message bear to Toor," proud Sulm cries,
"Long may he live a fav'rite of the skies.
"Tell him my cause of grief," (for Toor's high breast
No thought had yet but excellence possest.)
"Tell him his realms inferior kings might suit;
"Wou'd tow'ring trees bow to the slender shoot?
"And shou'd he deem his pow'r and reign sublime,
"Let higher thoughts, and aggrandizing time,
"Lift him superior; for whoever saw
"Two sons of royalty, by partial law,
"Divested of their rights? (a younger son
"The fond affection of a parent won,

"Aud

" And ſnatch'd our birth-right.) Is this ſon more brave,
" More wiſe, to whom the king our empire gave?
" My throne I quit, the bauble I reſtore,
" Reſign thy ſceptre; it can pleaſe no more.
" Let us in union act; our partial ſire
" Unwiſely judg'd; for me, I burn with ire.
" To Eritch did he give the choſen land,
" Immortal Eran, and her godlike band:
" The Grecian reign beſtow'd on me alone,
" To you he only gave Turania's throne.
" Why not to us was royal Eran giv'n?
" The kingdom I abhor to which I'm driv'n!"
He for his envoy choſe a rapid ſteed,
Who ſeeks Turania's king with winged ſpeed.
Arriv'd, the meſſage of his king declares,
Which fills the mind of Toor with anxious cares.
Provok'd he heard the diſobedient ſtrain,
As when the angry lion tears the plain:
Thus he replies: " Such thoughts diſgrace the king,
" And dire effects from ſuch illuſions ſpring.

" In

" In youth theſe realms we took with one accord;
" The gen'rous gift of our imperial lord.
" The tree he rais'd with fond paternal care;
" How dare we plunge our father in deſpair!
" In deep oblivion let rebellion reſt,
" Leſt fame ſhou'd ſpeak them to our father's breaſt."
The envoy quick returns. Now Sulm choſe
A diff'rent envoy, in whoſe boſom flows
Perſuaſive eloquence; and bids him try
Deluſive words, and artful flattery.
Say thus: " O! monarch, in whom ſtill are join'd
" The hero's glory and a gen'rous mind;
" Whene'er the ſoul is eagar for the fight,
" No reſt from labour can the bold delight:
" Such high affairs by indolence decay,
" And, once begun, admit of no delay."
Toor heard attentive. Both the brothers meet;
All knew the motive; there was no retreat.
The artful converſe and the ſpecious ſtrain
Of wily Sulm works through ev'ry vein

Of

Of Toor, and fills with agoniſing cares.
They choſe a warrior, fam'd in ſtate affairs,
To guide and to conſult. In ſecret ſhades
Much they debate, and try the various aids
That may enſure ſucceſs; then Sulm ſpoke,
And, as his dire intentions firſt he broke,
In his fierce eye appears no conſcious ſhame;
He, impious! execrates his father's name!
He ſpoke the envoy: "To the king repair,
"To Feredoon, on wings as ſwift as air;
"Let no delay thy embaſſy impede,
"To his high court urge on with rapid ſpeed;
"There from his ſons the wonted homage pay,
"And thus addreſs him in the face of day:
"Say, that in earth as well as heav'n ſupreme,
"The will of God ſhou'd be the conſtant theme.
"Gay hope preſiding in each fervent breaſt,
"Paints bliſsful youth, and age ſerenely bleſt.
"But when the ſummer of our life is o'er,
"And winter chills, the ſpring returns no more.

" If wrong thy actions in this mortal ſphere,
" In other worlds, a juſt reſentment fear.
" This world the God of all on thee beſtows,
" All the ſun ſees, and all that nature knows.
" Thy will a law; while heav'n's divine commands
" Paſs all neglected through thy aged hands.
" To deeds of ill thy breaſt attends alone;
" Partial divider of thy ſplendid throne!
" Three valiant ſons were thine; the younger boy
" Alone reſplendent, ſource of all thy joy!
" What eminence ſuperior does he claim?
" All juſtly equal in the liſt of fame.
" Realms inſignificant to one you gave;
" To one a humble reign, though both were brave;
" Your own domains, and the Kianian pow'r,
" On the young boy with partial hand you ſhow'r.
" Ours is the birth-right; and our actions ſhine
" With equal luſtre; and of equal line.
" May deeds thus partial meet deſerving fate,
" And war's alarms ſhake all th' Eranian ſtate;

" To

" To Eritch give the globe; let us be poor;
" The humbled Sulm, and neglected Toor.
" Turan and China, with the warlike Greece,
" Will come in thunder, and by force will ſeize
" The throne of Eritch." When theſe fierce commands
The envoy heard, he ſeeks Irania's lands.
He mounts his rapid ſteed; as ſwift as fire
When driv'n by winds, he ſought their kingly ſire.
Arriv'd, he views, amaz'd! his mighty pow'rs,
His dome reſplendent, and imperial tow'rs
Soaring above the clouds; as mountains high,
With ſtately eminence they reach the ſky.
The ſplendid court with nobles circled round,
The interior room with wiſdom's ſacred ſound
And Feredoon were full. On one hand, bound,
The kingly lion, and the tyger bold;
And on the other, elephants behold,
Train'd for the fight; his warriors' manly ſtrains
Equal the lion's roar; ſuch martial trains,

Such tow'ring palaces, the work of heav'n,
For Feredoon beneficently giv'n.
To him his warriors ſpoke; "Illuſtrious ſire,
"An envoy comes, a chief of martial fire."——
"Let him approach!" the king auguſt replies.
Soon as the envoy ſaw his piercing eyes,
His royal figure, ſplendid as the light,
Tall and erect, and venerably white,
His ſilver hairs, his manners gently mild,
(For on his face benignant greatneſs ſmil'd,)
His ſpeech mellifluent; to the earth he bows,
And pours before the throne his artful vows.
The chief a ſeat commands; with joy elate,
Much of his warlike ſons, and of their ſtate,
The monarch queſtions: "By fatigue o'erpreſt,
"Thy journey tedious may demand ſome reſt."
Thus having ſaid, the envoy quick replies,
(Low was his voice, and downcaſt were his eyes,)
"Fair life ſmiles on thee with perpetual ſpring,
"Oh! may thy throne ne'er grace another king.

"The

"The globe is thine, from patriot labours thine,
" Peace to thy ſubjects, glory of thy line!
" Behold in me, a poor and abject ſlave,
" The ſervant of a king, on fortune's wave
" Thrown proſtrate: for a meſſage bold I bring;
" Such the indignant mandate of my king.
" Ah! let no cenſure on the ſervant fall,
" If you command, I will unfold it all.
" The meſſage, penn'd by folly, I will ſpeak,
" Baſe are the ſentiments, the language weak."
The king commands; his order he relates,
And, trembling for himſelf, the anſwer waits.
When the king heard, aſtoniſh'd and amaz'd,
His eyes to heav'n the pious monarch rais'd;
" Fear not," he ſaid, " brave man! not thine the blame;
" The boldneſs theirs, and theirs the finiſh'd ſhame.
" Such the decree of fate, I knew before;
" Go tell theſe fools to ceaſe their impious roar.
" Go tell theſe dæmons, where the furies reign,
" Are theſe the thoughts, is this the gen'rous ſtrain,

" Their

" Their duty dictates? is their impious mind,
" Forgetful of my gifts, to hell reſign'd?
" Has frenzy ſeiz'd them? Will no fear of heav'n,
" Nor ſhame impede them? To ſuch actions driv'n,
" Marks the polluted mind. My hairs are gray,
" Though once this arm cou'd dare the hoſtile fray.
" Once o'er this face fair youth irradiate ſmil'd,
" Though now by age and fatal time deſpoil'd.
" Though now elate, they will be old one day;
" Time has not yet ordain'd my fix'd decay.
" Youth will not paſs in one perpetual bloom;
" Fix'd is the cloſe, and certain is our doom.
" By heav'n's ſupreme Director, here I ſwear,
" By yon bright ſun, by earth, by heav'n, by air,
" By the pale moon, and this reſplendent throne,
" No ill from me theſe impious ſons have known.
" I gave them armies, train'd them to be great,
" And wiſe aſtronomers well vers'd in fate.
" Many a year had paſs'd, with patriot care;
" To each I juſtly gave an equal ſhare.

" Juſtice

" Juſtice I deem'd the guide of my deſign,
" No partial acts, or ſentiments were mine,
" The fear of heav'n decided ev'ry deed,
" And truth, with honour fraught, each act decreed.
" When the auguſt Omnipotent above
" Gave me the globe, with more than patriot love
" I taught the nations all the arts of peace,
" Rais'd them to honours, and bade diſcord ceaſe.
" Till now, obedient actions mark'd their life;
" From me Ahermen leads them into ſtrife.
" Dread the divine reſentment; let each thought
" Be by Omnipotence and juſtice taught.
" Mark what I ſay; no balmy flow'r will blow
" From the rank ſeed, or fragrant fruitage grow.
" Such ſentiments as theirs, ſuch venom'd ſpeech,
" Th' infernal pow'rs of hell cou'd only teach.
" This palace, where immortal ſplendors ſhine,
" Will not, ye impious! be for ever mine.
" Ambition veils your ſight, the dæmons guide;
" The ſerpent rules you with relentleſs pride.

" Ignobly

" Ignobly will you fall; my day is o'er;
" Peace my delight; contention is no more.
" An old man ſpeaks; did not ambition ſeize
" Theſe youthful princes, or gay baubles pleaſe?
" Say what are thrones, or pond'rous heaps of wealth?
" Will they preſerve them, or reſtore to health?
" Let ev'ry pious heart ſubmit to God,
" Purſue his mandates, and obey his rod.
" That when the awful day of judgement's near,
" Juſt your reflections, and your conſcience clear.
" Many like you have trod this mortal plain,
" Foes to repoſe, and ſlaves to endleſs pain.
" Who aims the dart againſt a brother's breaſt,
" Is damn'd by fame, his future life diſtreſt.
" Their harden'd hearts let thy reflections guide,
" Lead them to honour, and to virtuous pride;
" Let this ambition that now rules their ſoul,
" Obedient bend to wiſdom's bright control."——
The envoy heard: ſubmiſſive to the ground
He bow'd, retires; and now with rapid bound

Vaults

Vaults on his courſer; ſwift as winds he flies,
To bear the anſwer to his native ſkies.
To Eritch, Feredoon his thoughts declares;
All that had paſs'd; ſad ſubject of his cares!
" Theſe warlike ſons, as hoſtile as a foe,
" With mad ambition, and with fury glow.
" For thus the ſtars ordain; in vice alone
" Their ſouls delight, ambitious of thy throne!
" Full are their realms of warriors fierce and brave,
" In battle dreadful as the roaring wave.
" Many a brother, ſuch as thine, appears,
" When ſuch a throne awakes their rival years.
" The flow'r that once delighted ev'ry eye,
" If torn by ſtorms, neglected it will die.
" Then arm thy bands, and meet the hoſtile foe,
" Whoſe breaſts with fury for the battle glow.
" Such their deſigns; if life be worth thy care,
" Diſplay thy riches, and thy arms prepare.
" If with the dawn thy bands not dare their arms,
" Their eager ſouls will burſt in loud alarms.

" Thy force alone protected by the ſkies,
" Without allies, will eminently riſe."
Eritch, in whom fair wiſdom ſtood confeſt,
With grateful accents thus his ſire addreſt:
" Behold, O monarch of Irania's plain!
" The labyrinth of fate, how fruitleſs, vain!
" As changing winds ſhe whirls her fickle pow'rs,
" Then why with penſive ſorrow cloud our hours?
" Time in one moment changes ev'ry ſcene,
" The brilliant ſplendor, and the mind ſerene.
" Grief ſoars on high, death ſpreads its awful wing,
" And the deluſive hope of life's gay ſpring
" Lies mould'ring in the grave. Then tell me why
" Shou'd we plant trees to reach the azure ſky,
" When its vile fruit, or wither'd branch, may ſink
" With blaſted foliage? On th' eternal brink
" Each moment hangs; revolving ſuns have ſhone,
" And blaz'd reſplendent on this royal throne.
" Who knows the future? for thy eye has ſeen
" Warriors and monarchs gild the tranſient ſcene;

" And

" And more will ſee. The crimes of ages paſt,
" Howe'er great, my brothers have ſurpaſt.
" If you command, my father, and my king,
" From this ungen'rous world my flight I'll wing;
" Theſe domes, this ſceptre, and this throne of ſtate,
" Without regret I'll quit; e'en now, elate,
" Without a guard, I'll ſeek the hoſtile train,
" And thus the chiefs addreſs in friendly ſtrain :——
" From noble lineage, monarchs, do we ſpring,
" Why dare to action our imperial king?
" Whoſe thoughts for you teem with a parent's care;
" Why let ambition rule, as light as air?
" Mark Gemſheid's fate; his ſplendor is no more;
" Vain were his jewels, and the coſtly ſtore.
" A day will come when pungent grief ſhall riſe;
" Repreſs your rage, and ſupplicate the ſkies.
" Let gentle peace diffuſe her radiant charms;
" Ah! how more pleaſing than war's fierce alarms."
The royal ſire replies, " In thy wiſe ſtrain
" The light of virtue glows; yet mark how vain:

" Thy ſoft benevolence, the gentle ſhield
" Of peace is your delight; while to the field
" Your brothers dare; remember the bright blaze
" Of yon high orb diffuſes equal rays.
" Mild is your anſwer, and your words are peace;
" War is their ſtrain: your kind intentions ceaſe!
" So rich a mind in ev'ry virtuous lore,
" Shou'd fly the wily ſerpent's venom'd pow'r.
" For thee the poiſon will theſe fiends prepare;
" Mark'd is their fate, and this the ſtars declare:
" If ſtill determinate you ſeek their plain,
" Chuſe ſome brave warriors, and a faithful train.
" A letter with my orders will I ſend,
" To the falſe brother, to the treach'rous freind.
" That I may view thy ſafe return once more,
" And joyful claſp thee on thy native ſhore."
On paper ſpotted with the leaf of gold,
Such as kings uſe when they their thoughts unfold,
The monarch writes. " To chiefs of mighty name,
" That they may act deſerving of their fame,
" I write;

" I write; to warriors of ſuperior birth,
" To martial kings who rule the circling earth;
" To him who governs on the Weſtern plain,
" To him who China rules with peaceful reign.
" The ſecrets of the world to you are known,
" Brave, and deſerving an imperial throne.
" Let night from your ſuperior deeds diſplay,
" The glorious luſtre of refulgent day.
" To my commands attend; no grief is mine;
" In all my ſons the rays of glory ſhine.
" Nor gorgeous palaces, nor coſtly plate,
" Nor thrones of gold, nor aggrandizing ſtate,
" Pleaſe my ambition; to behold your pow'r,
" On juſt foundations eminently tow'r,
" Centers my every wiſh; for you alone,
" Much have my thoughts reſolv'd; my labours ſhone.
" The brother againſt whom your anger roſe
" Ne'er did you wrong; his breaſt with virtue glows;
" E'en now, unarm'd, he ſeeks your warlike land,
" And bears the olive branches in his hand.

" Much

" Much does he wiſh his brothers to behold,
" And quit for you his radiant throne of gold.
" The hero's mind's diſplay'd in ſuch a deed;
" To wait your nod he mounts his generous ſteed.
" He, as the younger ſon, his duty knows;
" To pleaſe his brothers, (ſurely not his foes!)
" Is all his joy; him as a monarch treat,
" With joy receive him in the royal ſeat;
" And when ſome time has paſt in friendly ſtrain,
" Return him joyful to his native plain."
Seal'd with the royal name the letter goes.
With grief the eye of Feredoon o'erflows,
To ſee his Eritch ready to depart;
Some faithful warriors and ſome men of art
Attend his journey; thus compell'd to roam,
The traveller with ſorrow quits his home:
Soon he arriv'd; his unſuſpecting mind
Dreams of no ill by artifice deſign'd.
With all the pomp of war, and war's alarms,
The artful brothers claſp him in their arms.

Some

Some newer plan their treach'rous breaſt deſigns:
Their ſouls were fierce, and virtue his refines.
In feign'd embraces they receiv'd the chief,
Torn their reflections by ambitious grief.
While his fair mind with gen'rous thoughts o'erflows,
They reach the palace, ſcene of future woes.
The warlike troops on Eritch wond'ring gaze,
And deem him worthy of immortal praiſe.
All, all exclaim, the empire of the earth
Wou'd ſuit ſuch greatneſs, ſuch exalted worth.
His radiant looks wou'd captivate mankind,
His luſtre dazzle, and engage the mind.
In throngs the ſoldiers crowd, while high his name
Sounds in the air, pre-eminent in fame.
His equal ne'er adorn'd the ſplendid ſcene;
Of godlike manners, and of mind ſerene.
This Sulm ſaw, and rage his ſoul inſpires:
He left the field, provok'd with jealous fires
And ſanguinary thoughts: from ev'ry eye
Sulm and Toor retire; each method try

To ruin Eritch; Sulm in theſe ſtrains
Addreſſes Toor: "Why, on theſe martial plains,
"Beam theſe bright troops? you did not mark their eyes,
"Their voice on our return; to the high ſkies
"Their acclamations roſe. When from this land
"We march'd, they were ſubmiſſive to command.
"But now to Eritch all their wiſhes bend;
"They know no other king, the army's friend!
"Iran, ere this, our rage provok'd alone:
"If the high tow'ring tree is not o'erthrown,
"Its branches will o'erſhadow all the world,
"While our fair pow'rs are into atoms hurl'd."
In the dark night their conſultations paſt;
They leave their cloſet, with revenge o'ercaſt;
Glowing with rage, intent on their deſign,
Aw'd by no ſhame, or moral or divine.
Envenom'd pleaſure fires their vengeful breaſt;
Eritch they ſeek, whom worth and honour bleſt.
When in their tent he view'd the royal pair,
With kind benevolence he meets them there.

To the high chair he leads the brother kings,
In converſe gay, they ſpeak of various things.
When Toor abruptly ſpoke: "Audacious boy!
"The younger thou! our thrones, our realms enjoy!
"Was the high ſceptre fit for you alone,
"The rich tiara, the Kianian throne?
"Turan, it ſeems, the deſolate and poor,
"Was ſuited, partial prince! for humble Toor.
"Our elder brother juſtly glows with rage,
"The Weſtern realms, unworthy of his age!
"On you, the younger, ev'ry ſplendor waits,
"On you the king beſtows his mighty ſtates."
'Twas thus he ſpoke. Eritch, with mind ſerene,
Thus wiſely anſwer'd: "If the gorgeous ſcene,
"Or thrones, O king! thy high ambition pleaſe,
"Complete your wiſhes, and let future eaſe
"Irradiate on your mind: for me, I ſwear,
"No ſceptres charm, or no imperial chair.
"Not Iran, China, or the fartheſt Weſt,
"Nor royal eminence, allure my breaſt.

" What are theſe gaudy phantoms of the brain?
" Though Iran once confeſs'd my gentle reign,
" No more I wiſh it: for to you I yield
" Its golden throne, and cultivated field.
" Let rage ſubſide; I am no adverſe foe;
" Ah! let not anger 'gainſt a brother glow!
" On terms like theſe, the empire of mankind,
" Its ſtately grandeur, wou'd not pleaſe my mind.
" Shou'd you to heav'n ſpread high your tow'ring ſtate,
" Ah! what avails it at the hour of fate?
" 'Tis not from youth that theſe conceſſions ſpring,
" Such manly ſentiments adorn a king."
He ſpoke; but Toor replied not to the ſtrain;
Indignant paſſions in his boſom reign.
Truth anger'd more: enrag'd the tyrant roſe,
His words, his eye, with riſing fury glows.
The chair of ſtate he raiſes in his hands,
At Eritch daſh'd it; while unmov'd he ſtands,
And thus adreſſes: " Why this ſtorm of rage?
" Does not the fear of heav'n thy breaſt engage?

" Does

" Does not the reverence that you owe our ſire
" Awe you to ſhame? and check this impious ire?
" Why then deſtroy? I yield my ev'ry pow'r;
" My blood in heav'n will mark your deſtin'd hour.
" Act not th' aſſaſſin, what can it avail?
" Without diſguiſe, I ſpeak an honeſt tale.
" You live in pow'r, and eminence ſublime,
" Me, you wou'd murder! ſay, what cauſe or crime
" Provokes to ſuch a deed? in ſecret ſhades
" I'll paſs my days; where no deſire pervades
" Of pow'r or thrones; where with an humble ſhare
" Of fortune's gifts, I'll breathe the vital air:
" As the poor ant that picks the ſtraggling grain,
" And lives on little gather'd from the plain.
" The throne is thine! the ſated wiſh is thine!
" War not with heav'n, with yon immortal ſhrine.
" From blood, a brother's blood! what peace can ſpring?
" Why plunge in endleſs woe a parent king?"
He ſpoke; ſtill ſilent Toor: though in his eyes
Fierce rage prevails, the ſame reſentments riſe.

Toor draws his ſabre; at one fatal blow
He laid his brother and the hero low.
Strong were his limbs as elephants; no more.
To riſe, he fell, all welt'ring in his gore.
So the tall cypreſs droops its lofty head;
Pale were his cheeks, their roſeate bloſſoms fled.
Thus Eritch died, the gen'rous and the brave!
Thus baſely plung'd in fortune's hoſtile wave.
And thou, Oh fate! who rais'd him high in pow'r,
Deſerted left him in the mortal hour.
I know not, fate, to whom thou art a friend,
For to no virtue will thy fury bend.
To age, you languor pour through ev'ry vein,
As fruit in autumn when o'ercharg'd with rain,
You point our lives; from thee, and thee alone,
Grief marks the virtuous, and pervades the throne.
Many an honour'd king, without a cauſe,
Has ſunk the victim of thy adverſe laws.
Now Eritch's head, Oh! early fatal doom!
With muſk, and amber, with each ſweet perfume,

Was

Was fill'd. The brothers now with one accord,
Thus bade the ſervants tell their royal lord:
" Here view your ſon, the darling of your breaſt;
" To whom your thrones and the Kianian veſt
" You gave: now let your partial heart deſign
" The gorgeous ſceptre and the treaſur'd mine,
" To his pale ghoſt. The high, the tow'ring tree
" Falls plung'd for ever in the eternal ſea."
To Turan, Toor: to Greece, now Sulm goes,
Unaw'd they triumph in a parent's woes.
With fond anxiety the godlike king,
And the whole army, chide the tardy wing
Of time! when near approach'd the promis'd hour,
(For who cou'd fathom fate's impervious pow'r?)
A gorgeous throne with jewels ſtudded o'er,
And all the treaſures of the orient ſhore,
The king prepares. He quits the chair of ſtate,
And haſtes, vain hope! to meet his ſon elate.
The richeſt wines Irania's vintage yields,
And the gay minſtrels charm the martial fields.

On

On elephants the drum and tabors play,
And ſplendid arches, ſuch as grace the day
Of Perſian triumph, all prepar'd to go;
When, from afar, with ſolemn dirge, and ſlow,
Midſt clouds of duſt, a man of ſorrow roſe,
His face, the picture of corroding woes!
Deep were his ſighs: a golden urn he bore,
(With ſilk the head of Eritch cover'd o'er)
By ſorrow worn his livid face appears,
And all his cheek was dew'd with purple tears:
To Feredoon he came; the urn of gold
He, groaning, opens, dreadful to behold!
From his pale viſage, and his falt'ring tongue,
The monarch fear'd ſome awful horror hung.
The ſilk around the head a ſervant tears——
The head of Eritch pale, and wan appears!
From his high ſteed the fainting monarch falls,
And the whole ſorrowing train on Eritch calls.
Sunk were his eyes! his face of livid hue!
Far different ſcenes his happier fancy drew!

Now

Now they return; pale anguiſh led the way,
Torn were the colours, and the minſtrel's lay
Was ſilent now. The univerſal grief
With ebony had mark'd each woe-ſtruck chief.
No more the drum, or flute's enliv'ning ſound,
Teaches the warrior, or his ſteed, to bound.
They all diſmount: each ſoldier weeps aloud;
As when all heav'n, by ſome tempeſtous cloud,
Is darken'd o'er. Their ſorrowing breaſts they tear;
All call on Eritch with a wild deſpair.
" The ſtars," they cry, " who mark'd thy fatal end,
" Will change their courſe, and to thy murd'rers bend."
One truth attend; let not the meteor blaze,
Or this vain world delude with dazzling rays.
'Tis vain, 'tis idle, a deluſive dream!
Nor fancy fortune is, as ſhe may ſeem.
Shou'd foes acknowledg'd ſtrive to wound your breaſt,
Harbour no vengeance, and relieve diſtreſt;
But if a friend aſſures of high eſteem,
Watch all his actions, varying from his theme.

Sore

Sore griev'd each warrior, and with anguiſh tore,
"" Loudly lamenting on the ſounding ſhore."
The king to Eritch's gardens bends his way,
Once the gay ſcene, reſplendent as the day!
Where Eritch's hours in pleas'd amuſement flow'd,
Where ſocial pleaſures innocently glow'd:
His father, tott'ring with the weight of grief,
Bears the pale head of the lov'd murder'd chief.
To the high throne he caſt his ſwollen eyes,
No Eritch there; once favour'd by ths ſkies!
O'er all the gardens lucid fountains play'd,
And choiceſt trees ſpread round their verdant ſhade.
Here gay pavilions, and here cool retreats,
Here flowing ſtreams, and high embow'ring ſeats,
Once pleas'd its lord. The mournful father goes
To where the edifice of Eritch roſe.
And in his hand the pallid head he bore!
Grief ſunk his ſoul and all his boſom tore.
His loud laments and agonizing cries
Reſound to Saturn, to the fartheſt ſkies;

He fires the gardens, tears his aged hair,
Rends his wan cheeks, ſad picture of deſpair!
Large drops of blood ran ſtreaming from his eyes,
He dips his belt in ſanguinary dyes.
On the lone earth he ſat, and all around
The flames ariſe, and ſcorch the ſmoaking ground.
Hope fled for ever; oft the head he views,
And oft to God his pious pray'r renews.
" Oh! God, divine Director! Power auguſt!
" View this pale head, now mould'ring into duſt:
" Murder'd without a cauſe; while tygers wild
" Howl o'er the body of my darling child!
" Oh! may theſe impious feel the woes I know,
" May all their days in anguiſh'd ſorrow flow!
" Let their whole frame be pierc'd by venom'd darts!
" Let the voracious reptile tear their hearts!
" Oh! grant my pray'r! Oh! let from Eritch ſpring
" A vengeful hero, who, with martial wing,
" Will headlong hurl them to the realms of hell,
" Revenge his ſire, theſe murd'ring fiends expel.

" Him let me view, triumphant, wiſe, and brave!
" Then ſink with pleaſure in the lonely grave."
'Twas thus he ſpoke, ſtill groaning as he lay;
No higher ſorrows nature cou'd diſplay.
Sunk were his eyes; on the damp ground his head
Was lowly laid: " My boy, alas! is dead;
" Much do I grieve, my ſon; for ne'er before
" Thus laid a monarch welt'ring in his gore.
" Thou child of fame! juſt was thy ev'ry thought;
" Thy valu'd life the fiend Ahermen ſought.
" Thy winding ſheet the furious tygers cloſe,
" And thy laſt ſigh was rapture to thy foes."
So loud he weeps, ſo loud proclaims his grief,
The ſorrowing ærials mourn the pious chief.
All Iran waits, and ev'ry princely friend
Crowd to their king, and all their anguiſh blend.
Vain their condolence, for their looks diſplay
Paſſion and ſorrow in alternate ſway.
In deepeſt mourning all the chiefs appear;
This penſive ſcene, ſo ſolitary, drear,

Paſs'd

Paſs'd on for ſeveral days. Death ſeem'd to reign
O'er moving ſtatues of ſevereſt pain.
Some time elaps'd; his ſorrows to diſpel,
The monarch goes to where the females dwell.
A maid he ſaw, once his fond ſon's delight,
And Mahafreed her name; pleas'd with the ſight,
For pregnant was the fair, his hopes ariſe:
Joy once again beam'd in his aged eyes.
"He comes, the avenger comes:" and when the hour
Of birth approach'd, to his enraptur'd pow'r
She gave a daughter. He exerts his care;
Blooming the infant grew, divinely fair!
In all her manners Eritch's ſoul was ſeen,
The ſame her beauty, and the ſame her mien.
As ſhe increas'd in years her flowing hair
In curling treſſes wanton'd in the air.
Bright as the pleiades bloom'd her roſeate face;
Her lovely form irradiates many a grace.
For Poſhung Feredoon intends her hand:
Though for ſome time he ſtays the nuptial band.

Poſhung, the nephew of the godlike king;
(From the ſame honour'd race the heroes ſpring)
Of ſoul heroic! worthy of a throne,
The royal ſceptre, the Kianian zone.
The king now joins their hands, and bliſs ſublime
In nuptial harmony employs their time.
Revolving heav'ns their bliſsful hours adorn:
Gay hope inſpires, a blooming child is born!
The nurſe to Feredoon ſwift bears the boy,
And cries exulting, "View the promis'd joy!"——
"Eritch new born, will charm the future hour,"
The king exclaims; (while ev'ry pleaſing pow'r
Fills his fond ſoul.) "My Eritch lives again."
(He claſp'd the infant, and with grateful ſtrain
Pour'd all his gratitude to heav'n divine.)
"Bleſt be this day! no more will I repine.
"This day deſtructive to my Eritch's foes."
Rich gifts the nurſe he gave; and tranſport glows
O'er all his ſoul. (When he beheld the boy,
He ſaw his glories, and the future joy.)

"It

" If heav'n my Eritch ſnatch'd from theſe fond arms,
" Another ſon, another Eritch, charms.
" His parents glow with elevated worth,
" What gen'rous fruit from ſuch diſtinguiſh'd birth!"
He bade the cups, and flowing bowl appear,
And nam'd the child the warlike Munochere.
The darling boy, the ſource of his delight,
Ne'er was a moment abſent from his ſight.
A royal train attends; each heart was gay,
And muſk, and roſeate flow'rs obſtruct his way.
Silken umbrellas ſhade him from the ſun,
And ſtars propitiate beam upon the young,
The gallant boy; with ev'ry knowledge fraught,
In war inſtructed, and in ſcience taught.
Near godlike Feredoon, a warlike train
(The king commands) attend him on the plain.
A ſplendid ſword he gave, a golden throne,
A rich tiara, a Kianian zone.
The diadem with jewels blazing o'er,
And royal treaſures, a reſplendent ſtore!

A num'rous

A num'rous army, tents of rich brocade,
Of tygers' ſkins, and coſtly tiſſues made;
And Indian blades with pureſt gold inlaid.
Arabian ſteeds, and bows that never fail,
Armour and helmets, warlike coats of mail,
Lances, and ſhields Chineſe, the king beſtows:
And in the arſenal the monarch ſhews
All implements of war. The riſing name
Of Munochere deſerv'd imperial fame:
His breaſt with honour teems. To him the keys
Of all his treaſure Feredoon decrees.
The chiefs and warriors of Irania's land
The king directs to bow to his command.
All glow for vengeance; all his praiſes ſound;
The richeſt emeralds they ſtrew around
His royal chair. When now the hero roſe
To years of manhood, high his courage glows.
The plan of godlike Feredoon is known,
The chiefs are order'd to attend the throne.

Karun,

Karun, and Karwan, Sherovy, Servan,
(Each the bold leader of a warlike clan)
Their troops prepare. When Feredoon the great
Reviews the army, in imperial ſtate,
The voice of fame to Toor and Sulm bore
Th' important news; that the high throne once more
Refulgent ſhone. Sulm and Toor prepare
To meet the ſtorm, yet full of anxious care,
Their ſire and Munochere alarm their mind;
And ſtars unfav'ring future ills deſign'd.
Much they revolve; and o'er their darken'd day
The adverſe fates diffuſe the hoſtile ray.
They deem it beſt an envoy to prepare;
Confeſs'd their crime, to ſupplicate, by pray'r,
The heart of Feredoon. A man they choſe
On whoſe wiſe tongue ſoft elocution flows.
Many perſuaſive ſtrains they now addreſt,
And open'd all the treaſure of the weſt:
The ſparkling diamond, and each gift of ſtate,
Boxes of muſk, and amber, (future fate,

And

And fear their ſouls alarm'd) rich furs, brocade,
Garments of ſilk, and veſts of tiſſues made,
On elephants were plac'd, of royal ſize;
And gifts to each attendant they deviſe.
The envoy they inſtruct; and in this ſtrain
They bid him hail the chief of Iran's plain:
" Oh! may the days of Feredoon divine,
" With health, and with Kianian luſtre ſhine!
" May his high pow'r to heav'n ſupreme aſcend!
" May ſmiling bliſs on ev'ry hour attend!
" Sulm and Toor, with juſt remorſe and ſhame,
" Implore forgiveneſs of thy royal name.
" Me they have ſent thy pardon to obtain:
" They dare not hope, yet hear their penſive ſtrain!
" Preſents and gifts have ſoften'd many a breaſt,
" And deeds of ill been pardon'd the diſtreſt.
" Our grief, unequall'd! for the mortal deed
" 'Twas fate predeſtin'd, and his death decreed.
" The ſerpent world preſcribes the human doom;
" No mortal penetrates the ſecret gloom.

" Our

" Our ſoul the dæmon of fierce rage diſguis'd,
" Tore us from you, and impious thoughts devis'd.
" Hope ſprings in you; Oh! ſpread thy fav'ring wing!
" Great though our crimes, fair mercy in a king
" Will deem them the effect of frantic ſouls;
" Fate ſpread the net, and ev'ry act controls.
" Fate ſometimes governs with propitiate ſway,
" And ſometime hovers with deſtructive ray.
" For when the dæmon of ambition reigns,
" Prudence no more the frantic mind reſtrains.
" If anger lights the torch, Oh! let our pray'rs
" Conciliate! and let peace expel our cares!
" Send the young chief, with his imperial train;
" Much do we wiſh to meet him on the plain
" Of cordial love; with love ſhall duty blend:
" On him, with fondeſt care, we will attend.
" In that bright tree ſhou'd juſt reſentment riſe,
" We'll waſh it with the water of our eyes.
" Our warm affection ſhall our crimes atone;
" We yield, repenting! to the youth our throne."

The envoy goes full of the fruitleſs ſtrain,
And ſaw their wiſhes and their hopes were vain.
At Feredoon's high doors the gifts he laid,
Who order'd the high throne to be diſplay'd,
Pendant with jewels, deck'd with rich brocade,
Around his throne the martial bands appear,
Pearls round the neck, and pendants in the ear.
Like kings their rich tiaras ſplendid beam;
On the king's hand, the darling of this theme,
Stood Munochere; and on his head was plac'd
A royal diadem, with ſplendor grac'd.
The nobles wait: the belts of rich brocade
Glitter afar; their ſplendid ſwords inlaid.
The floors appear'd the radiance of the day:
And here the ſages ſung their moral lay.
On the right hand the leopard, lion bold,
And on the left the elephant behold.
Now to the envoy the bold Sharpour bends,
Who then alighting, to the court aſcends.

When

When near the preſence, when he ſaw the throne,
He lowly bow'd; the king of kings alone
A ſeat of gold commands. His praiſes high
The envoy ſpoke, with artful flattery.
" Bright as the ſceptre are thy royal rays,
" From thee the earth its ſcented flow'rs diſplays.
" From your bright mandates fair the zephyrs blow,
" Slave of thy hod! for thee my life ſhall flow."
(Not as th' aſſaſſins order'd did he ſpeak
The truth conceal'd, he thought their language weak.)
The godlike Feredoon, induc'd to hear
What artful tale was form'd to catch the ear,
The envoy ſpoke: " The ſlave of thy deſires,
" Low as the duſt, alone thy wiſh inſpires.
" Greatly forgive! their anxious minds requeſt
" To view young Munochere, by fame careſt.
" Their thrones they yield; for him the ſword to bear,
" To ſhine in arms is now their only care.
" The ſplendid diadem, the rich brocade,
" The ſparkling jewel, at his feet are laid.

" With gifts reſplendent pardon to implore;
" To him they bend, they now can do no more."
The monarch heard; (ſome anſwer muſt I ſend)
To his high domes he bids the envoy bend.
Of various plans, one pleas'd the monarch beſt;
He orders that a letter be addreſt
To the bold warrior of the warlike land,
To Gerſhaſp, thron'd on high, with great command.
Tall, manly, fortunate, the hero roſe;
Like yon high orb his bright tiara glows.
In luſtre like a Gemſheid did he ſhine.
(Theſe were the ſtrains that grac'd the monarch's line.)
" Iran your warriors and your aid requires.
" Oh! may propitiate ever bloom your fires,
" From eaſtern China to the fartheſt Weſt;
" Honour'd your ſeal, your pow'r by all confeſt.
" Thy youthful warriors and heroic train
" All beam, like chieftains, and like monarchs reign.
" The ſoldiers, who dare brave the lion's rage,
" For you in arms and hoſtile fields engage.

" Still

" Still glow with honour, and through life ſtill beam,
" Be ſtill, Oh! king of Zeiſtan! fame's bright theme.
" Know then, brave warrior! that my ſons prepare
" To lance the javelin, for their only care
" Are ſcenes of death; and in their dæmon eyes,
" Blood, deſolation, and ambition riſe.
" In hearts, a Zokak; bath'd in Eritch's fate,
" To Munochere their dagger points elate.
" March with thy warriors to Irania's plain,
" Eritch avenge; my ſoul is full of pain!
" Oh! let thy armies chaſe theſe impious kings,
" Bear the young prince on thy triumphant wings.
" For when you rear aloft thy mighty ſhield,
" And ſhow thy grandſon in the martial field,
" The world will darken o'er their impious hours.
" Karun I ſend, to claim thy honour'd pow'rs.
" The voice of juſtice calls; when this you read,
" Haſte with thy army, with a warrior's ſpeed."
He clos'd the letter with the royal ſeal,
And Karun ſpeeds his mandates to reveal.

At

At Zeiſtan he arriv'd; with rapid wing
Fame Gerſhaſp told, "An envoy from the king
"Haſtes to your realms; and Karùn is his name;
"Of worth diſtinguiſh'd, and of martial fame."
With guards unnumber'd, Gerſhaſp march'd to meet
The monarch's envoy, to his royal ſeat
To lead brave Karun: Gerſhaſp from afar
Saw clouds of duſt proclaim the ſplendid ſtar.
Approaching near, around the martial train
Soft muſic warbled to the ſongſter's ſtrain.
When Karùn ſaw the warrior, he alights;
And courteous ſpeech from Feredoon recites.
He gave the letter; the meridian chief
Submiſſive reads, and flies with quick relief
To Iran. This when the monarch knew,
His royal army ſhines in bright review.
Now near arriv'd, they halt; when in his ſight
The warrior came, his horſemen all alight;
The chiefs embrace: the king of kings alone
Seats the brave Gerſhaſp on a ſplendid throne.

He orders Sulm's envoy to appear,
And bade him now the royal anſwer hear.
" I mark'd your meſſage; can you vainly deem
" To cloud yon orient ſun's conſpicuous beam?
" Clear is the purport of thy maſter's ſtrain,
" As yon refulgent light that gilds the plain.
" Go, tell theſe bold, unjuſt, and ſhameful lords,
" Vain is their meſſage! vain their wilely words!
" How can expreſſion ſketch their dæmon hearts?
" And while for Munochere they ſpread their arts,
" Where is my Eritch? to the brutes a prey!
" In the cold urn his head! In open day
" They ſlew my Eritch. Now theſe dæmons aim
" To ſtab his ſon; infernals, void of ſhame!
" But tell them, when they view my Munochere,
" A grove of lances, and the pointed ſpear,
" Shall guard his breaſt. They ſhall behold him the
" With armies circled round the lion's den.
" On neighing ſteeds the daring horſemen ſhine,
" Karun and Sharpour lead the martial line.

" Saum

" Saum, Nooſter, Nureman, ſhall fire the trains,
" And Cyrus, monarch of Arabia's plains!
" With warring nations, battling by his ſide,
" He breathes alarms, and checks their impious pride.
" The lofty tree, from Eritch's ſacred ſource,
" His blood ſhall expiate with reſiſtleſs force.
" For from his hour of death no pleaſure flow'd,
" Hope fled my breaſt, and no reſentment glow'd.
" Sad recollection all repoſe denied;
" For ſorrowing years e'en war and vengeance died;
" But, from the tree they levell'd to the ground,
" A branch has ris'n, which, with a lion's ſound,
" Shall, teeming with vindictive courage, burn
" Their proſtrate towns; and all their pow'r o'erturn.
" The arm of Iran, Gerſhaſp, Gemſheid's line,
" And Saum with nations now in armour ſhine.
" Where is their boaſted proweſs? all thy ſpeech
" My anger to diſarm, and mercy teach,
" That ſtars predeſtin'd, that their hearts diſguis'd,
" Were led by dæmons; all that you devis'd;

" And

" And all they ſaid ſtill vibrates on the ear.
" Who acts unjuſtly, and unaw'd by fear,
" Can ne'er be bleſt, defil'd by hell-born ſtains;
" Or e'er expect to view th' Elyzian plains.
" Let man act right, no future ills will riſe;
" Juſt let his actions pleaſe th' immortal ſkies.
" Black is your ſoul; your elocution glows,
" And virtuous ſemblance in your language flows:
" But in the earth, and in the future world,
" Clear to each eye their deeds will be unfurl'd.
" 'Tis heaven's decree my Eritch ſhall not die
" Thus unaveng'd: this cow-grav'd ſword on high
" Shall give the blow to vengeance; aid of heav'n!
" Theſe warring elephants to me are giv'n.
" Theſe, theſe ſhall expiate the flowing blood,
" Till their vile ſouls lie welt'ring in the flood.
" No treaſure ſhall be ſpar'd: this iv'ry throne,
" Theſe kingdoms, ſceptres, and this ſplendid zone,
" Shall all be given: and my fury ſpread,
" Till they ſhall pay the forfeit of his head.

" Know! Munochere, the lion's child, ſhall riſe;
" Theſe aged arms will waſh the bloody dyes
" In juſt revenge. This is my fix'd reſolve;
" While life beholds the ſpangled ſtars revolve,
" No time wou'd ſhake the fix'd reſentment high:
" I heard thy meſſage, this my juſt reply.
" Hence from my ſight!" The envoy ſaw his rage,
Saw Munochere, the hero of the age!
And with a downcaſt eye retires, and grieves,
As the fair flow'r deſpoil'd of all its leaves.
He mounts his ſteed, ſees mighty realms in arms,
Sees future fate wou'd burſt in high alarms;
Sees clouds on clouds in heav'n revolving roll,
Sees Toor and Sulm fall in their control.
Swift as the wind he puſhes on his ſteed,
Full of the anſwer Feredoon decreed.
With penſive thought he eyes the Weſtern plain,
And views a tent which he approach'd with pain;
The tent of Sulm, round a num'rous train.

Here

Here Toor and Sulm dire reflections ſting,
The guards announce the envoy to the king.
When ſeated in the tent by his command:
" Much did he queſtion of Irania's land;
" Of the new king, the army, and the throne;
" What chief, what warriors, what tiaras ſhone;
" And much of Feredoon; whate'er he knew,
" What glorious ſcene preſented to his view;
" What was predoom'd; and whom the king's vizier;
" The treaſurer whom of youthful Munochere;
" What general, ſtateſmen, and what chiefs attend;
" What realms he ſaw; for whom the fates aſcend."——
The envoy anſwers, " In the realms of light
" I ne'er beheld a ſpectacle ſo bright.
" Spring blows eternal through the bleſt domains,
" Gay as the ſpring on the Elyzian plains.
" The floors of amber, and the walls of gold;
" To heav'n his treaſures, and his gems are roll'd.
" The ſmile of paradiſe around him plays,
" And floreate gardens ev'ry ſcene diſplays.

" The royal palace tips the vaulted ſkies,
" And near the king, lions and leopards riſe.
" Beneath his throne, the globe; the ſplendid chair,
" On elephants, high glitters in the air;
" His warriors ſhine in one reſplendent blaze;
" The ſilver tabors play; the trumpets raiſe
" The ſoul to war: ſo num'rous is the train,
" Whene'er they march upon the martial plain,
" The earth appears to move: their loud acclaim
" Reaches the ſkies, and ſpeaks their monarch's fame.
" The king receiv'd me with engaging grace;
" White were his hairs, ſtill ruddy was his face.
" The moon's mild rays around the monarch ſhone,
" The bright tiara, the Kianian zone,
" With rubies beam'd. War ſparkl'd in his eye,
" Though ſoft his language as the ev'ning ſky.
" In him are center'd all the world's deſires;
" Their fears, their hopes, 'tis he alone inſpires;
" You wou'd have ſaid great Gemſheid lives again,
" And Tahmuraz, who bound in iron chain

" The

" The fierceſt dæmons, will once more appear
" In the bright form of youthful Munochere.
" On his right hand he ſat; his manly mien
" Sketch'd the whole ſoul, as valiant as ſerene.
" Gao I ſaw, the blackſmith fam'd in arms:
" And Karun, leader of war's fierce alarms.
" Cyrus the king's vizier, who glorious reigns,
" With gentle ſway, o'er bleſt Arabia's plains.
" Gerſhaſp, the braveſt warrior of the land,
" Guards the bright throne, and leads the victor band.
" Such ſtreams of wealth, ſo ſplendid, bright a ſtore,
" Ne'er did I view; no tongue cou'd count them o'er.
" Karun, and Gowgan, lions in the field!
" Saum, fam'd to dart the lance, th' jav'lin wield.
" Fierce as the tiger Sherovy moves along;
" And Sharpour, glorious 'midſt th' embattled throng!
" One camp the realm. And ſhou'd the mighty trains
" March to theſe kingdoms, all our hills and plains
" Wou'd be o'erſpread, Fierce vengeance fires each eye;
" War is the general voice, the general cry."

What

What Feredoon declar'd, whate'er he knew,
The envoy told. Struck with the future view,
Pale fear on Toor and Sulm trembling ſat;
Alarm'd, and ſtartling at impending fate.
Much they conſult; but wiſe reflection fled,
And adverſe ſtars their baneful influence ſhed.
Thus Toor exclaims; "This lion-boy muſt die;
"In death's lone grave his eminence ſhall lie.
"He fame deſerves whom Feredoon will praiſe,
"Great will he triumph by his grandſire's rays.
"'Tis time to draw the ſword, without delay,
"To brave theſe heroes to the warlike fray."
Through China, and the weſtern world, they call
Th' intrepid ſoldier; warriors, chieftains, all
Obey the mandate; num'rous was the train,
As ſtars in heav'n; they ſeek Iranian's plain.
On warring elephants, with armour bright,
The army ſhone, all eager for the fight.
They reach'd the borders of Irania's land;
Fame told the monarch of the hoſtile band:

To

To Munochere he ſpoke; "Go, lead thy force,
"To where the Oxus bends her wat'ry courſe.
"There hoſtile armies lay; the man of birth
"Fears not the arm of war, when led by worth.
"The furious hunter, acting without thought,
"(Lions around him) in the ſnare is caught.
"Conduct will lead you to the deſtin'd prey:
"The worthleſs fall, though glitt'ring for a day.
"Were you not here, I'd ſeek the hoſtile train,
"And lead bright conqueſt to the martial plain."
Thus Munochere replies; "My royal ſire!
"Near are thy foes, and brave thy awful ire:
"They ſeek deſtruction, mad with wild deſpair;
"They fall, as tempeſts, burſting in the air,
"With their own force: and never ſhall theſe arms,
"By heav'n, I ſwear! e'er ceaſe the fierce alarms,
"Till theſe vile parricides ſhall bite the ground,
"And their loud clamours to the ſkies reſound.
"Not one ſhall breathe to bid contention riſe,
"Or war again with the offended ſkies."

Karun

Karun he orders to th' embattl'd field;
Pitches his tents, and buckling on the ſhield,
High wav'd his cow-grav'd ſword. The num'rous force,
As waves impetuous, urge their furious courſe;
Drive all before them, as the rolling floods;
Or waving mountains o'er the trembling woods.
Pale was the ſun, the light involv'd in ſhades;
Such noiſe and tumult the whole realm pervades,
No accent cou'd be heard; the neighing ſteeds
Silence the tabor, and the martial reeds.
Eight miles the army reach'd on either ſide;
All gallant warriors! and their monarch's pride!
The throne of jewels blazes in the rear;
Three hundred thouſand lift the pointed ſpear.
As many bullocks, camels, bear the weight
Of arms and baggage to the field of fate.
Each chief in armour, and reſplendent arms,
Glowing for vengeance, breathe war's dire alarms.
High in the front the ban of Gao ſhines,
All blazing high along th' embattl'd lines.

The neighing courſer angry paws the ground;
All leave the city at the trumpet's ſound.
The warlike Karun leads the num'rous band;
And Narvend paſt, a ſolitary ſtrand!
A plain appears; arrang'd the army ſhines;
The chief encamps, reviews his martial lines.
On the right wing, Kobad and Saum inſpire;
And Gerſhaſp on the left with glowing fire:
High in the center Cyrus, Munochere,
Bright as the moon in the imperial ſphere,
Bright as the ſun, when, with his morning rays,
He tips the mountains with refulgent blaze.
Saum, Karun, warriors of reſiſtleſs force!
Breathe war and vengeance with impetuous courſe.
Kobad, the ſon of Nureman the great,
The ranks inſpirit; and himſelf, elate,
Gay as a bride (he trains the warlike band)
When the fond bridegroom firſt receives her hand.
The ſilver tabors raiſe the glowing breaſt,
And fire to war the chiefs in armour dreſt.

Sulm and Toor, with mighty chiefs in arms,
Traverſe the deſert, fierce with war's alarms.
They lead their troops indignant to the plain,
And paſs'd the ſtream near Elan's fertile reign.
The guard advanc'd, 'twas Kobad that commands,
As light'ning ſwift Toor leads his fierceſt bands.
And Kobad thus addreſſes: "Swift as air,
"Vain chief! to Munochere this meſſage bear:
"O! king, new fangled! fatherleſs, and mean!
"If ſprung from Eritch, from a royal queen,
"Who gave this armour? from a father's hand
"This cow-grav'd ſword; and this imperial land?".
"I will," the chief replies, "thy meſſage bear:
"Vain is thy ſpeech, thy menace light as air.
"Haſt thou forgot thy various deeds of ſhame?
"Has vice and folly ſeiz'd thy impious frame?
"Fate hovers o'er, its warm reſentment dread:
"'Twill burſt in tempeſts o'er thy guilty head.
"And when the beaſts ſhall on thy body prey,
"Say, will compaſſion mourn thy fallen ray?

From

" From Narvend to remoteſt China riſe
" The well-arm'd chiefs, the ban of Gao flies.
" When you ſhall ſee theſe marſhall'd legions beam,
" Trembling you'll wake from this illuſive dream."
Thus having ſaid, the royal tent he ſeeks,
And Toor's vain meſſage to the monarch ſpeaks.
With ſmiling aſpect Munochere replies;
" Vain is the fool, and fearleſs of the ſkies.
" The Lord of Heav'n, the Monarch of mankind,
" (Who ſees the deep receſſes of the mind)
" Knows from imperial Eritch that I ſpring,
" My birth atteſted by Irania's king.
" Theſe boaſters, in the thunder of the field,
" Shall view my honours, and my birth reveal'd.
" By yon pale moon! by yon refulgent light!
" This arm ſhall hurl them through the thickeſt fight.
" Though death and horror all their ranks ſurround,
" This arm ſhall lay theſe dæmons on the ground.
" Their heads I'll bear amidſt the warring crowd:
" My father's ſhade for vengeance calls aloud!

" Their vaunted proweſs, and their blood-ſtain'd throne,
" The murder of my father ſhall atone."
The royal tables ſpread, ſoft muſic plays,
And wine enlivens with its ſparkling rays.
Now night her ſable mantle ſpreads around;
And watchful ſentries all the camp ſurround.
Karun himſelf examines ev'ry poſt;
Bright Cyrus, leader of th' Arabian hoſt,
Thus ſpoke; " Theſe foes are dæmons on the earth,
" Dark are their ſouls, devoid of ev'ry worth!
" The God of battle rears aloft his ſpear,
" And high revenge now urges on the rear."
Thus having ſaid, the ſoldiers he addreſt;
" Warriors renown'd! let ev'ry gallant breaſt
" Glow high with courage; on your armour bind,
" And let your monarch's ſhade warm ev'ry mind.
" On you the God of Heav'n propitiate ſmiles;
" For thoſe of honor'd fame whom death deſpoils,
" Shall paradiſe lay wide her bliſsful gate,
" Each error pardon'd, and victorious fate

" Crown-

" Crown them with laurels; and the envied train,
" 'Midſt ſages great, ſhall walk th' Elyzian plain.
" For thoſe who live triumphant o'er their foes,
" Imperial gifts the victor king beſtows.
" Then, when the dawn beholds the fierce alarm,
" Commence the action, raiſe the vengeful arm.
" Stand to your ranks, in order move along;
" Ah! let no fear intimidate the throng!"
They all reply, " Obedient to command,
" The ſlaves of duty, are this num'rous band.
" Our life the king's; deep as the Oxus flows,
" This plain ſhall deluge with our barb'rous foes."
Thus having ſaid, each to his poſt repairs,
Loſt in revenge were nature's other cares.
Now with the dawn each ſoldier takes his ſhield;
A grove of lances glitter'd in the field!
Vengeance was pictur'd in each warrior's eye;
So the earth's motion bodes an earthquake nigh.
Arms, troops, and horſemen, gild the martial ſight;
All move in order, glowing for the fight.

As

As when vaſt fleets o'erſpread the wat'ry main,
The earth is cover'd by the martial train.
The ſilver drums, and echoing trumpets ſound,
The moving army ſhakes the trembling ground.
Thus when the Nile o'erflows with rapid force,
And levels all with its impetuous courſe:
Thus elephants, when ſtung by keen deſire,
Reſiſtleſs! frantic! rage with furious ire.
Now at the trumpet's ſound the ranks mov'd ſlow,
And though their breaſt with high reſentments glow,
Great was the order of the num'rous train,
They mov'd a mountain on the martial plain.
The battle glows; the ſtream of human blood
Dies all the field, a ſanguinary flood!
As ſome vaſt dome, the elephants on high
Stupendous fall, in mighty ruin lie.
All move, all glow; 'tis Munochere inſpires;
For him the ſoldier burns with vengeful fires.
Pleas'd with his excellence, e'en fate approves,
And with bright rays around the hero moves.

Night

Night clos'd the ſcene, and changing fortune whirls;
Now joy irradiates, now the tempeſt hurls.
Sulm and Toor depreſs'd, reſolve that night
In ſecret guile ſhou'd renovate the fight;
Far different thoughts bright Munochere poſſeſt,
The day to battle, and the night to reſt.
Sulm and Toor, until the midnight hour,
Conſult what arts wou'd give him to their pow'r.
Awake to treach'ry, now theſe chiefs decide,
(Though neither ſenſe nor judgement were their guide)
In the dark hour to ſtab the youthful king,
And deluge all the plain from life's fair ſpring.
Now o'er the world the ſable mantle ſpread,
And beauteous light had hid her orient head.
In arms theſe impious now arrange their force,
Burning to urge their ſanguinary courſe.
The ſpies to Munochere their arts inform;
Prepar'd to guard againſt the riſing ſtorm.
Thus ſpoke the chief: "Bright Karun lead the hoſt,
"Here ſhall I watch, here tranquil take my poſt,"

A brave,

A brave, a choſen band, the king attends;
At night the wily Toor his army bends
With ſlow and ſilent ſteps, prepar'd for war.
Karun he ſaw, and, glitt'ring from afar,
The ban of Gao, ſaw their brandiſh'd arms,
Inevitably ſaw war's fierce alarms.
He gave the ſignal; clouds of duſt ariſe,
Dark horror reigns, and many a hero dies.
Thus when the heav'ns with clouds are cover'd o'er,
And darkneſs ſhades with horror all the ſhore;
The melting ſnow, deſcending through the air,
Through low'ring clouds, appears more white and fair:
So the bright ſwords, amidſt the gloom of night,
With poliſh'd radiance beam reflecting light.
As various angles of the well-cut ſtone
Alternate play, the ſparkling lances ſhone.
Now in the rear of Toor bright Munochere
Leaves no retreat from ſhame, from death, and fear.
Aſtoniſh'd! Toor looks round with wild amaze,
Spurs his fierce courſer; all the warriors gaze:

Now

Now Munochere purſues, permits no reſt;
Fire in his eye, and vengeance in his breaſt.
At Toor he threw the lance; Toor's trembling ſpear
Falls from his hand, benumb'd with pallid fear.
Swift as the winds, he ſeiz'd him as he fled,
And on the ground he daſh'd his impious head;
Then lopp'd it off. The body, as a prey,
Gave to the beaſts; and now he ſpeeds away
To his own tents; the early dawn diſplays
The ſcene of conqueſt with its orient rays.
To Feredoon the action he relates,
The ſmile of fortune, his propitiate fates.
" Great, juſt, triumphant, ever may you ſhine!
" Let gratitude and conqueſt ſtill be mine.
" My guide through life, to honour point the road,
" Protect the worthy, and the baſe explode.
" To the High Lord of ev'ry earthly throne,
" The King of kings! Omnipotence his own!
" I bend my knee; the ſpring of truth from thee
" How purely flows, ſurpaſſing all degree.

" From thee, the Lord of Heav'n! all ſplendor ſprings.
" To thee I bend, immortal King of kings!
" At Turan we arriv'd, the furious train
" Saw for three days war deluge all the plain.
" At night the foe prepar'd deceitful war;
" Each poſt was guarded; ſcarce a diſtant ſtar
" Gave us a glimm'ring light; when Toor I ſaw,
" The dæmon Toor, deſpiſing ev'ry law;
" I puſh'd my courſer on; he fled as air,
" And dropt his jav'lin, aw'd by ſad deſpair.
" I reach'd the fiend, I ſtruck him with my ſpear,
" And pois'd him with my hand, o'erpower'd by fear.
" Then daſh'd the dragon proſtrate on the ground,
" Lopp'd his dire head; and now, with rapid bound,
" To Sulm on we march; compaſſion ſhews
" No lenient hand to ſuch deſtroying foes.
" They murder'd Eritch; deſolation ſpreads
" O'er all their race, and marks their impious heads.
" The head of Toor I ſend."——His ſwifteſt ſteed
He gave an envoy, bids him haſte with ſpeed.

The

The envoy, aw'd by ſhame, the meſſage bears
To Iran, where the king with anxious cares
Waits th' event; the envoy fears to ſhew
The king the head of Toor, although a foe.
Though children thus are vile, yet when pale death
Cloſes the ſcene, for ever ſtops their breath,
Parents will pay the tribute of a tear.
Great were his crimes, the foe to Munochere!
The envoy gave the urn. The monarch's pray'rs
Are rais'd to guard the darling of his cares.
Fame quickly bears to Sulm Toor's defeat;
The vanquiſh'd army, whither to retreat?
A lofty fort he ſeeks, that in his rear
Towers aloft to the etherial ſphere.
He bends his march to try if fate again,
And fickle time, wou'd raiſe his mould'ring reign.
The ſpies to Munochere his views declare:
"Shall he repoſe? his ſhatter'd force repair?
"Haſte, loſe no time; for if the fort he gains,
"(The chief exclaims) high danger ſtill remains.

" Steep its acceſs, in clouds its head appears,
" With rivers circled; 'tis the work of years.
" For wealth, proviſions, and all hoſtile arms,
" Lie in the fort, and dare war's loud alarms.
" When o'er the caſtle all his troops are ſpread,
" War, horrid war! again will raiſe her head."
This having ſaid, brave Karun thus rejoins;
" Grant me permiſſion for to pierce his lines;
" Swift will I go, urge on the rapid horſe,
" Seize on the fort, and ſtop his impious courſe;
" And ſhou'd he dare to meet me on the plain,
" The field ſhall deluge with his Grecian train.
" Give me the ring of Toor; his ban I'll bear;
" This is my counſel: ſwift as lighteſt air
" To the high fort my ſoldiers will I bring,
" And place them there, borne ſafe on fortune's wing.
" Gerſhaſp, myſelf, will head the choſen band;
" And night ſhall lead us to the hoſtile land.
" Silence muſt ſeal the deed."——" Thy plan is wiſe;
" Go, ye brave warriors! favour'd by the ſkies!"

(The

(The chief exclaims) Swift with the ev'ning gale
Karun prepares, while fortune fills the ſail.
To ſeek the river near the banks he came,
And ſpoke to Sherovy of intrepid fame.
" Diſguis'd I ſeek the fort; auſpicious fate
" Shall lead the army to the hoſtile gate.
" There to the chief commanding I will ſhow
" The ring and ſeal of Toor, that impious foe!
" And when the morn ſhall ſpread her ſacred light,
" Bright Gao's ban ſhall wave upon the height:
" Then when you hear the ſudden clamour riſe,
" Urge on thy force, and ſeize the mighty prize."
Thus having ſaid, diſguis'd the warrior goes,
And reach'd the fort; the ring and ſeal he ſhows:
The chief addreſſes: " Toor's commands I bear,
" His order by his mandate I declare,
" That each exertion ſhou'd your cares employ,
" That no repoſe, and ſoft, unwarlike joy,
" Shou'd enervate your arms: with furious might
" Shou'd Munochere approach, 'tis yours to fight;

" To

" To guard your poſts, head-long the foe expel,
" And drive his army to the realms of hell."
When the chief heard, and when he ſaw the ring,
Wide flew the gates, obedient to their king.
He ſaw the ſemblance of the truth appear,
Nor knew deceit was ambuſh'd in the rear.
The tongue of man may flow with ſpecious art;
'Tis God alone can read th' internal heart.
Let juſtice and benevolence be thine,
And let reflection o'er thy actions ſhine.
I ſing whate'er is right, whate'er is wrong,
'Tis truth that dignifies the epic ſong.
When Karun enter'd, then the leader thought,
From mighty Toor the ring and ſeal was brought.
At dawn the ban upon the fort appears;
High tempeſts riſe, and ſhake th' etherial ſpheres.
This Sherovy hearing, ſaw the colours wave,
March'd on his troops, impetuous, fierce, and brave!
Forc'd wide the gates, now ſlaughter rears her hand,
And levels all with her deſtructive wand.

On one ſide Karûn urges all his pow'rs,
And death with Sherovy darts the miſſile ſhow'rs.
The ſtream of blood now tinges ev'ry ſcene,
And ſtains with purple the o'erflowing green.
Then when the ſun had reach'd meridian height,
No foes appear'd, or dar'd renew the fight.
The fort is hid; and clouds of rolling flame
Shade ev'ry eye, and cover all the ſtream.
Hot blow the winds, the captive warriors groan;
Contention ceaſes, and the fort's their own.
When the bright planet bends his ev'ning ray,
Diſpell'd the miſts, the loud winds lull'd away.
Twelve thouſand fell; with blood the river ſteams,
And the plain flow'd in ſanguinary ſtreams.
To Munochere the warlike Karun goes,
And tells his triumph o'er the captive foes.
To whom the king; " Coëval with my name,
" May conqueſt wait on Karun's martial fame.
" Since your departure a new foe appears,
" Grandſon to Zohak; the vile Kakou rears

" His

" His hoſtile arm, with millions in his train :
" Many he ſlew, the pride of Iran's plain!"
" Now Sulm's anxious to renew the fight,
" Proud of his ally, his demoniac might.
" Fame ſpeaks him fierce, intrepid in the field,
" Aw'd by no fear, to ev'ry virtue ſteel'd.
" Till now his name had never reach'd my ears,
" Unknown his proweſs to Irania's peers.
" But ſhou'd he dare to meet me on the plain,
" The ſword decides who moſt deſerves to reign.
Karun replies; " No mortal will preſume
" To brave thy arm, and meet his certain doom.
" Who is this Kakou? dæmon of the war!
" He ne'er will dare to meet Irania's ſtar.
" For ſhou'd the leopard brave thy mighty arm,
" Soon wou'd he fly, o'erpow'r'd with juſt alarm.
" Shou'd you approve, to Kakou I will go,
" And cloſe contention with this furious foe."
To whom the king; " Meet not this dæmon's rage,
" Already have thy labours charm'd the age.

" By

"By ſkill the fort is thine, its gorgeous ſpoils;
"Repoſe ſhou'd crown thee from thy various toils."
Scarce had he ſpoke, the tabor ſounds alarms,
The noiſe of horſes and of clanging arms;
A cloud of duſt the miſty air o'erſpreads,
The burniſh'd ſword a diamond's luſtre ſheds.
Now man to man are ſeen, now ſhield to ſhield;
The eager armies battle for the field.
The tainted winds with human gore ariſe,
And ſnare the kergeſh darting at the prize.
The earth with motion to its center ſhook;
To heav'n the clamour and the tumult broke.
Upon the plain the ſtreams in torrents pour;
The armies cloſe, deſtruction hovers o'er.
E'en nature ſigh'd to view the carnage ſpread,
And hid in clouds her venerable head.
Here Karun rages with a lion's fires,
High in the center Munochere inſpires.
Through warring millions Kakou mows his way,
And braves the youthful monarch to the fray.

With boaſting taunts, and with demoniac force,
To Munochere he ſpurs his furious horſe.
Now arm to arm the thund'ring ſtrokes rebound;
So warring elephants, with mighty ſound,
Urge on to battle; Kakou ſtrikes the blow;
Well aim'd, it ſhook the helmet of his foe.
Breaks through his armour; gallant Munochere
Returns the ſtroke, and, darting fierce his ſpear,
Pierces the helmet on the dæmon's head,
And perforates the ſkin. By fury led,
The combat laſts till noon; declining day
Saw the fierce battle rage with equal ſway.
Now as the ſun retires with leſſen'd beams,
And blood o'erflows the plains with purpl'd ſtreams,
No voice cou'd ſpeak, no language paint the fight,
All trembling nature ſhudders at the ſight.
The youthful hero breathes; his drooping pow'rs
Revive again, again the battle low'rs.
Now Kakou dares the combat; now again
The warriors ſtrive, now ev'ry ſinew ſtrain.

With

With dext'rous arm he ſeiz'd fierce Kakou's zone,
Pierc'd his vile ſoul; when, utt'ring many a groan,
The fainting dæmon fell. In the fierce fray
The elephant thus cruſhes on his prey.
With ſeven fierce blows the victor Munochere
Struck the vile body, ſtill appall'd by fear.
Thus fell, inglorious! all the dæmon's pow'rs;
His boaſted ſtrength, and all his vaunted tow'rs;
Thus, by the race he ſcorn'd, he meets his doom:
A fate predeſtin'd from his mother's womb.
No more the battle fills proud Sulm's ſoul;
His ally conquer'd, to the high control
Of fate he yields; while grief transfix'd his mind:
He dreads the death by Munochere deſign'd.
Now in confuſion Sulm ſwiftly flies;
The victor follows, all retreat denies.
How cou'd he hope to fly the num'rous train,
To reach the fort, or view the Grecian plain?
Fir'd with ſucceſs, the youthful king in ſpeed,
Glowing with rage, ſpurs his Arabian ſteed.

Soon near the fugitive the king appears,
Still Sulm urges on, appall'd by fears.
When Munochere exclaim'd, as near he came:
" Aſſaſſin warrior! monarch void of ſhame!
" Thoſe impious hands ſteep'd in a brother's gore,
" To ſeize his ſceptre, and his coſtly ſtore!
" Where are thy glories? whither wou'd you fly?
" My juſt revenge ſhall all retreat deny.
" I bring the branch of that exalted tree
" You baſely levell'd, now it ſprings for thee.
" Why fly, inglorious! from thy promis'd throne?
" For thee another, a Kianian zone,
" Great Feredoon prepares; ſoon will you reign,
" With all your merits, in th' infernal plain;
" And if the branch ſhou'd prove a bleeding thorn,
" It ſprung from you, and from thy crimes is born."
Thus ſaid, he urg'd his ſteed; he pierc'd his brain,
And one fierce blow his body laid in twain.
Upon a lance he plac'd the impious head:
Loud acclamations all the plains o'erſpread.

Such

Such warlike actions, ſuch ſuperior might,
Mark the brave hero, dreadful in the fight!
As wand'ring flocks without the herdſmen rove,
So Sulm's troops without their leader move.
Now here, now there, o'er mountains and the plain,
The conquer'd fly from the purſuing train.
When thus a chief, for eloquence renown'd,
Calls to the army, trembling at the ſound:
" Bend to the king thy ſteps, declare thy grief,
" And ſpeak like warriors to a warrior chief!
" The conquer'd to the victor monarch ſues,
" Who reigns o'er all the ſplendid planet views.
" Many a rich and noble chief commands,
" War is our trade, and not ignoble bands.
" We came to battle royal Munochère;
" Yet now, obedient, we reſpectful rear
" Our hands ſubdu'd. We wiſh not to provoke
" The rage of war, ſubmiſſive to the yoke!
" We boaſt no ſtrength, are conſcious of no crime,
" Act as you pleaſe, our king, our chief ſublime!"

Thus

Thus ſpoke the chief. The monarch thus replies:
" No gifts I want, fame is my only prize.
" Thoſe who dare act inimical to heav'n,
" Or bow to dæmons, from my ſight are driven.
" Curſt be the dæmons' race! their arts I ſcorn;
" Vile are their actions, and from Eblis born.
" But if my foes have chang'd their former ſtrain,
" Their offer'd friendſhip I ſhall not diſdain.
" Heav'n crown'd my arms, expell'd an impious king,
" Juſtice ſhall reign, and tyrants feel the ſting.
" Reflect, and ground your arms! each thought of ill
" Drive from your breaſt, and let fair honour fill
" Your ev'ry act; let there be no deceit;
" That, when to Greece or Turan you retreat,
" Peace and divine benevolence may crown
" Your future days, and lead you to renown."
Thus having ſaid, the thronging crowds exclaim,
" War is no more! high ſhines the hero's fame!
" Dead is the tyrant!" All the army bows
To the brave youth, and breathe their faithful vows.

They

They lay their arms before the victor king;
Spears, axes, lances, ſwords, the conquer'd bring.
A pile immenſe! the king with gracious mien
Receiv'd the chiefs, and peace adorns the ſcene.
To each, according to their ranks, a place
The conqueror gave, which charm'd the Grecian race.
He ſends the captive's head, in martial ſtate,
To fortune's heir, to Feredoon the great.
He writes the king; the actions paſt renew'd;
What plans he follow'd, and what realms ſubdu'd.
But firſt to heav'n he bends his fervent pray'rs;
Then to the king his pious mind declares:——
"From heav'n thy wiſdom ſprings, thy victor bands,
"Thy ſtrains perſuaſive and thy mighty lands;
"All are obedient, all thy worth adore;
"Thy breaſt, the ſource of ev'ry virtuous lore!
"Great, wiſe, and juſt! by thy o'erſpreading arm
"War is no more, and peace ſucceeds alarm.
"Turan and China now ſubmiſſive yield;
"Low lies the tyrant in the well-fought field.

"His

" His head I ſend; the fetter'd world is free;
" I haſte with ſpeed to bend my ſuppliant knee.
" I write to ſpeak the actions that have paſt;
" And calm your mind, by dubious fate o'ercaſt."
Now to the fort he Sherovy commands,
To bring the ſpoils, and leave the choſen bands.
He orders him to act as wiſdom guides;
Cautious and bold! for war 'tis thought decides;
On elephants they place the ſpoils of war,
And bring them ſafely to Irania's ſtar.
The trumpets ſound. To Feredoon the great,
The youthful victor bends in martial ſtate.
When near Tehmêra, the old anxious king
Glows to behold the bright, the budding ſpring
Of all his hopes; prepares his warlike train:
Drums, trumpets, tabors, glitter in the plain.
On a high elephant he plac'd a throne,
Where rich brocades, and pendant jewels ſhone.
Admiring nature views the ſplendid ſcene,
And ſmiles with radiance, lovely and ſerene!

Near

Near to the ſea which circles Gelan's ſhore,
The king arriv'd, to meet his ſon once more.
With golden bridles, and with belts of gold,
With ſilver ſtirrups, dazzling to behold!
With blazing ſhields, and ev'ry coſtly ſtore,
Fit for his march the royal camels bore.
Now Feredoon alights; th' attendant train,
As lions ſtrong, high glitter on the plain.
Around their necks the golden necklace plays,
Their hair of muſk, their mien, the chief diſplays.
All Iran crowds their monarch to attend;
The ſoldier's glory; and the warrior's friend;
When Munochere the royal ſtandard views,
His army halts; fair ſpring her ſmile renews.
Swift from his horſe he flew; (the branching ſhoot
Breathing gay youth, will yield delicious fruit)
He kiſs'd the ground, and bid the monarch riſe
In fame eternal, to his kind'red ſkies.
The old king bade him mount, and cloſely preſs'd
The youthful victor to his aged breaſt.

Much did he bleſs him, many tears he ſhed,
And plac'd his hands with bleſſings on his head.
To Iran now th' exulting conq'rors bend,
Command that Saum, the warlike chiefs attend.
Theſe lords from Hindoſtan their armies brought,
To aid the monarch; and they bravely fought.
When Saum approach'd, the monarch thus expreſs'd
The lab'ring ſecrets of his aged breaſt:
" Be thou a guardian to my royal boy!
" Death ſoon this tott'ring fabric will deſtroy.
" Pay ſtrict attention, with a gen'rous aim;
" The road to honour is the road to fame.
" (To heav'n the pious monarch rais'd his eye)
" Thou God of juſtice! thron'd with truth on high!
" Thou erſt declar'd that Feredoon was juſt!
" And midſt this ſcene of trouble and of duſt
" Remember'd me; from thee my juſtice flow'd,
" From thee this throne, and all my ſplendor glow'd.
" You gave me mines of unexhauſted ſtore;
" Taught me with pious ardor to adore!

" Oh!

" Oh! lead me now from this terreſtrial plain!
" Tir'd with the world, the trying ſcene of pain!
" No more my ſoul its earthly clay approves;
" Far other thoughts my aged boſom moves."
Now Sherovy arrives with all the ſpoil;
He gifts each warrior for his arduous toil.
Ten days elaps'd, the high regalia ſpread;
He plac'd the crown upon the victor's head.
Bids him be ſeated on the royal throne,
And bids him wear the bright Kianian zone.
Then ſage, and gen'rous counſel he imparts;
The pureſt dictates of the nobleſt arts!
The ſolemn ſcene concludes his ev'ning ray;
Clos'd are the leaves; no more can fortune play:
No more the monarch dazzles on the throne.
The heads of Sulm, Eritch, Toor, alone,
Near Feredoon were plac'd.* He dropp'd a tear,
A tear of grief o'er their untimely bier!
Some time in ſorrow paſs'd the monarch's days;
When thus he ſpoke; " The bright, the dazzling rays,

" That crown'd my mingled hours of life, are o'er,
" And fate now leads me to a different ſhore.
" From theſe three heads my joy, my grief aroſe;
" From rage, ambition, and perverſeneſs flows
" The ills, that waited on their poiſon'd youth:
" From diſobedience, and contempt of truth,
" I loſt them all." And now, with ſorrow weak,
The purple drops bedew'd his aged cheek.
Wan grief was pictur'd in his pallid face:
A few ſhort days with ſad and ſolemn grace,
The monarch liv'd. Though Feredoon is dead,
His name, his glories, o'er the world are ſpread,
Of honour'd age he dy'd! bright juſtice ſmil'd,
And truth with knowledge for his glory toil'd.
Now Munochere the great tiara throws
From his young brow, where genuine anguiſh flows.
Now deepeſt mourning covers all his frame;
He builds a high mauſoleum, known to fame.
Bright azure colours decorate the tomb,
Silver and gold, with muſk and ſweet perfume,

Are

Are ſtrow'd around. The high, the ivory throne,
The rich tiara, and Kianian zone,
Are plac'd within the tomb. Brave Munochere
Leads the proceſſion, holds the ſilent bier;
So ſolemn rites and ſacred rules require:
And Feredoon, whoſe fame cou'd ſoar no higher,
He plac'd within the tomb; then clos'd the door:
For Feredoon in ſorrow left the ſhore.
Seven days in grief, too poignant to deſcribe,
The king, the city, and the martial tribe,
The ſons of Iran mourn'd their monarch's fate;
The world fallacious, and its tranſient ſtate,
Fickle as winds; the man of wiſdom ſpurns
Its blazing meteors, its inconſtant turns.
If I behold the mirror of the world,
Its wiles, its bauble playthings are unfurl'd:
And does deſire of life thy ſoul pervade?
Think that death ſoon will lead thee to the ſhade.
All the world gives, how ſoon ſhe takes away!
For one ſhort hour ſhe beams with tranſient ray.

Though

Though coral form'd thy doors, of what avail?
All fall alike in death's ſurrounding pale.
Though poor, though humble, though a mighty king,
Death makes you equal in his equal wing.
Here joy and ſorrow in oblivion ſleep;
Ambition glows not; grief forgets to weep.
Think not perpetual ſpring will crown your days,
Or fortune beam with ever-ſmiling rays.

THE

SHÂH NAMÊH.

BOOK VII.

THE

THE ARGUMENT.

MUNOCHERE *aſcends the throne of* Iran; *his addreſs to the warriors—The ſpeech of* Saum—*Who returns to* Zeiſtan—*The birth of* Zalzer, *who is expoſed by his father on the mountain* Elburs—*The* Semurgh *ſaves, and protects the infant—As he grows up, travellers obſerve his manly appearance, and relate the ſtory to* Saum; *who in viſions is upbraided with his conduct to his ſon—deeply afflicted, he repairs to* Elburs, *where the* Semurgh *delivers* Zalzer *to his father—The guardian bird, as a proof of her affection, gives* Zalzer *a feather, which ſhe directs him to burn whenever any particular misfortune attends him—The conciliation of* Saum—Munochere *ſends his ſon* Nooder *to direct the attendance of* Saum *and* Zalzer, *who obey the mandate—The inſtructions of the king reſpecting the young warrior—He orders the aſtrologers to declare the future deſtiny of* Zalzer—*Their declaration of his future eminence—The king diſtributes different kingdoms to the warriors—*Saum *returns to* Zeiſtan, *and, giving his ſon to the charge of the ſages, marches to* Mazinderan—*His charge to the guardians of* Zalzer—*The improve-*

ment

ment of the young chief, who travels to Kabul, *and is met by the lord of that country, a tributary to* Saum—Zalzer *becomes enamoured of* Rodahver, *the daughter of* Mehrab—*A deſcription of* Rodahver's *perſon*—Rodahver, *animated by the delineation of the character of* Zalzer *by* Mehrab, *contrives an interview; in which they pledge their mutual faith*—Zalzer *declares his attachment to the nobles, who diſapprove, on account of the difference of ſect, and apprehenſive of the indignation of* Saum, *they adviſe him to addreſs the king*—*The letter of* Zalzer *to* Saum—Saum, *provoked at the intelligence, convenes the ſages, who prognoſticate the birth of a celebrated hero, from the union of* Zalzer *and* Rodahver—*In conſequence* Saum *returns a favourable reply, which* Zalzer *ſends to* Rodahver—*The ſlave detected by* Scendocht, *the Queen of* Kabul, *her anger, and apprehenſion of the indignation of* Mehrab—*The lord of* Kabul, *perceiving her grief, demands the cauſe*—*Who declares the attachment of* Rodahver ——Mehrab *determines to deſtroy* Rodahver—*The intreaties of* Scendocht—Mehrab *relents*—*Is again provoked at the ſight of* Rodahver—*The diſpleaſure of* Munochere—*He directs* Nooder *to bring* Saum *to the preſence*—*Who attends the king, and relates his wars in* Mazinderan—*Declares the attachment of* Zalzer—*The*

king commands him to level the cities of Mehrab—Saum *marches*—Zalzer, *provoked, meets his father, upbraids him with his conduct to him in his early infancy*—Saum *then addreſſes the king, and directs his ſon to bear the letter*—Mehrab, *enraged at the order of the king, menaces the fate of* Rodahver—*Is again prevented by* Scendocht, *who goes to* Saum, *and obtains his aſſent*—*Returns to the palace of* Mehrab.

THE

SHÂH NAMÊH.

BOOK VII.

SEVEN days in mourning paſt, now high affairs
Call the young monarch to his kingly cares.
Now ſeated high with the Kianian crown,
Each dire magician is expell'd the town.
The warriors praiſe the actions of the king,
And the whole world his various virtues ſing.

His ſtrength, his juſtice, wiſdom, all admire,
His high benevolence, his gen'rous fire.
When to the army thus the king expreſt
The high ideas of his mighty breaſt:
" Behold your monarch ſeated on the throne!
" Shou'd juſtice call, its dictates are my own:
" Shou'd war in tempeſt ſpread her ample ſhield,
" Prepar'd for battle, I ſhall dare the field:
" Shou'd peace with white-rob'd garb my cares demand,
" Fair peace in ſafety walks Irania's land.
" Far ſpread my mandates, deſtiny my friend,
" Kings are my ſubjects, to my orders bend.
" Bright fortune favours with propitiate nod,
" And all my royal grandeur ſprings from God.
" Vice is a ſtranger to your monarch's breaſt;
" By night I dare the battle, ſcorning reſt.
" In me the fire of Perzin blazes wide;
" The ban of Gao conquers by my ſide.
" For me the mines their coſtly treaſures yield:
" Light of the throne! and fearleſs in the field!

" To

" To ſuppliant crowds, vaſt as the ſpreading ſea,
" To all I give, to all my gifts decree.
" My ſoul in mounting flames in battle ſoars:
" No ill I ſuffer on Irania's ſhores.
" Through realms remote I march the warlike train,
" And conqueſt walks triumphant on the plain.
" Though thus pre-eminent, though greatly brave,
" A mortal am I, as the meaneſt ſlave.
" To God my pious adoration ſprings,
" To him, omnipotent! the King of kings!
" Without his aid, low grov'ling on the earth,
" My ſplendor ſinks, the glories of my birth!
" From God my triumph and my grandeur flows,
" From him the conqueſt o'er my impious foes.
" I follow Feredoon, divinely bleſt!
" I follow all the dictates of his breaſt:
" Though he was old, and youth this boſom fires,
" 'Tis Feredoon that ev'ry thought inſpires:
" He gave this throne, this rich tiara gave,
" This martial army, and the warriors brave.

" My

" My future deeds my gratitude ſhall ſhow;
" And worth with honour through the world ſhall glow.
" Through the ſeven realms thoſe who delight in ill,
" And leave their faith, and not their duties fill,
" Who ſpurn the poor, who their dependants ſcorn,
" Atheiſts in heart, of impious dæmons born!
" Whom God approves not, each deteſted realm,
" This arm in vengeance ſhall with fire o'erwhelm."
The warriors bow; the road his grandſire choſe
Our king purſues, the victor of his foes!
Long, long may fortune ev'ry bleſſing ſhow'r,
Thron'd high in wiſdom, eminence, and pow'r;
Our ſouls are thine, for thee our wiſhes flow,
Our ſwords unſheath, and all our paſſions glow;
Saum ſtanding up the royal youth addreſt;
" In you, juſt prince! are all my hopes impreſt.
" On you our plaudits wait, the hero's pride!
" From kings deſcended, and to kings ally'd;
" From the firſt race who wore Irania's crown,
" Aided by heav'n, and guided by renown.

" While

" While as the lion brave you guide the horſe,
" And rule him dext'rous o'er th' embattl'd courſe,
" May fate ſtill lead triumphant in the field;
" And heav'n thy glories and thy perſon ſhield.
" Ador'd on earth, to ev'ry mortal known,
" The wonder bright of the Kianian throne!
" High in the throng a radiant ſun appear,
" Fierce on the plain, the elephant of war!
" May the reſplendent throne be ever thine,
" And deſtiny to thee her pow'rs reſign.
" In Hindoſtan no more magicians low'r;
" But peace and pleaſure crown the tranquil hour.
" To dare the mock of hoſtile arms is mine;
" Fair peace now courts thee, and repoſe is thine.
" Thy army I will lead o'er hoſtile plains,
" And bring to thee thy adverſe foes in chains.
" Form'd by thy grandſire to the ſhock of arms,
" 'Tis thine to reign, ſecure from war's alarms."
The monarch prais'd him, royal gifts beſtow'd;
Such gifts the monarch and the ſoldeir ſhow'd.

Saum

Saum takes his leave; a brave and martial train,
The warrior follow'd to his native plain.
Gay fortune ſmil'd, the world appears elate;——
And now from old tradition I relate
A wond'rous tale; the gen'rous Saum behold!
Mark the revolving world, in playful fold,
Toys o'er our lives! no ſon bright Saum poſſeſt;
The conſtant object of his anxious breaſt.
One beauteous miſtreſs was his darling care;
Her cheek of roſes, and of muſk her hair.
The fair was pregnant; on her beauties hung
The orient luſtre of the riſing ſun.
Gay hope, array'd in future glory, ſmil'd;
Each budding grace adorn'd the lovely child.
The ſun's bright radiance in his form appears,
The moon's mild luſtre crowns his infant years.
Of ſnowy white his hair; ſeven days were o'er
Ere Saum was told the child his miſtreſs bore.
All ran to ſee the wonder, all amaz'd,
And all aſtoniſh'd ſtartled as they gaz'd.

A nurſe,

A nurſe, with more than manly ſtrength endu'd,
Attends on Saum, and thus her ſtrain purſu'd:
" Bleſt be thy days! victorious o'er thy foe;
" Thy pray'r is granted, let thy joys o'erflow.
" An infant lion in thy ſon is born,
" Brave will he be, and all thy days adorn.
" A face of paradiſe, his hair of ſnow,
" No vice inherent, beauteous as the doe.
" This deſtiny commands; then be thou bleſt,
" And let no penſive thought diſturb thy breaſt."
Saûm ſeeks the private manſion of the fair;
And when he view'd the wonder, its white hair,
Its body dark, fair hope deſerts his mind,
He dreaded the reproach of all mankind.
Reflecting how to act, he raiſ'd to heav'n
His ſorrowing eye. " Is this the boy that's giv'n
" To my fond wiſh! yet God can do no wrong;
" His will be done; if midſt the martial throng,
" Worthleſs I am, and if demoniac deeds
" Diſgrace my life, if vice my boſom leads,

" Reward me as I merit, gracious heav'n!
" On ſeas tempeſtuous are my ſenſes driv'n.
" Quick flows my blood: it ſeems Ahermen's child;
" White hair, dark body, dire demoniac, wild.
" And ſhou'd the warriors queſtion on his birth,
" What anſwer give? the ſcorn of all the earth!
" A pyebald leopard, or of fairy race;
" Iran I quit, the ſcene of my diſgrace.
" Iran delights no more. (He turn'd in ire)
" Such is my fate: quick lead this infant dire
" To hills remote." To Elburs him they bear;
(The famous Elburs tow'rs aloft in air)
There dwells the Semurgh, of celeſtial fame,
Her fav'rite manſion, ſacred by her name.
They plac'd the infant on the harden'd ſtone,
And left him there, unpitied and alone:
Thus was the infant chief, without a crime,
Left by his ſire to wither in his prime.
Cruel! to quit the infant at the breaſt,
And thus deſert him, leave him there diſtreſt.

He

He did not form his frame, or frightful hair;
Why give his life remorſeleſs to deſpair?
Then Saum thus ſpoke; "I ſought with anxious pray'r
"A martial ſon; you ev'ry hope deſtroy;
"In form a dæmon, bane of all my joy."
Away he ſpeeds; the hungry infant's cries
Reach'd the bright Semurgh; who, with pitying eyes,
Beheld the child; its cradle form'd of ſtone,
And earth its nurſe, all naked and alone.
No ſhade protects him from the ſolar rays,
Crying for food diſconſolate he lays.
E'en the wild leopard nouriſhes its young,
Supplies with food, and ſhelters from the ſun.
Heav'n to the Semurgh, fav'ring! gave the child,
Who kindly nurs'd it in the mountain wild.
Where beaſts of prey, and various birds repair,
She kindly foſter'd with a mother's care.
Among her young, by heav'n's protecting hand,
Safe lay the infant in this barren land.

She ſaw her brood voracious to deſtroy,
And with her guardian hand protects the boy.
As he grew up, the will of fate appears;
And travellers obſerv'd his growing years
In eminence ariſe, and wonder more;
A mountain cruſted with the ſilver ore
His body ſeems: no deed is e'er conceal'd;
Act well or ill, by time it is reveal'd.
Fame ſpreads the ſtory to the circling ſtates;
Saum hears the tale, and wonders at the fates.
One night as penſive Saum had clos'd his eyes,
In his diſorder'd fancy viſions riſe.
He thought he ſaw a man with rapid courſe,
Urge on from Hindoſtan his Arab horſe:
A warlike figure; who, in martial praiſe,
Spoke of his ſon, his great and op'ning rays.
Alarm'd, he calls the ſages, tells his dream,
And aſks their judgement of the viſion'd theme.
"Your child ſtill lives, and fame reports him brave,
"Victorious ſtill o'er fortune's adverſe wave;"

The

The ſage reply'd, " Thoſe who obey not heav'n,
" In darkneſs wand'ring, are to perils driv'n.
" Stones were his cradle, earth his only nurſe;
" By birds protected from a parent's curſe.
" Whether in deſerts, though a beaſt of prey,
" Though finny monſters of the wat'ry way,
" Still o'er their young they watch with guardian care.
" The bird ſtill hovers o'er, when in the air,
" The unfledg'd young firſt 'tempt the dang'rous flight;
" And never lets them fly beyond the ſight.
" From his white hair firſt ſprung the infant's grief;
" Think not he's dead, but ſeek the youthful chief.
" Where heav'n protects, nor heat nor cold avail:
" Guarded by heav'n, all artifice will fail.
" Bow with ſubmiſſion, fervent to your God,
" All nature, juſtice, hangs upon his nod."
Saum with the dawn propoſes to depart,
And ſeek high Elburs with repenting heart.
As he repos'd, he ſaw a mountain riſe,
In Hindoſtan the waving ſtandard flies;

A youth

A youth approach'd his couch, on whom attend
A num'rous army, and two ſages bend
On either ſide; when one thus Saum addreſt,
And thus reproach'd the feelings of his breaſt:
" Know, chief, preſumptuous, fearleſs of the ſkies!
" The Semurgh nurs'd thy ſon, and guards her prize
" Though white his hair, thy locks will fall away;
" And imitate the willow in decay.
" Heav'n gave this boy, while impious Saum, unjuſt,
" Laid the deſerted infant in the duſt.
" Heav'n cou'd thy hair, in each revolving hour,
" To various colours change, with mighty pow'r.
" Heav'n guards that ſon a parent's breaſt expell'd;
" The father ſpurn'd him, and the ſkies upheld."
Now Saum awakes; as lions in a ſnare
He ſtart'ling roar'd, and dreaded that deſpair
Was mark'd by fate; and that his crime wou'd bring
Grief and remorſe, and future vengeance ſting.
He roſe; and calls the warriors, and the wiſe,
And ſeeks the mountain, where the fav'ring ſkies

Protect

Protect his ſon; he ſees the tow'ring height
High as the pleiades, high as mortal ſight,
Like a bright ſtar in the etherial ſpheres:
And high as Saturn a ſtrong manſion rears
Its aërial head; the chief and all his train,
With wonder ſtruck, alight upon the plain.
They view'd the ſtones, the high ſtupendous tow'r,
The awful bird, the hanging rocks that low'r,
And menace fate; its adamantine ſeat
No ſtorm cou'd ſhake, no tempeſt, or no heat
Of furious fire, cou'd move; and now around
The mountain he beholds the hero bound;
Sees his reſemblance ſparkle in the youth;
And bows to heav'n, and owns th' immortal truth.
He ſaw the hand of heav'n with pow'rs auguſt
Shadow his ſon, omnipotent and juſt!
No way appears the ſteep aſcent to climb,
Here only birds can wing their flight ſublime.
He tries each way to mount the advent'rous height;
When thus he ſpoke "Oh! God, ſerenely bright!

"Above

" Above the ſtars, the planetary ſpheres,
" To thee I bend, to thee my boſom rears
" Her ſorrowing ſtrain: Oh! lead with fav'ring hand,
" (Benevolence is thine!) to yon high ſtrand.
" Reſtore my ſon rejected with diſgrace,
" That ſon is mine, not of Ahermen's race."
Heav'n fav'ring, ſmil'd; the Semurgh ſaw the train,
And knew that Saum ſearch'd this diſtant plain
For his young ſon; that not with adverſe arm
He came to ſpread his terrors and alarm.
Then to the youth he ſpeaks: " My guardian toil
" Has nurs'd thee ſafe on this deſerted ſoil,
" And nam'd thee Duſtan, when thy martial fire
" Abandon'd thee, ſad object of his ire!
" Now teach the world, that, worthy of your name,
" Your future acts may aggrandize your fame.
" Brave is thy ſire, and 'midſt the warriors great;
" He comes to ſeek thee, ſorrowing o'er thy fate;
" Here he can never riſe, but I will place
" Thee near thy ſire, the glory of his race!"

This

This when he heard, ſoft tears his cheeks o'erflow'd,
Man he ne'er ſaw, his breaſt with juſtice glow'd.
Taught by the Semurgh all the arts of ſpeech;
By heav'n protected from all mortal reach;
He thus reply'd: "Thy guardian care I own;
"Thy wing my ſceptre, and this rock my throne.
"Kind to my youth, to my misfortunes kind,
"'Twas you that guarded, and inform'd my mind."
The Semurgh anſwers; "When you once behold
"The belt Kianian, and the throne of gold,
"You will exclaim, 'The barren rock diſplays
"No ſcene deſerving the Kianian rays.'
"Survey mankind, I give thee to the king!
"This parting does not from my anger ſpring.
"Be ever bleſt; with my own young I rear'd
"Thy infant life, to right thy judgement ſteer'd.
"Shou'd danger hover round, this feather warm;
"Then you will know my care; for in a ſtorm,
"In tow'ring clouds, I will appear in air,
"And ſnatch thee ſafe from ev'ry human care.

" Let not oblivion on your nurſe attend,
" And know her always for your faithful friend."
She counſel'd much: then in her ærial wing
She plac'd the youth, and led him to the king.
Long flow'd his hair, with mighty ſtrength he ro
And beaming ſplendor in his manners glows.
When Saum beheld him, much the chief repin'd,
And to the Semurgh bow'd with grateful mind.
He ſung her praiſes: " Thou, O! King of kings!
" From whom all radiant truth and grandeur ſpring
" (The chief exclaim'd) did give this martial boy,
" And thou did nurſe him with a parent's joy.
" Oh! may thy foes fall mould'ring to the tomb!
" And ever ſmiling pleaſure be thy doom!"
He gaz'd at Zal, deſerving of a throne;
The lion youth, the martial warrior ſhone.
His face the radiance of the ſun appears;
Black eyes, black eyelids, all the bloom of years,
With ruby lips, and ev'ry beauteous grace;
And his white hair alone deforms his face.

Now

Now Saum with fond paternal pleaſure glows,
And o'er his ſon now many a bleſſing flows.
When thus he ſpoke; "Let anger love ſucceed,
"And to oblivion give the cruel deed.
"The ſlave of God, I bend before his ſhrine;
"Heav'n gave thee, and by heav'n thou now art mine.
"For you my pow'r ſhall riſe, my ſplendid throne,
"And my whole ſoul is rapt in thee alone."
Dreſs'd as a warrior Zal appear'd ſublime:
They quit the mountain for their native clime.
The drums, the tabors, martial muſic plays,
And the whole army ſpeak the hero's praiſe.
Saum with his ſon now reach their native plains,
And high rejoicings fill the warlike trains.
Charm'd with the news which fame, with rapid wing,
From Zebuliſtan told Irania's king,
Nooder he orders his commands to bear;
And thus his fav'ring thoughts to Saum declare
"Tell him his monarch wiſhes to behold
"The gallant Duſtan, who, as fame has told,

" Was bred in Elburs, and whate'er his breaſt
" Is anxious to obtain, ſhall be poſſeſt."
Nooder obeys; he reach'd Zieſtania's plains,
And Saum embraces; who, with eager ſtrains,
Much queſtions of the king; the chief relates
The royal meſſage, and propitiate fates.
Saum bows ſubmiſſive, with his martial band
Marches obedient to Irania's land.
Zalzer attends; the godlike Munochere
The hero meets; and when his bans appear,
Saum from his horſe deſcends; the king with ſpeed
Commands the chief to mount his Arab ſteed.
The conqueror of worlds, and him who reigns
O'er mighty kingdoms, and wide-ſpreading plains,
March to the throne. The royal carpet ſpread,
The rich tiara nodding o'er the head
Of royal Munochere; on either ſide
Stood Saum and Karun, both their monarch's pride.
In armour clad, to Munochere they bring
The warlike youth; while the aſtoniſh'd king

Beholds

Beholds the riſing ſun, and thus expreſt
To the fond ſire the wonder of his breaſt:
" Unequal'd beams thy ſon! whoſe martial form,
" And manly beauties, ſpeak the ſon of Saum.
" The world will ſay, where'er this youth appears,
" War is no more, and clos'd are all our fears.
" Guard the rich mine, inſtruct his youthful breaſt;
" In the brave lion ſtands the king confeſt.
" Teach him the arts of war, let his young mind
" With regal ſpeech and knowledge be refin'd.
" Birds were his tutors, and a rock his ſeat,
" Fair wiſdom dwells not in the low retreat."
Saum thus reply'd: (the wond'rous tale relates
Of the bright Semurgh, and the fav'ring fates.)
" The Semurgh gave, benevolent! the boy:
" To you I bring the ſource of all my joy."
Now the wiſe ſages, vers'd in heav'nly lore,
The king commands his greatneſs to explore.
" How will he riſe? pre-eminently great!
" What nations conquer? and what mighty ſtate?

" How

" How will he rule?" The aſtronomers reply,
" Great will he ſhine, his fame will blaze on high."
The king was pleas'd; and Saum with rapture glow'd;
And royal gifts bright Munochere beſtow'd.
The decorated ſteed, the diamond's rays,
The ruby ſtreaming with a purple blaze;
The Indian ſword with pureſt gold inlaid,
And various jewels, with the rich brocade;
Fair Grecian ſlaves in coſtly garments dreſt,
And cups of gold with muſk and amber preſt;
The ſweeteſt fragrance of each gay perfume,
And the bright carpets of the Perſian loom.
Armour and helmets, bows and lances ſhine;
Each inſtrument of war, each martial ſign;
A diadem, a throne, a belt of gold;
Theſe were the royal gifts to Zal the bold.
From Kabul to the river Sind his reign,
The monarch fix'd, as far as th' Indian plain:
Atteſted by the royal ſeal. Now Saum prepares
To leave the court, and thus his ſoul declares;

" From

" From earth to heav'n thy equal is not known,
" Wiſdom and juſtice beam around thy throne.
" The world in pleaſure views each riſing day,
" The bleſt reſult of thy illuſtrious ſway.
" For thee the mines their treaſur'd heaps reſign,
" And fame ſhall lead thee to her laurel'd ſhrine."
He kiſs'd the throne; the drums, the tabors ſound,
All Iran gaz'd to ſee the warrior bound
On his fierce ſteed; when near Zeiſtania's plains,
His ſubjects all exult in grateful ſtrains.
The ſparkling jewels at his feet they lay,
And flowers with rich perfumes obſtruct his way.
The nobles thus their grateful thoughts expreſt;
" May Zal for ever live! for ever bleſt!"
To Zal they bow ſubmiſſive. Now Saum, elate,
Rich gifts preſented to the wiſe and great.
To Zal inſtruct, he calls the letter'd ſage,
And thus addreſt: " Let Zal thy cares engage;
" 'Tis the king's order to collect a force;
" To far Mazinderan I bend my courſe:

" And

" And to Kergerſeran to ſhine in arms,
" My eager ſoul delights in war's alarms.
" In early life I dar'd the hoſtile field,
" And acted wrong; for all to fate muſt yield.
" My ſon diſgrac'd, a Semurgh ſav'd the youth;
" What different actions! the bright God of truth
" Reſtor'd my ſon: with knowledge ſtore his mind,
" And let his heart by ſcience be refin'd.
" Know that my ev'ry hope, my ev'ry joy,
" Is fix'd, is center'd in this martial boy.
" Teach him the duties worthy of his birth,
" And let him ſhine pre-eminent on earth;
" The king commands; my breaſt with ardour glows
" To hurl his thunders o'er the adverſe foes.
" (To Zal he look'd) to the wiſe ſage attend,
" To his inſtructions with ſubmiſſion bend.
" Great Zabuliſtan's thine; to thy command
" This kingdom bows, and all its warlike band.
" From thee my future bliſs or grief will ſpring;
" Thine is the treaſure; learn to be a king."

The

The youth reply'd, " 'Tis but a tranſient hour
" Since fortune plac'd me in a parent's pow'r.
" Why erſt expel me, why deſert my youth,
" And now command me to the ways of truth?
" Left was the infant on the harden'd ſtone,
" Crying for food, unpitied and alone.
" A den my cradle, and a bird my nurſe,
" Who, kind! protected from a father's curſe.
" Fate ſmil'd auſpicious; who can heav'n oppoſe?
" And fortune blunts the thiſtles of the roſe."
Thus having ſaid, the warlike ſire replies;
" Expel theſe thoughts, and bleſs the fav'ring ſkies.
" For thee ſhall white-rob'd peace her arms extend,
" Thine is the throne, and deſtiny thy friend:
" My precepts hear! on thee the ſage ſhall wait,
" Attentive liſten to the wiſe debate;
" All ſciences explore; from wiſdom ſprings
" The warrior's fame, and in the breaſt of kings
" Shou'd eminence be thron'd." The martial train,
Led on by Saum, now glitter on the plain.

With all the pomp of war, with glowing fire,
Two marches Zâl attends upon his ſire.
There Saum embrac'd his ſon, and thus addreſt,
As fond affection dictates to his breaſt;
" Return, my ſon; your hours let pleaſure crown,
" Adorn'd by ſcience, rais'd by great renown."
Now Zal returns. When ſeated on the throne,
The rich tiara, and the golden zone,
Adorn the youth; on him the ſages wait,
And wiſe aſtronomers well vers'd in fate.
The warriors too attend; they teach the youth
The arts of wiſdom, and immortal truth.
Science exploring was their ſole delight;
By day they read, and meditate by night.
Bright as a ſtar the rays of ſcience beam,
Till Zal, exalted by the glorious theme,
Deem'd his own knowledge eminently great;
Well taught in war, excelling in debate;
Mankind was dazzled with his riſing name,
And all his ſubjects join to blaze his fame.

Behold

Behold the wonders of revolving heav'n!
In early years to diſtant mountains driv'n!
Now thron'd in greatneſs: the repenting ſire
His ſon confeſſes, full of martial fire.
No more inactive; Zal with choſen band
To Kabul marches near the Indian ſtrand,
There he encamps, there muſic charms the ſoul,
And all the hours in gay luxuriance roll.
There gen'rous gifts the youthful chief beſtows;
There ſmiling poverty no ſorrow knows.
Such are the acts that grace the hero's name,
And in this tranſient ſcene exalt to fame.
Here Mehrab reign'd, for mighty ſtrength renown'd,
For beauty fam'd, by heav'nly wiſdom crown'd;
Of Zohak's race: to Saum he tribute paid,
A yearly ſtipend, and a martial aid.
Soon as he heard that Duſtan ſought his plains,
He march'd to meet him with his well-arm'd trains.
Zal haſten'd on, and to his tent he leads
The chief of Kabul, fam'd for manly deeds!

Attendant cities join'd in loud acclaim,
Eager to view the prince adorn'd by fame.
And now the ſervants ſpread the ſumptuous board,
With richeſt wines and various viands ſtor'd.
Mehrab with pleaſure kens the hero's face,
Admires his manly form and martial grace,
And thus addreſt: "May ev'ry joy be thine!
"And conqueſt lead to fame's reſplendent ſhrine!"
The chiefs embrace, and part; when, to his train,
Mehrab thus ſpoke, in animated ſtrain:
"What eye e'er ſaw ſo elegant a form?
"Equal to ſhine in peace or guide the ſtorm.
"What chief will dare to meet this riſing ſtar,
"Or brave the hero in the fields of war?"
When Mehrab parted, in ſeductive ſtrain,
To Zal thus ſpoke a warrior in his train:
"This Mehrab has a daughter brighter far,
"And far more radiant, than the orient ſtar.
"Tall as the ſabbin tree, divinely fair!
"Spotleſs as iv'ry her beauties are!

"The

" The ſweets of paradiſe around her blow;
" Her charms irradiate with celeſtial glow;
" Her jetty locks in graceful ringlets play,
" Charm ev'ry ſenſe, and ſteal the ſoul away.
" The jetty locks her blooming beauties ſhade,
" Pierce through the heart to inſtant love betray'd.
" Even and white her well-form'd teeth appear,
" Not the white roſe more delicately clear.
" Her oval breaſt no fancy e'er cou'd paint;
" Weak were all language, all expreſſion faint.
" Nor the narciſſus, which the floriſts prize,
" Equals the beaming luſtre of her eyes.
" The laſhes of the eye, in graceful fall,
" Still add new radiance as they ſhade the ball.
" Black are the eyelids, curv'd with wond'rous ſkill,
" Seize the whole ſoul, and ev'ry paſſion fill.
" 'Tis all elyſium! how by fortune bleſt
" Will be that chief who captivates her breaſt!"
The heart of Zal beats high with glowing fires;
Repoſe is baniſh'd, love alone inſpires;

If

If he beholds the ſun, his waking dreams
Deluſive deem him but the fair-one's beams.
If muſk is ſcatter'd all around his chair,
'Tis but the eſſence of the fair-one's hair.
Through the long night his ardent fancy glows;
Impaſſion'd ſorrow o'er his boſom flows.
Then when the rubied morn in radiant light
Diſpels the ſacred ſtillneſs of the night,
The lover roſe; around the warriors ſtand,
Him Mehrab viſits with a choſen band.
To meet the chief, Zal orders all his train,
And thus addreſt in animated ſtrain:
" Say, can my throne, or can my kingdom, yield
" Aught that can pleaſe the chief of Kabul's field?"
" Illuſtrious youth!" the warlike chief reply'd,
" One wiſh I have, and be not that deny'd.
" Oh! grace my manſion with your royal ſight,
" My breaſt will glow with tranſport and delight."
Thus having ſaid, the penſive Zal rejoins;
" Honour forbids to view your idol ſhrines.

" Say,

" Say, can no other wiſh thy ſoul employ?
" Compliance is my firſt and only joy."
Mehrab in outward ſhow applauds the chief,
Condemns, within, his faith, and parts with grief.
Though equal praiſe externally appear'd,
Their different faiths to varying judgement ſteer'd.
The chiefs of Zal view, with averted eyes,
The man they deem'd deſerted by the ſkies;
But when they ſaw their monarch's glowing flame,
All prais'd the daughter, all her charms proclaim.
This feeds the fire; fair wiſdom flies his breaſt,
And love, almighty love! his ſoul poſſeſt.
Still he attempts to hide the fierce deſires:
" War," he exclaims, " 'tis war alone inſpires!
" No luxury ſhall enervate my mind,
" Or be to joys effeminate reſign'd."
Sorrow and care his ſoul, like cancers, tear:
" How ſhall I gain her? by what ardent care?
" How ſhall I claſp this beauty in my arms,
" And free my mind from ſuch intenſe alarms?"

The melting youth the fierceſt fires aſſail,
Now warm in love, and now with anguiſh pale.
His wife and daughter, each their warrior's joy,
The anxious cares of Mehrab's ſoul employ.
On his return he lively pictures drew
Of Zal accompliſhed, lovely to the view.
Like the fair garden of perpetual ſpring,
Where flow'rs eternal bloom, where nature's ſongſters ſing.
" Scendocht much queſtions of his mighty ſire,
" Of Zal's bright form, and of his martial fire.
" And what advantage from his viſit roſe?
" Far, far from Mehrab be all future woes!
" Say, does the prince in mountains wild delight?
" Does the throne charm him, or the martial fight?
" Does fame allure him? does his nervous form
" In war impetuous dare the miſſile ſtorm?"
Mehrab replies: " He like the cypreſs rears
" His head on high, and like a God appears.
" No warrior equals his immortal beams,
" His amber crown, his ſcientific themes.

" When

" When his fierce courſer furious paws the ground,
" No mortal rides him with ſuch active bound.
" His lion ſoul, his elephantine frame,
" Reſiſtleſs in the battle, ſeize on fame.
" Not with more violence the Nile o'erflows,
" And levels all that dare its courſe oppoſe.
" His ruddy cheeks hang on the wing of youth;
" Great is his wealth, magnanimous his truth!
" When, like a dragon in the bloody field,
" He dares the fray, the boldeſt warriors yield:
" White are his hairs, which ſome a fault eſteem;
" Though long, though flowing, beauteous though they ſeem
" And all mankind, delighted with his ſtrain,
" Are happy to attend the hero's train."
Fir'd with the picture, o'er Rodahver's face
The deep'ning bluſhes heighten ev'ry grace:
With eager paſſion all her boſom glows;
Love chaſes far her balmy ſoft repoſe;
The mad'ning fires urge on the panting maid,
And various thoughts her yielding mind invade.

Mehrab ſhou'd ne'er, in ſuch exuberant ſtrain,
Have pour'd the poiſon through his daughter's vein.
A dæmon rages in the female's breaſt;
Deſcription fires, and frantic till poſſeſt.
Five ſlaves attend her, whom ſhe thus addreſt:
" To you, for whom my guardian care has ſhone,
" I ſpeak the ſecret of my mind alone.
" Hear, and be cautious; love inflames my ſoul;
" Fierce as the winds my rapid paſſions roll.
" Zal reigns triumphant; if I cloſe my eyes,
" The ſoft illuſions of his image riſe.
" Sleep flies my couch. Say, then, what bleſt relief
" (To you alone 'tis known) can eaſe my grief?"
The ſlaves, aſtoniſh'd that the royal maid
Shou'd be to ſuch improper thoughts betray'd,
Reply'd indignant; " Thy bright charms inſpire,
" Pride of the king! and ſet the world on fire.
" From Hindoſtan to China thy fair frame
" Charms ev'ry monarch, and each chief of fame.

" The

" The brilliant gem that ſparkles o'er theſe plains,
" The ſtar of beauty, where each luſtre reigns.
" For thee the monarchs of the Weſt ſhall ſigh,
" And all Kanouge ſhall hang upon thy eye.
" Say, does not ſhame, and terror of thy ſire,
" Repreſs theſe thoughts, and this unhallow'd fire?
" Say, does thy wiſhes to the ſon of Saum,
" Without a parent's will, thy boſom warm?
" Taught by a bird, in hills alone renown'd,
" No mother nurs'd him, by a Semurgh crown'd.
" Whoe'er wou'd cheriſh ſuch a ſtrange deſire?
" For wond'rous is thy love, thy infant fire.
" Thee whom the world admires with raptur'd ſtrains,
" Whoſe image graces all the diſtant plains!"
Rodahver heard, and anger fires her breaſt;
She turns indignant, thus her thoughts expreſt;
" Are theſe your counſels? ſlaves! in early bloom,
" Wretched to breathe, the flames of love conſume.
" Thoſe who on clay can make their rich repaſt,
" Regardleſs view, torn by the ſtormy blaſt,

" The ſhatter'd flow'r. I grant that bluſhing ſhame
" Shou'd awe the maid, and lead her on to fame;
" But love in triumph bears the conquer'd ſoul,
" And the whole world's ſubmiſs to his control.
" Shou'd mighty Cæſar, or ſhou'd Fah-Foor bring
" The world's great empire, or Irania's king
" Bribe with his ſceptre, or the fartheſt Weſt,
" The ſon of Saum alone can charm my breaſt.
" How unavailing do your cenſures flow!
" Zal is my ſoul, for him my wiſhes glow:
" His image fills, his praiſes charm, my mind,
" The favour'd object of all human kind!
" Speak not of Foor, or Cæſar, or the Weſt,
" Enthron'd is Zal for ever in my breaſt!
" 'Tis not his perſon, his external form,
" Can charm the mind, and all the ſenſes warm;
" 'Tis excellence, 'tis wiſdom, love of fame,
" That caught my ſoul, all center'd in his name."
The ſlaves perceiving the remonſtrance vain,
One thus addreſt her in obedient ſtrain:

" Oh!

" Oh ! let the tale be hid in ſhades of night !
" Let wiſdom guide with her unvarying light.
" The conſcious bluſh ſhou'd ne'er the face o'erſpread ;
" Try magic arts, and by obedience led,
" The chief I'll bring, ſecure from all alarms,
" And ſafely place him in Rodahver's arms."
A radiant ſmile diffus'd her beauteous face,
And the fair ſlave ſhe view'd with heighten'd grace,
And thus addreſt : " Thy counſel I approve;
" And if ſucceſs attends upon my love,
" For thee the cluſt'ring tree each day ſhall ſhoot,
" And yield for thee a rich, luxuriant fruit."
With Grecian tiſſues dreſt, with flowing hair,
The ſlaves to Zal's encampment now repair.
Near to his tent there glides a lucid ſtream,
There the ſlaves ſit, religioniſts they ſeem,
And ſcatter flow'rs : while to the other ſhore,
By fav'ring winds, th' flow'rs are wafted o'er,
Where Zal's bright bands upon the maidens gaze ;
The chief himſelf exclaims with fond amaze,

" Who

" Who are theſe floriſts? theſe religious maids?
" From Mehrab's palace? from the ſecret ſhades
" Of his receſs?" A beauteous ſlave reply'd:
" With his fair daughter, nature's boaſted pride!
" Theſe ſlaves reſide: for thee the flow'rs they bring,
" For thee the loveliest tribute of the ſpring."
'Twas in the month of March, when nature's dreſt
In all her charms, propitiate to the bleſt.
The heart of Zal beat high with anxious care,
He glow'd to converſe with theſe beauteous fair.
How, unobſerv'd, to croſs the flowing ſtream,
And, unattended, how adopt his ſcheme.
With the fair ſlave alone he bends his way,
His bow and arrow on his ſhoulders lay:
He ſaw a partridge, and, with dext'rous aim,
He ſhot him, falling on the flowing ſtream.
Near to the other bank he ſpoke the ſlave:
" Haſte, bring the bird, and inſtant croſs the wave."
When near the bank, the maids, in ſofteſt ſtrain,
Thus ſpoke the ſlave: " Say, lovely! on yon plain,

Who

Who is that chief? of what imperial race?
" So form'd, ſo dext'rous, ſo adorn'd with grace?
" Well may his foes bow, conquer'd, to his will:
" We ne'er beheld ſuch great, ſuch finiſh'd ſkill."——
" Do you not know," the beauteous ſlave replies,
" The ſon of Saum? his fame has reach'd the ſkies."
The maidens laugh: " O vaunt no more his praiſe,
" The ſun of Mehrab with ſurpaſſing rays
" Eclipſes ev'ry king. Her modeſt eye,
" Her ivory form awakes the lover's ſigh.
" Round are her eye-lids, and her teeth of ſnow,
" Enamel'd by the hand of nature, glow.
" Her even noſe in due proportion ſtraight;
" Her ſlumb'ring eye wing'd with the lover's fate;
" He hair of muſk, in flowing ringlets curl'd,
" Plays in the air, and wantons when unfurl'd.
" Vermilion pictures all her roſeate face,
" And beauty heightens with reſiſtleſs grace.
" So lovely are her lips, that e'en the air
" Dares not approach, but wiſhes from afar."

(Each

(Each paid a tribute to her beauty's ſhrine,
Each ſtil'd her beauteous, charming, and divine.)
" Go, tell the monarch of our queen's retreat:
" Ah ſay! how bleſt, ſhou'd theſe accompliſh'd meet."
The ſlave reply'd, and redd'ning with alarms,
" I dare not tell the monarch of her charms."——
" You muſt, for they alone, (the maids rejoin)
" Deſerve each other; in their perſons ſhine
" The glorious luſtre of the orb of day,
" The moon's ſerene and all-refulgent ray!
" Can joy irradiate on the warrior's mind,
" Whoſe ſoul's by female ſoftneſs unrefin'd?
" Nor can the beauty always dwell in ſhades,
" When love and glory all the breaſt invades.
" See o'er her young the female falcon ſings,
" And anxious covers with protecting wings;
" 'Tis nature dictates, by a parent's care
" She wing'd her youth, her progreſs through the air."
Smiling the ſlave departs, and ſeeks the plain,
Where Zal much queſtions of the maiden train.

And

And why he laugh'd? the ſlave relates the tale,
And Zal in rapture throws aſide the veil.
" Haſte to theſe floriſts, he commands; no more
" Let flowers be ſcatter'd on th' oppoſing ſhore.
" Bear the rich gem, the royal meſſage bear,
" But give in ſecret, when no ſpy is there."
The ſlave returns, his maſter's will declares."
The maids reply, " When ſeven the ſecret ſhares,
" Secret it cannot be: if only two
" (It might be private) the concealment knew.
" Let Zal himſelf his ſentiments declare."
They whiſper, " We have caught him in the ſnare!"
The ſlave to Zal imparts the artful ſtrain,
Urg'd on by love all thrilling through the vein.
He ſeeks the maidens, and they ſpeak the fires
That warm Rodahver's breaſt, and fond deſires.
The chief replies, " Shou'd this thy tale be true,
" Sad ſcenes of future grief ariſe to view.
" But tell me all, her figure, and her charms.
" Shou'd you deceive, Oh! dread impending harms!"

" Through the whole earth no charms ſuperior ſhine,
" Atteſted be the oath by heav'n divine;
" In beauty eminent, in virtuous pride,
" Like thine her glory," all the maids reply'd;
" Gay blow the roſes on her blooming face,
" And ſweet perfumes encircle ev'ry grace;
" The ſun of beauty round her perſon beams,
" Straight as the cypreſs; aromatic ſtreams
" Of muſk and amber in her treſſes play;
" Her taper fingers and her letter'd ray
" Charm ev'ry mind. The various gems unite
" To grace her perſon, dazzling to the ſight;
" Shou'd China's artiſts view the perfect maid,
" To the refulgent light of heav'n were paid
" Their adoration." Theſe melodious ſtrains
Pour the ſoft poiſon through Zal's thrilling veins.
" High beats my heart," the chief exulting cry'd;
" How ſhall I veiw her? how with fondeſt pride
" Speak the warm wiſhes of my eager mind
" To her, the loveliеſt of the female kind?"——

" We

" We ſhall return," the well-pleas'd ſlaves rejoin,
" And lay thy picture at Rodahver's ſhrine.
" No guile we know, and to her virgin mind
" We'll ſketch you glorious, gallant, and refin'd.
" Do you at Mehrab's garden wait our call,
" And fix a crook impending on the wall.
" Thus the fair prey, the beauty that you chaſe,
" Shall bleſs you with the radiance of her face."
The ſlaves return; Zal to his tent repairs.
Years paſs in one ſlow night with anxious cares.
Rodahver ſmil'd.—The ſlaves preſent the gift;
" How did he look?" with fond impatience ſwift
Rodahver cry'd;—" How was the hero's ſtrain?—
" How compaſs your deſign?"—The female train
Relate the tale. " Through the ſurrounding earth,
" No monarch rules with ſuch diſtinguiſh'd worth.
" Each attribute of beauty round him beams;
" Splendid his form, intelligent his themes.
" Juſt object of deſire! His eager breaſt
" Glows to behold you; all his ſoul's poſſeſt

" By you alone; intelligent and wiſe!
" Renown'd for ſtrength, and fam'd for radiant eyes!
" White is his hair, yet flowing to the earth,
" An equal match for your reſplendent birth.
" We will return, and your bright mandates bear
" To the young king, the object of your care!"
" My thoughts are chang'd!" the fair Rodahver cry'd;
" Is this the youth nurs'd on a mountain's ſide?
" Is this the old man with his ſilver hair,
" Bred by a Semurgh in the fields of air!
" Is this the bloſſom that you painted low?
" To him my image and my praiſes glow
" In your deſcription: 'tis for him that now
" You teach my maiden heart the am'rous vow."
She laugh'd, and bluſh'd; " 'Tis well, you may repair
" To Zal's encampment, and my wiſh declare.
" Say, he may come, and view this high-prais'd form;
" And ſay, his love is met by love as warm.
" Say, heav'n's propitiate to the lover's pray'r;
" Let judgement guide, and clos'd is ev'ry care."

Rodahver

Rodahver active to the garden goes,
A painted garden, where each flow'ret blows;
Chineſe brocades are ſeen in ev'ry room,
The rubies ſparkle, ev'ry rich perfume
Scents the whole air, gay pictures charm the ſight,
And flowing goblets yield ſupreme delight.
Feſtoons and flow'rs, the lily and the roſe,
The cup of gems a radiant luſtre throws.
With the fair ſlaves alone ſhe here remains;
Each avenue is clos'd; love ſolely reigns.
The ſlave the warrior to the garden leads;
Rodahver meets him; in his face ſhe reads
The heart exulting; "Warrior, hail! ſhe cry'd;
"May heav'n propitiate ſmile! may fortune glide
"In fav'ring ſtreams! may thy engaging breaſt
"Ne'er feel a pang! for ever, ever bleſt!
"Weary, perhaps, on foot alone you came,
"Guided by love, by his immortal flame."
Aſtoniſh'd at her gracious ſpeech, he gaz'd
At her fine form, which like the ſun high blaz'd.

The houſe with jewels glitters in the ſhade,
Yet ſtill more radiant was the blooming maid.
He thus exclaims: "Oh! how thoſe lunar beams
"Reſiſtleſs dazzle with celeſtial ſtreams!
"Eternal may your ſtars propitiate ſhine!
"Them I have watch'd, and at the awful ſhrine
"For you my pray'rs have flow'd in fervent ſtrain;
"Thy ſpeech enchants me; there the graces reign.
"Say, when again I ſhall behold thoſe charms,
"And ſpeak again a lover's fond alarms?"
The fairy princeſs opes her flowing hair,
In ringlets wreathing through the playful air,
As winding ſerpents, as the lover's ſnare.
Her ſmiling dimples heighten ev'ry grace,
And the looſe treſſes ſhade the roſeate face.
Now hanging o'er the wall, ſhe thus addreſt
The wond'ring Zal: "Bright youth, by fame careſt!
"Take theſe long treſſes in thy royal arm,
"And let them guide thee ſafe from all alarm,

"To

" To the high terrace." The young king, amaz'd,
Loſt in enchantment, at her beauties gaz'd.
Yet deem'd it ſtrange: " Ah! kind and gen'rous maid!"
Brave Zal reply'd, " by ſuch a fearful aid,
" Which thee may injure, never can I riſe,
" Or nearer view thy love-inſpiring eyes.
" Never, ah never! while the ſun illumes
" The circling earth, or while thy beauty blooms,
" Wou'd I aſcend." He thought upon the ſcheme
The ſlave had told: on a projecting beam
He fix'd the hook, and active ſprings above;
Rodahver ſmil'd; and all the ſcene was love.
Gracious their claſping hands together twine,
By love inflam'd, devoted to his ſhrine.
Now they deſcend, and to the palace move,
Attended by the ſlave who knew their love.
The gay illuminations gild the ſcene;
All was elyſium, ſplendid, yet ſerene!
Zal more amaz'd, all glowing with deſire,
Gaz'd on her eyes, which beam'd celeſtial fire;

Her

Her hair, her face, and ev'ry op'ning bloom,
Catch his fond ſoul, and fix the lover's doom.
In tiſſue dreſt, the ſparkling necklace glows,
The bracelet on her hand new beauty throws.
In her ſmall ear the pendant jewels blaze,
And ev'ry gem of variegated rays.
Bright as the various garden of the ſpring,
Melodious as when nature's ſongſters ſing.
Not even roſes on Arabian gales,
Thus ſcent the air, or fill the paſſing ſails.
On the ſame couch they ſit: on Zal's high head
A crown of rubies and of gems was ſpread.
With flow'rs diverſify'd his ringlets wave,
And his bright form confeſs'd the warrior brave.
Rodahver bluſh'd, and in her conſcious eye
Blaz'd the fierce rapture, and the am'rous ſigh;
On all his charms, his eminence, ſhe gaz'd;
Hung o'er his manly form, and much ſhe prais'd:
She bids him riſe; now ſtung with keen deſires,
Their fond embraces ſpeak th' internal fires.

Bliſs

Bliſs ſmil'd enchanting, and with rapture warm,
Around them love diffus'd his brighteſt charm:
Thus the fierce lion bounding o'er the deer,
In playful fondneſs chaſes ev'ry fear.
Zal then exclaims; "Oh! thou whoſe ſcented hair,
"Fair maid, with muſk perfumes the ambient air,
"When Munochere our nuptial rites ſhall know,
"I fear his anger, and the future woe.
"That Saum indignant will declare his rage,
"That death, alas! muſt cloſe my early age.
"Hear, thou bright heav'n! and hear, ye pow'rs above!
"No other object ſhall enjoy my love."
Rodahver thus replied: "Let heav'n atteſt
"The ſame bright purpoſe of my faithful breaſt.
"Though ſceptred monarchs at my feet ſhou'd fall,
"Their thrones, their ſplendor, I wou'd ſcorn them all.
"My pray'rs to heav'n ſhall teſtify my ſoul,
"Zal ſhall my wiſhes, all my thoughts control.
"My pray'rs ſhall ſoften the illuſtrious ſire,
"Calm ev'ry thought, and his aſſent inſpire."

Loſt was each ſenſe, diſſolv'd in ſoft delight,
And love increaſes from the gazing ſight:
Thus paſs'd the fleeting hours, till the gray dawn
Beheld the ſun juſt peeping o'er the lawn.
Till from afar the ſilver tabors play;
The lovers part; their penſive ſighs diſplay
The pang it gave: while tears o'erflow the face,
Their love was pictur'd in the fond embrace.
To the bright orb, "Intruding light!" they cry,
"Why early ſpangle all the morning ſky?
"Why thus our bliſs, our happier hours deſtroy,
"And cloſe with pain the raptur'd ſcenes of joy?"
Zal now deſcends, and to his tent repairs,
Incertitude no more pervades his cares.
As when from flowing bowls retires the gueſt,
Thus on the throne the lover ſinks to reſt.
The martial train attend, and as they view
Their monarch ſlumb'ring, from the room withdrew.
This Zal perceiving, their return commands,
And thus he, gracious, ſpeaks the gen'rous bands:

"Be

" Be ever bleſt! to God our praiſe be giv'n!
" To high Omnipotence, the Lord of heav'n!"
He told the ſages all his ſecret breaſt,
And thus his wiſhes and his thoughts expreſt:
" Heav'n rules ſupreme o'er my ſubmiſſive mind;
" Its fears, its hopes, are all to heav'n reſign'd.
" Each day devoted to the God ſupreme,
" Obedience to his will my conſtant theme.
" Oh, thou who rules the planetary world!
" The circling globe! by whom the thunder's hurl'd!
" Lead my blind judgement with unerring eye,
" And point the road where truth and goodneſs lye.
" This throne is thine; the rulers of mankind
" Are emanations of thy mighty mind.
" From thy command the ſpring's fair bloſſoms ſhoot,
" And autumn yields the ripe delicious fruit.
" See the grapes cluſter, and the loaded tree
" Luxuriant hang from thy divine decree.
" See youth elate with blooming image riſe;
" See age dejected wipe the ſorrowing eyes.

" Thy juſt injunctions ſway this mortal ball;
" The ant without thy order cannot crawl.
" When firſt the wide creation burſt in birth,
" He fram'd th' eſſentials for to rule the earth.
" Nature in pairs range o'er the new-form'd ſtate,
" God is alone incomprehenſive, great!
" No ſoft affections, and no mortal fires,
" The God of nature and of man inſpires.
" Did not mankind in well-match'd pairs unite,
" Soon wou'd loſt nature cloſe in endleſs night.
" Each youth in union with ſome equal maid,
" In nuptial pleaſures ſport along the ſhade.
" If royal birth adorns the blooming fair,
" Juſt is the object of the lover's care!
" Sure 'tis more glorious if my name ſhou'd live,
" And Saum with me to future ages give
" A gallant race renown'd; ſecure the throne,
" And memory with fame our trophies own.
" Theſe are my thoughts; the bright narciſſus charms
" The bluſhing roſe: I wiſh her in my arms.

" 'Tis

" 'Tis Mehrab's daughter taught my heart to glow;
" With love, with fondeſt love, theſe eyes o'erflow.
" Oh! ſpeak the juſt receſſes of your breaſt!
" For much I mourn'd ere I my ſoul confeſt.
" In Mehrab's palace beams the god of day,
" This land, my planet! this, my ſtarry way!
" What will Saum ſay? and what the king of kings
" And yet from love alone true glory ſprings.
" All faiths, all ſects, in nuptial bands unite;
" And no deception dims the lucid light.
" Speak, ſages, ſpeak! your ſentiments declare!"
The ſages' ſilence mark'd their anxious care;
Of Zohak's race! they dread the royal ire,
The high reſentment of the angry ſire!
Not one wou'd ſpeak, or tell the princely youth
The cleareſt dictates of immortal truth.
That thus the man of merit ſhou'd not wed,
Or lead the line of Zohak to his bed.
Indignant Zal, provok'd, the ſilence broke,
Adopts a different voice, and thus he ſpoke:

" I know

" I know your reverence for my kingly ſire;
" Your fears alone contemptuous thoughts inſpire.
" Thoſe that are vile, however high or great,
" Will be adjudg'd, and by the hand of fate.
" Clear my delirium, guide me through the wave,
" Such gifts are thine as never monarch gave."
The ſages anſwer, " Ev'ry bliſs be thine,
" We are the ſlaves of thy illuſtrious line.
" From this event a juſt amazement ſprings,
" Not ſuch the cuſtom of imperial kings.
" 'Tis true, that females of conſpicuous birth
" Can ne'er degrade the rulers of the earth.
" Yet Mehrab's daughter, of the dragon race,
" Suits not thy birth, unfit for thy embrace:
" Although he rules theſe plains! and yet, my lord,
" Shou'd with thy wiſh the king of kings accord,
" Then with the maiden may thy fates unite,
" And ev'ry day increaſe in fond delight.
" To Saum the wiſhes of thy breaſt impart,
" Whate'er ſeems worthy to thy ſapient heart.

" To

" To the high king be all thy hopes confeſt,
" 'Tis his conſent alone can make you bleſt."
Zal calls the writer, dictates to his ſire,
" All health, all joy, whatever you require,
" May they be thine! to heav'n I bend my knee,
" Submiſs I bow to the divine decree;
" To whom we owe our life, our mortal breath,
" Who guides our actions, and decrees our death.
" To martial Saum, whom conqueſt crowns with fame,
" Swift as the wind who through the battle's flame
" Triumphant rides; upon whoſe awful head
" The rich tiara and the crown is ſpread;
" Whoſe excellence the truly great inſpires,
" Whoſe eminence high beams with gen'rous fires.
" Did time e'er give thy equal in the field?
" No future age ſo brave a king will yield.
" To thee with awe I bend; with leſs'ning ray
" On thee ſuſpended all my proſpects lay.
" Erſt you beheld me proſtrate on the earth;
" Unfav'ring fortune mark'd my early birth!

" While

" While peace around you ſpreads her radiant charms,
" To hills the Semurgh bore me in her arms.
" The beaſt of prey the only milk I knew,
" And all my hopes were in the Semurgh's view:
" Sad was my heart, and yellow was the hue
" Of my wan cheeks: when number'd with her young,
" 'Twas on her prey my hopes of life were hung.
" The mountain was the only ſcene I ſaw,
" Scorch'd by the winds, and left to nature's law.
" The Semurgh told me, I was Saum's high heir;
" Yet Saum on thrones, a ſtranger to my care!
" While I in dens, far from my native clime,
" Was doom'd to ſtay, unconſcious of a crime.
" In this the fates their certain will diſcloſe.
" The high award what mortal can oppoſe?
" Or who diſpel the cloud our God commands?
" E'en the fierce warrior of ſelected bands,
" At whoſe loud voice the frighten'd lion ſtarts,
" Who dares the battle with unerring darts,

". Sinks

" Sinks at his nod; e'en though as anvils ſtrong
" His harden'd teeth, the terror of the throng!
" How my heart's torn, conſum'd by glowing fires;
" The tale, a ſecret, thy conſent requires.
" Not the fierce dragon burns with higher flame,
" Though much I fear my royal father's blame:
" For Mehrab's daughter all my paſſions glow,
" Love fires my mind, and tears my face o'erflow.
" Reſt flies my couch, Rodahver fills the theme,
" Theſe eyes ſtill deluge an eternal ſtream!
" So much I ſorrow all the day and night,
" Mankind in ſympathy for me unite.
" Though thus depreſs'd, thy orders I obey,
" Say thy commands, and wipe my tears away.
" Erſt you declar'd my wiſhes ſhou'd be thine,
" Do not thy word, thy promiſes reſign:
" By our own rites be fair Rodahver mine.
" When quitting Elburs was thy honour pledg'd,
" For non-compliance be no cauſe alledg'd."

Like Arzur Gerſhaſp, he an envoy ſends
To martial Saum, on whom his fate depends.——
" Make no delay."——The envoy urg'd his courſe
With rapid ſpeed, upon the fleeteſt horſe.
When near Kergerſeran the envoy came,
The warrior ſaw him as he chas'd the game,
The timid panther bounding o'er the hill,
Flying the horſemen and the hunters' ſkill.
" A warrior from Kabul!" the hero cries;
" His horſe from Zabul, from the eaſtern ſkies.
" From Zal he bends his way; hear what he brings
" From Zal, from Iran, to the king of kings."
The horſeman nearer came, and in his hand
The letter of his chief from Zabul's land.
To heav'n he fervent pray'd. The letter gave,
And ſpoke the mandates of the warrior brave.
Saum reads the letter, from the mountain bends,
Angry, and ſilent; various paſſion rends
His mind indignant; " Other thoughts," he cried,
" Are worthy of a prince to kings allied.

" Such

" Such deeds and ſuch affections are preferr'd,
" Such worthy the diſciple of a bird."
He ſought his tent, reflecting on the paſt;
" Shou'd my denial all his wiſhes blaſt,
" And ſhou'd he negative the wiſe decree,
" I pledg'd my faith, inviolable plea!
" Shou'd I accord, what fame or honours ſpring
" From the fell daughter of a dæmon king,
" And him, my ſon, nurs'd by a Semurgh's care."
The warrior ſunk to reſt in ſad deſpair.
He thought that heav'n, in ſome prophetic dream,
Would clear his thoughts, diſcordant to the ſcheme.
When from his couch he roſe, he calls the ſage,
And wiſe aſtronomers in nature's page.
" Ye ſages, ſay th' event of Zal's demand;
" Say, can two ſects unite in nuptial band?
" For fire and water will the union blend,
" While all the earth the former wars will rend
" Of Feredoon and Zohak; it is thine
" The ſtars to ſtudy, the immortal ſign:

" There read the deſtiny, explore the fate,
" Of warlike Zal; and theſe to me relate."
For many a day they watch the ſtarry heav'n,
And pleas'd, his fate were to their ſtudies giv'n.
The glorious proſpect charms their ſwelling breaſt;
To Saûm they came, and thus their thoughts expreſt:
" Propitiate heav'n, Oh! lion of war!
" Smiles on the union with the Kabul ſtar.
" From their embrace an elephant will riſe,
" Great, gallant, wiſe, protected by the ſkies!
" The world his foot-ſtool, and his crown a cloud
" O'er mighty monarchs. His atchievements, loud
" As the big tempeſt, will expel the foe;
" And vice chaſtiſe by one triumphant blow.
" O'er all the earth his victor arms will ſhine,
" To him Kergerſeran her pow'rs reſign.
" To him Mazinderan ſubmiſſive yields,
" And Turan will behold her ravag'd fields.
" While Iran ſmiles to view her foes o'erthrown,
" And peace with gentle ſway adorns her throne.

" The

" The hopes of Iran center in his birth,
" And Saum will joy with all the wond'ring earth.
" When in the field he ſpurs his fiery horſe,
" Proſtrate the lion feels his conquering force;
" Thy own domains, exulting, will behold
" The future glories of thy race unfold."
When Saum in rapture heard the heav'n-taught lore,
His heart approves what it abhorr'd before.
Of gold and ſilver many gifts beſtow'd,
And joy aroſe whence previous ſorrow flow'd.
He call'd the envoy, and with converſe gay,
Bids him to Zal his happier thought diſplay.
" I knew not how his wiſhes cou'd ſucceed,
" Although I pledg'd conſent to ev'ry meed.
" Yet no deception, in the man of worth,
" Can honour lure to derogate his birth.
" I march to Iran, wait the king's commands.
" Haſte, and return to Mehrab's fertile lands."
The king diſmiſs'd him, royal gifts beſtow'd;
He ſpeeds to Duſtan, who with tranſport glow'd.

He

He ſends the letter by the maiden's care,
Who quickly gives it to the moony fair.
Told all the lover's meſſage. Joy ſupreme
Brightens Rodahver at the raptur'd theme.
Rich gifts, a ſilver chain, embroider'd veſt,
The tranſport of the princely maid confeſt!
Wreaths for the head, and ornaments ſo gay
(No ſetting to be ſeen) the gems diſplay.
The wreaths the labour of the loom conceals,
And only burniſh'd gold its blaze reveals.
Two brilliant rings that ſparkle from afar,
Dazzle the light, and each a radiant ſtar.
Many a tender ſtrain her ſoul expreſt,
The glow of rapture in a lover's breaſt!
The maid deſcending, is by Scendocht ſpy'd;
"Whence do you come?" the queen impetuous cry'd.
Much ſhe revolv'd, while o'er the maiden's face
The juniper beſpeaks ſome ſad diſgrace.
She kiſs'd the ground; when Scendocht ſtern purſu'd:
"Thou ſlave, ill fac'd! thy ſteps I oft have view'd,

"Paſs

" Paſs through this manſion, and, with artful guile,
" Unheeded me, as conſcious of your wile.
" Mark, and reply; for here you ſhall remain,
" Till clear'd my doubts by juſt and obvious ſtrain."
The maid replies; " A vender do I roam,
" And bring for ſale to ev'ry ſtately dome
" Rich gems; embroider'd veſtments do I bring,
" Such as may ſuit the offspring of a king:
" Rodahver order'd gems; for her I bring
" The ſplendid wreaths, and the imperial ring."——
" Theſe let me ſee," the doubtful queen reply'd,
" To clear my ſcruples." Quick the maiden cry'd,
" I gave them to Rodahver, who requires
" More gems, more dreſs; whatever ſhe deſires,
" Another time I bring, a future day,
" For theſe my jewels will the princeſs pay."
Scendocht, indignant at the artful guile,
Ey'd ev'ry ring, and clearly ſaw the wile.
Theſe gems herſelf had to her daughter giv'n;
To the low ground the faithful ſlave is driv'n;

There

There bound in chains; the queen, inflam'd with ire,
Calls for her daughter, all her ſoul on fire!
While o'er the roſes of Rodahver's face,
The tears faſt flow'd, as conſcious of diſgrace.
Whom thus the queen addreſt: "Illuſtrious maid!
"Loſt in oblivion, do thy honours fade!
"Say, are ſuch actions worthy of your birth?
"No ſecret now, but known to all the earth:
"Let all thy ſoul to Scendocht be reveal'd,
"For whom theſe rings, and wreath, theſe gems conceal'd?
"This royal manſion, our Arabian blaze,
"Sinks by ſuch actions with diminiſh'd rays.
"Ne'er was a daughter nurs'd with fonder care,
"Though now our luſtre fleets in empty air."
Rodahver bluſhing, from her radiant eyes
The flowing tears diſtil the purple dyes.
"Oh! wiſe and tender parent," ſhe replies,
"The joys of life are like the ſportſman's prey,
"Juſt as the timid deer purſues her way;

"Now

" Now o'er the plain exulting ſhe beholds
" The dogs at diſtance chace her winding folds;
" Till tir'd, at length her weary feet no more
" Support her weight, ſhe welters in her gore.
" Had my fond mother never borne the child,
" No joy had been my lot, no ſorrows wild.
" The martial Duſtan leaves our Kabul's plains:
" His luſtre charms me, here his image reigns.
" The world, a dungeon! yields me no delight;
" And grief corrodes me or by day or night.
" Life is a ſorrow when my Zal's away;
" One hair more valu'd, and more charms diſplay,
" Than all mankind cou'd yield: for hand in hand
" We ſolemn pledg'd th' indiſſoluble band.
" We met, our loves aſcended in a flame,
" But yet no action taught diſhoneſt ſhame.
" He ſent an envoy to imperial Saum,
" At firſt the chief, with indignation warm,
" Deny'd aſſent. Then ſoftening, gifts beſtow'd;
" Conſented to the union; gently flow'd

" His mild compliance as the ſummer's wave;
" This maiden brought it, and the dreſs I gave."
Scendocht amaz'd, and in her heart approves
The gallant object of her daughter's loves.
" Free from defect is Zal's imperial mind,
" Great is his fire," the tender queen rejoin'd;
" No warrior lives his equal in the field,
" Renown'd for wiſdom, and his virtues yield
" An excellence pre-eminently great!
" And yet I fear the Lord of Kabul's ſtate
" Will burſt in ſtorms, and o'er her fertile realm
" The clouds will hover, and her plains o'erwhelm.
" He ſcorns the ſect of Saum, the varying race;
" And deems your union teeming with diſgrace."
Now Scendocht frees the ſlave, the maid careſt:
Rodahver's mind ſerener thoughts impreſt.
Yet ſtill the penſive queen with ſorrow ſaw
Her lord's fierce paſſions, and the adverſe law.
The image grieves; diſconſolate ſhe ey'd
Her beauteous daughter, and in ſecret ſigh'd.

Waſted

Waſted by grief, no more the roſes blow;
She ſought the chief, nor cou'd conceal her woe.
Soon as the warrior ſaw the drooping flow'r,
As roſes with'ring in the hoſtile ſhow'r,
" Say," he exclaims, " what motive of deſpair
" Corrodes the blooming object of my care?"
Scendocht replies; " 'Tis thought corrodes my breaſt:
" By ſad anxiety my ſoul's poſſeſt.
" From theſe vaſt treaſures, and theſe fertile plains,
" Theſe fine Arabian ſteeds, theſe high domains,
" Theſe flow'ry gardens, and theſe lofty domes,
" Theſe friends auguſt, this martial train that roams
" Obedient to your will, theſe flow'ry meads,
" Fit ſeat of kings! and fam'd for gen'rous deeds!
" Theſe charms of nature, beauties of the mind,
" Theſe dazzling ſplendors, eminent, refin'd!
" All ſink in endleſs night; 'tis vain to grieve;
" Give them to foes, let mem'ry only live.
" Rodahver is the cauſe; and late ſhe roſe
" The tree, the antidote, for all my woes,

" This tree I guarded, water'd it with care,
" Crown'd it with laurels; Kabul's brighteſt heir!
" Now raidant riſing, all its bloſſoms bloom,
" Now ſink to nothing in the fatal doom.
" This is the picture of my anxious breaſt,
" Where ſhall I ſeek repoſe? where gently reſt?"
Mehrab replies; " Such is the chain of things,
" Wiſdom will fear the world's uncertain ſprings.
" Mortality in quick ſucceſſion runs;
" Fate ſports with fortune through revolving ſuns.
" Let grief no more thy penſive mind oppreſs;
" Revere Omnipotence, its dictates bleſs."
This ſpeech how varying from th' internal ſtorm
That ſhakes his ſoul, and agitates his form!
" How ſhall we act?" the beauteous queen replies;
" New is the buſineſs, and awakes my ſighs.
" Yet ſtill the parents view their budding fruit,
" As the old tree regards the tender ſhoot.
" The motive of my grief, the cauſe of woe,
" Mehrab perceives not; Mehrab does not know;

" (O'er

" (O'er her fine form the flowing tears proclaim
" The grief-ſtruck mind, and deſolated frame.)
" Thus fate revolves, and in the private hour,
" Zal and Rodahver own'd love's fatal pow'r.
" Her heart, inflam'd, demands the cautious hand;
" Love fires her ſoul; love lights the burning brand!
" To different thoughts in vain my counſel's preſt;
" Pale are the roſes, penſive is her breaſt."
This Mehrab hearing, with reſentment roſe;
Drew his broad ſabre, trembling as he glows:
Pale was his face, and breathleſs as he ſtood;
Forebodings dire of future ſcenes of blood;
" Rodahver dies!" the furious prince exclaims;
Pale Scendocht (trembling at his furious flames,
And the wild paſſion, full of dire alarms,)
Fell at his feet, and claſp'd them in her arms.
" Oh! ſtop the fatal word!" the queen rejoins;
" The chief to wiſdom ſtill his rage reſigns.
" Oh! hear the counſel thy inferior dares
" To give her warrior; object of her cares;

" Attentive

" Attentive hear ! and then let wiſdom guide.
" May wiſdom walk triumphant by her ſide !"
Mehrab indignant daſh'd her to the ground ;
His rage in frenzy breaks o'er ev'ry bound :
Thus the mad elephant, with fury ſtung,
O'er all the fields with dreadful anger ſprung.
" My anceſtors," he ſpoke, " did oft adviſe
" The arm of death, ſhou'd e'er a daughter riſe.
" I never injur'd, ne'er expell'd theſe plains :
" This my reward ! ſhe all my glory ſtains !
" Whene'er the child the parent's will denies,
" The brave will ſpurn it, or no longer prize.
" When the young leopard feels his proweſs grow,
" He burns for action with impetuous glow :
" Thus did his dam ; and yet, with gen'rous art,
" He ſeeks for foreign prey, nor wounds the parent heart.
" The pious child with juſt obedience waits,
" Nor ſeeks the downfal of a father's ſtates.
" Sorrow and ſhame united preſs my mind ;
" Why then reſtrain me ? why my fury bind ?

" Shou'd

" Shou'd Saum and Munochere unite in arms,
" Kabul will tremble at the war's alarms.
" Her plains a deſert." Scendocht thus rejoin'd;
" Oh! lower not, my lord, thy mighty mind;
" By ſuch wild grief: ſhall Saum the warrior hear
" That Kabul's lord e'er knew the timid fear?
" There is no cauſe, no diſcord will prevail,
" He quits Kergerſeran, and knows the tale."
Mehrab replies: " No viſions can affright:
" Thou beauteous rival of the orb of night!
" I know them great, ſuperior in command;
" Their force I fear not, nor their warlike band.
" Exempt from care by this Rodahver's death,
" All ſorrow ceaſes with her parting breath.
" I know that Zal will eminently ſhine,
" The gallant heir of Saum's heroic line!
" I know his ſoul." The tott'ring queen reply'd,
" To no deceit was e'er my ſoul ally'd.
" Thy loſs is mine, thy ev'ry ſorrow mine,
" This burſting heart wou'd ev'ry wiſh reſign.

" To

" To pleaſure thee; from this my ſorrow roſe;
" From this the tumult in my boſom flows:
" Various is fate, the ſource of pain or joy!
" Then wiſe reflection ſhou'd our thoughts employ.
" Great Feredoon approved th' Arabian band,
" Though diff'rent ſects compos'd the foreign land.
" Duſtan is eminent, of royal birth;
" Admir'd and prais'd by all the circling earth.
" Fire, water, earth, and air, the world control;
" The elements unite one beauteous whole!
" This union breathes deſtruction to thy foes;
(This Mehrab hears, yet ſtill with anger glows.)
" Let, Oh renown'd! my darling daughter reſt
" Safe in theſe arms, and in a mother's breaſt.
" Thy rage I dread, and anxiouſly deſire
" Thy royal word, to ſave her from thy ire.
" In her the gardens of elyſium bloom,
" And Kabul's childleſs in her fatal doom.
" Oh! ſolemn pledge th' inviolable teſt!
" Oh! chaſe this ſad reſentment from your breaſt!"

The fame-exploring warrior ſolemn ſwore,
That paſſion irritates his mind no more.
" The King of kings," the Kabul warrior cries,
" The action wou'd avenge." The radiant eyes
Of Scendocht brighten; to the earth ſhe bows,
And ſeeks her daughter, full of grateful vows.
Her face appear'd the radiant God of light,
Breaking reſiſtleſs through the miſts of night.
" The lion couches," to the maid ſhe cry'd;
" No more contention battles by his ſide.
" Go to thy ſire in plain and ſimple dreſs,
" Lament the paſt, his mild decree confeſs."——
" Why thus in ſimple dreſs?" the fair rejoins;
" Love to my breaſt the ſon of Saum entwines.
" And why conceal what all the public know?
" Jewels are baubles, an external ſhow!"
Rodahver ſeeks the king; the orient light
Not with more brilliance charms the gazing ſight.
Amaz'd the king beholds the dazzling maid;
(To heav'n his eyes implore celeſtial aid)

She bloom'd the garden of elyſian plains,
As when in ſpring the ſun refulgent reigns.
All void of wiſdom ſpoke the kingly ſire;
" Thus does a dæmon fairy charms inſpire,
" A Khietan ſhou'd be driven to diſtant ſcenes,
" Or left to periſh on the marſhy greens."
Rodahver, ſilent and confus'd with ſhame,
Look'd on the ground, while terror ſhook her frame.
With indignation preſt fierce Mehrab ſtood;
Rage fir'd his breaſt, and led his thoughts to blood:
Thus in the ſtream the water-dragon foams,
His colour redd'ning to and fro he roams;
Then quits the ſcene. 'Twas heav'n's protecting hand
That ſav'd the blooming maid, and Kabul's land.
Fame ſpreads her wing, to Munochere relates
That Zal and Mehrab join in nuptial ſtates.
From this unequal, this diſcordant band,
His care high blazes for Irania's ſtrand.
Thus to the ſages he his thoughts expreſt:
" To guard mankind's the duty of my breaſt:

Though

" Though lions, leopards, ſhook the ivory throne,
" I roſe to greatneſs, and here reign alone.
" Fierce Zohak fell by Feredoon the great:
" His line exalted may deſtroy the ſtate.
" With Zalzer, glorious in th' embattl'd fight!
" Shou'd Mehrab's daughter join the nuptial rite,
" The ſharpen'd ſteel will from the ſcabbard fly,
" And dæmon heroes ſhake th' Iranian ſky.
" The venom will its antidote conceal,
" And ſpread the poiſon, the deſtructive ſteel;
" For ſhou'd their ſons attend the mother's lore,
" Spread deſolation, Iran lay in gore,
" Soon will the father, by ambition led,
" His terrors join, and war through Iran ſpread."
To heav'n the ſages offer up their pray'rs,
And praiſe the monarch for his patriot cares:
Then ſpoke; " Superior wiſdom guides your mind,
" To thee the rays of judgement are aſſign'd:
" The man of wiſdom ſoars to heav'nly fame;
" Who foils the dragon gains a glorious name."

The king of kings upon the theme reflects;
And fears the diſcord of their different ſects.
Commands his ſon to ſeek the camp of Saum,
And bids him queſtion why he left the ſtorm
Of warring nations? bids him to attend
The royal preſence, and imperial friend.
Nooder departs; and Saum with all his train
Meets the imperial heir on Iran's plain:
Who tells the meſſage of the king of kings,
The dubious thoughts, and fate's uncertain ſprings.
"Thy royal father," thus the chief addreſt;
"Will tune to harmony my faithful breaſt."
The table ſpread, the circling bowl invites;
The wars of Munochere the chief recites.
While Nooder and the heroes praiſe the ſtrain,
Till the gray dawn beheld the ſolar reign.
The tabors play; Saum mounts his fiery ſteed:
To Munochere they march with rapid ſpeed.
This the king hears, prepares th' imperial throne,
The wide, extended plains refulgent ſhone.

In

In arms and armour high the warriors blaze;
A train immenſe! who ſing the hero's praiſe.
Loud ſound the drums, the bounding Arabs neigh,
The elephants majeſtic ſtalk their way.
Here treaſure flows; here moves the waving ban,
Here ſhouts of ſoldiers, here each warlike clan:
Thus the loud murmurs of the liquid plain
Sound through the waves, and ruſtle o'er the main.
As he approach'd, the King of kings aroſe:
A crown of rubies glitt'ring on his brows!
On ivory thron'd the chief of Zeiſtan ſat,
By royal order near the chair of ſtate.
The king his merit and his praiſe reſounds:
Much of the warriors, and the hoſtile wounds
Kergerſeran had felt. "What danger paſt?
"The dæmons of Mazinderan o'ercaſt!"
The chief reply'd; "May peace on thee beſtow
"Her radiant charms, triumphant o'er the foe!
"To the high city of the dæmon rite
"We fearleſs march'd; thoſe lions in the fight,

"More

" More daring far than our Arabian horſe,
" Than Iran's warriors fiercer in the courſe.
" Theſe Sugſer monſters, elephants in war!
" Knew our approach, ſeem'd horrid from afar.
" All counſel ſcorning, through their city flies
" Diſcordant tumult, reaching to the ſkies.
" Revolving clouds of duſt obſcur'd the light;
" All nature ſhudder'd at the monſter's ſight.
" Intrepid now they dare us to the fray,
" Though darken'd ether ſhrouds the direful day.
" Now they attack, their onſet now we dare;
" I ne'er beheld ſuch deſolating war!
" The weapons claſh'd, now clos'd is ſhield to ſhield,
" Till conqueſt made us maſters of the field.
" Death levell'd all in one deſtructive blow;
" I ſhew'd no mercy to the barb'rous foe.
" A ſcene of terror! when the furious arms
" Of Zohak's grandſon ſpread his dire alarms.
" As the fierce wolf the dæmon warrior came;
" War was his ſport, and Kakou was his name:

Tall

" Tall and erect, and graceful was his form,
" Fierce and intrepid in the warlike ſtorm.
" Not ants more num'rous creep the ground along,
" Or locuſts flying, an unnumber'd throng!
" Than this vaſt army cov'ring all the Weſt;
" Nor ants nor locuſts cou'd explore their neſt.
" Then when the tumult roſe, our warriors pale,
" Amaz'd in terror, all their ſenſes fail.
" I left the ranks; I ſingly dar'd their force,
" And mow'd intrepid through the dæmon's courſe.
" I forc'd my way; dire deſolation roſe,
" And terror ſpread e'en o'er the daring foes.
" As circling mills with quick and rapid whirl
" Grind the cruſh'd grain, the awe-ſtruck foe I hurl.
" This cheers our army; this new force inſpires;
" Kindling with rage they preſs with dreadful fires.
" When Kakou heard my voice, quick on he preſt,
" Rais'd his life-ſporting ſabre to my breaſt.
" When near his elephant I urg'd my courſe,
" His nooſe he darted with reſiſtleſs force:

" 'Twas

" 'Twas ſuch a nooſe not e'en the mountain's height,
" Cou'd ſtand unmov'd the ſling-impelling might.
" Then when I ſaw it whizzing through the air,
" I ſeiz'd the Kian bow; with well-aim'd care,
" The arrow-pointed ſteel I dext'rous drew:
" While through the air the winged arrow flew.
" I ſpurr'd my bounding ſteed, as through the grove
" The mounting flames aſcend and blaze above.
" I thought the well-aim'd reed had pierc'd his brain;
" When the mad elephant along the plain
" Came with his Indian ſabre in his hand,
" And ruſh'd impetuous as the fiery brand.
" Onward he rapid preſs'd his furious ſteed;
" Calmly I waited, till his eager ſpeed
" To cloſe encounter urg'd the mighty force;
" When to his ſide I drove my bounding horſe.
" I ſeiz'd his girdle, pois'd him in the air,
" And daſh'd him down, all ſinking with deſpair!
" Then with a lion's ſtrength my Indian blade
" Deep in the thorax of the dæmon laid.

Breathleſs

" Breathleſs he ſunk: his frighten'd army fled;
" And hills and deſerts hide their conquer'd head.
" Twelve thouſand horſe and foot were ſav'd from fate;
" Three hundred thouſand came in dreadful ſtate.——
" Againſt thy fortunes, thy triumphant worth,
" Vain were the efforts of the circling earth."
Thus ſpoke the chief; the gracious ſpeech delights,
And elevates the mind to future fights.
Wine charms the warrior, muſic floats in air;
The univerſe appears ſerenely fair.
Till night had clos'd her dark and ſilent gate,
And the ſun charms the univerſal ſtate;
The gorgeous palace doors were open'd wide,
And Saum attended by the monarch's ſide;
Bowing ſubmiſſive to th' unequal'd king;
While his heart beat to ſpeak the ſecret ſpring,
The wiſhes of Rodahver, and his ſon:
But ere he cou'd proceed the king begun:
" Reflection guide thee! to yon Indian plain
" March with your forces, with the choſen train;

" There level Mehrab's cities, and his race;
" Let him not live to ſpread the dire diſgrace!
" The dragon's line! for each revolving day
" New tumults riſe from this demoniac fray.
" Let all mankind ſubmiſſively unite,
" And union riſe from this illuſtrious fight.
" His race, his domes, his nobles, periſh all!
" To free mankind let Zohak's lineage fall!"
Thus ſpoke the monarch; his indignant eye
Denied to anxious Saum the wiſh'd reply;
But this, " Obedience follows to your will,
" Thy dictates 'tis my duty to fulfil.
He kiſs'd the throne, the king, the royal ſeal:
Then ſought his palace: and with eager zeal
His warlike armies on their leader wait;
With bounding horſes, and with martial ſtate.
With rapid bound the tale to Kabul flies;
Mehrab aſtoniſh'd, Duſtan greatly ſighs;
Through Kabul the diſcordant tumult roſe;
And Mehrab's palace is the ſcene of woes.

Hope

Hope fled from Mehrab; Scendocht ſunk in tears;
Rodahver, picture of corroding fears!
Zal now commands his ornamented ſteed;
And thus exclaims; "Fair Kabul ſhall not bleed!
"This dragon warrior ſhall not waſte her field!
"Firſt he ſhall periſh ere the lance he wield!"
Thus furious he departs; yet is his breaſt
Now torn by duty, now by paſſion preſt.
Fame tells the hero of his ſon's deſpair,
His march indignant, and his anxious care.
The ban of Feredoon the chief prepares;
The beating tymbals ſound the martial airs.
He marches with his train, the colours fly,
Streak'd with the yellow, red, and violet die.
When Saum beheld the gallant youth from far,
He urges on his ſteed, renown'd in war!
When Duſtan ſaw his ſire, he quits the horſe;
His nobles all alight; he bends his courſe
To martial Saum. Great Zalzer roſe in might,
The tree of gold upon the mountain height.

The nobles all to Zal lamenting came,
" Provok'd is Saum, Oh! do not raiſe the flame!
" But with ſubmiſſion mitigate his rage."——
" No fear of this," he ſpoke, " my thoughts engage.
" Life has no charms; ſay, wou'd the gen'rous ſire,
" (If wiſe reflection calms the riſing fire;)
" Force from theſe eyes th' unwilling tear to flow?
" If anger raiſes the indignant glow,
" I came in perſon to diſcloſe my ſoul;
" Though warm in love, ſubmiſſive to control."
Now Saum, alighting, calls his warrior ſon,
Who, bending to the carpet, thus begun:
" To Saum each bleſſing, to the warrior brave;
" My mind ſtill floats on fortune's adverſe wave.
" Bleſt be thy days! by juſtice ever crown'd!
" Fam'd in the courſe! in fighting fields renown'd!
" Soft is the diamond to thy poliſh'd blade;
" And when in war thy mighty arm's diſplay'd,
" (In fight reſiſtleſs as the hand of fate)
" Nations ſubdu'd weep o'er their drooping ſtate.

" When

" When terrible in war you ſpread your arms,
" E'en deſtiny will yield to dire alarms.
" No more the earth, in this refulgent age,
" Dreads the wild fury of the lion's rage.
" The grateful world ſtill owns thy equal ſway;
" From thee their fortunes, and the tranquil day.
" I only am excluded. Yet to thee
" I owe my birth. Though from that lofty tree,
" The poor diſciple of a bird I roſe,
" Unknown in camps: unconſcious why theſe woes
" Have mark'd my early life; and if my ſire,
" The warlike Saum, and to his line aſpire
" My lofty thoughts, and he beheld my birth.
" The tale well known through all the circling earth!
" How he expell'd me, left me on a rock,
" No cradle ſhelter'd from th' impending ſhock.
" No gardens e'er I ſaw, no joys I knew;
" No earthly things preſented to my view;
" No ſoothing tenderneſs, no ſoft repoſe,
" No parent's tears were ſprinkled o'er my woes.

" You

" You taught my mother all a mother's care,
" And made her the ſad victim of deſpair.
" If black or white, what war is there with heav'n?
" 'Twas heav'n ordain'd it, by its will 'twas giv'n;
" Heav'n ſaw, and pitied the young ſuff'rer's pains,
" Gave him to life, and grac'd his youthful ſtrains.
" The chief of Kabul has endear'd my breaſt;
" Enthron'd I ſit, by your commands impreſt.
" The ſword I wave, with juſtice here I reign;
" And ſpread my mandates o'er this fertile plain.
" If ſtill provok'd, behold me at your feet;
" I came in perſon, ſought no mean retreat.
" I bring before you the wide branching ſhoot
" Sow'd with thy hand, now full of cluſt'ring fruit.
" Was it for this that conqueſt crown'd your arms,
" And fill'd Mazinderan with dire alarms?
" Was it for this Kergerſeran beheld
" Her dæmons conquer'd, and her cities fell'd?
" Here fix the pointed ſteel, lo! here I ſtand;
" Let proud injuſtice light the vengeful brand.

" Speak

" Speak not of Kabul, for obedient ſpring
" Mehrab and Kabul to Zeiſtania's king.
" Say, what offence? or from what motives riſe
" This indignation to theſe eaſtern ſkies?
" Late you declar'd that glory ſpread my fame,
" That this affair wou'd aggrandize my name,
" That thy aſſent my fondeſt hope ſhou'd charm;
" Mine be the loſs, and mine the future harm."
Saum heard attentive, thus benignant ſpoke;
" Juſt are thy words! to truth's illuſtrious yoke
" The monarch bends! from thee, bright youth! my name
" Shall riſe immortal in the liſt of fame.
" And may the future ev'ry anxious care
" Far from your mind, and from Rodahvèr bear.
" From me you claim aſſent to your deſires,
" To me you came, all full of gen'rous fires.
" Do not precipitate thy ardent breaſt,
" I will accelerate thy juſt requeſt.
" I write the king, and you ſhall bear the line,
" When he beholds how vaſt thy glories ſhine,

" Thy

" Thy air accompliſh'd, with averted eye
" He will not give th' unfav'ring reply.
" In ſtrains perſuaſive I'll addreſs the king,
" Lead him to juſtice, to her lucid ſpring.
" If in his mind the ſtream of friendſhip flows,
" He will not Saum and Zalzer's wiſh oppoſe.
" The warlike lion, monarch of the field!
" Will not his proweſs delegated yield."
Saum dictates thus; " To God, eternal praiſe!
" Who fills all ſpace in one celeſtial blaze!
" Who is, and ever will be, whoſe high will
" Gives earthly ſplendor, and each mortal ill.
" Exiſtent, non-exiſtent; in his mind
" (Filling all life, and to no ſpace confin'd.)
" 'Tis nature only lives. To him alone
" The revolutions of the ſtars are known.
" Saturn, the ſun, the planetary ſtates,
" And moon reſplendent, 'tis his nod creates.
" From heav'n to Munochere my ardent pray'r,
" Entreats the cloſe of ev'ry mortal care.

" To

" To Munochere, who, victor in the field,
" No warrior dares, or battles but to yield.
" Thus the quick poiſon darting through the veins,
" No antidote the ſpring of life ſuſtains.
" 'Midſt thronging legions, thou, the lamp of night,
" Spread thy refulgent beams and awful light.
" The glorious ban of Feredoon is thine,
" The furious leopard flies thy martial line.
" Thy ſoul the ſword and hoſtile lances charm,
" And cities conquer'd fall with dire alarm.
" Yet ſtill benevolent thy glories blaze,
" And mountains tremble at the darting rays
" Of thy bright conq'ring ſteel; as when the ground
" (Torn by the pawing horſe, and with the ſound
" Of neighing ſteeds, alarm'd, all trembling yields)
" Views thrown in air the herbage of the fields.
" See at one ſpring the wolf and lambkin drink,
" And ſport together on the wat'ry brink.
" Though time has ſilver'd o'er my aged hairs,
" I mount my horſe, and wing thy martial cares:

" And ſtill devoted bind my girdle round,
" Still active in the field, and ſtill renown'd.
" I ſpring in arms upon my bounding horſe,
" And guide the fiery ſtallion to the courſe.
" No mortal e'er my furious ſteed cou'd rein,
" Or lead intrepid o'er the hoſtile plain.
" The fierce Mazinderan, her warlike race
" I led in triumph, cover'd with diſgrace.
" Were I not active, deſolating trains
" Had mark'd with blood Irania's rich domains.
" The winding ſerpent once ſpread wide diſmay,
" Stretching from town to town his horrid way.
" High as the mountain, at whoſe hideous ſight
" Hope fled the world, and ſet in endleſs night.
" No bird cou'd ſafely wing the ærial ſky,
" No beaſt cou'd move. The kergeſh darting high,
" Sunk at his breath; e'en the interior ground
" Foam'd at his motion, trembling at the ſound.
" The water dragon frighten'd fell his prey,
" And the black eagle droop'd with ſad diſmay.

" Mankind

" Mankind with terror ſaw whole cities fall,
" And the world yielded to the ſerpent's call.
" When this I knew, I felt the hero's glow,
" God gave me force to dare the ſerpent foe:
" In his high name my girdle on I bound,
" Sprung on my horſe, nor fear'd the hoſtile wound.
" Now on my ſaddle blaz'd my cow-grav'd blade,
" My bow and arrows o'er my arms were laid.
" With rapid ſpeed, as water-dragons fierce,
" I lance my javelin and my arrows pierce.
" The crowds beheld me all appall'd and low,
" And thought fate certain from the dreadful foe.
" When near I came, and ſaw the monſtrous ſight,
" Riſing terrific as a mountain's height.
" While o'er the ground far winds his circling mane,
" As toils to catch; the ſure, the mortal bane!
" As the black tree, when iſſuing from its veins
" A mortal juice; thus, with malignant ſtains,
" Hoarſe ſounds his voice, while ſtagnate on his lips
" Hangs the dark foam, which deadlieſt venom dips.

" When his blood-darting eye beheld me near,
" He roar'd indignant, and I wav'd my ſpear.
" I thought, O! king! emitting from his frame,
" Around there iſſu'd peſtilential flame.
" As the ſmooth ſurface of a ſummer's ſtream,
" Nature was huſh'd; I heard no diſtant theme.
" Like a black cloud his dreadful foam aroſe,
" The wide earth trembled while his noſtril blows.
" The world all ſhook as when the dreadful roars
" Of ſeas contending ruſh on China's ſhores.
" I rais'd my voice, and with a lion's ſound,
" As ſuits a warrior, dar'd him to the ground.
" Steel-pointed arrows from my bow I drew,
" Aim'd the unerring ſhaft, it ſwiftly flew,
" Tearing his hair, and, paſſing through his throat,
" Lodg'd in his brain, and life ſeem'd all afloat.
" Another follows, when his venom'd tongue,
" Foaming with blood, and deadlieſt poiſon hung;
" Another piercing through the throat, once more
" Laid him in anguiſh, welt'ring in his gore.

" He

" He writh'd his body, when I rais'd my ſteel,
" Spurr'd my fierce courſer; heav'n applauds my zeal!
" The cow-grav'd ſword impels the mortal blow,
" Like falling mountains fell the ſerpent foe.
" His elephantine head now ſhatter'd lies;
" Rapid the poiſon flows, the monſter dies!
" Such ſtreams of venom all the earth defile:
" Vaſt as the flowing of the rapid Nile.
" Mankind repoſes, for the neigh'bring hill,
" Men, women, and the ſerpent captives fill.
" Crowds came to bleſs me, and the joyful throng
" Hail'd me, in grateful rapture! Saum the ſtrong.
" They gave me gems. When victor from the fray,
" My ſteed uncas'd, my arms ſuſpended lay.
" For years I never ſaw my native field,
" The weſtern wars were graven on my ſhield.
" Shou'd I repeat each dire demoniac fight,
" No end wou'd cloſe the letter that I write.
" I acted as my judgement pointed beſt,
" Expell'd the lions from the daring Weſt.

" And

" And when through ſcenes of war I urg'd my courſe,
" The warriors fell the victims of my force!
" For many a year this ſaddle was my throne,
" This horſe my country, and my couch this zone.
" For thee Mazinderan ſubmits her arms,
" For thee Kergerſeran, with dire alarms,
" I laid in blood; no thought or wiſh aroſe,
" To view my native realms in ſoft repoſe.
" To ſee thee bleſt, victorious on the earth,
" My only joy to aggrandize thy birth.
" To Zal deſerving of the victor's ſhield,
" I yield my toils and glory in the field.
" My name will riſe: for ne'er the warlike ſon,
" His race of honour with ſuch fame begun.
" For me the world a different ſcene diſplays,
" The days of manhood ſink with leſs'ning rays.
" No parent ever treated ſuch a boy
" With ſuch indiff'rence, now my ſpring of joy!
" One laſt requeſt I make to Iran's lord,
" My boy will aſk it, and do thou accord.

" Heav'n

" Heav'n will approve, without thy high command
" I have not acted: for the faithful band
" Still breathe ſubmiſſion. You my promiſe know,
" Zal I ſhall not deceive with outward ſhow.
" To me he came. To Amul bend thy way,
" The warrior cries, and leave the hoſtile fray
" With Kabul's chief. If the ſecluded boy
" Shou'd feel the influence of tranſcendant joy,
" And ſees in Kabul the tall cypreſs move,
" The fairy bloſſom; is it ſtrange to love?
" Oh! frown not on my ſon! with grief oppreſt,
" Mankind compaſſionate his anguiſh'd breaſt.
" His early years, unconſcious of a crime!
" Saw pain and ſorrow waſte his youthful prime.
" I pledg'd my faith, the monarch heard the ſtrain;
" With pungent grief Zal ſeeks Irania's plain
" Yet when he bows to thy imperial throne,
" Act as a monarch, wiſdom is thy own.
" In his young veins my hopes of glory ſpring;
" From Saum a thouſand pray'rs attend the king."

He

He gives the letter with his royal hand.
Zal mounts his ſteed, and ſeeks th' imperial land;
Loud plays the fife: through Kabul it is known;
War fires its chief, and anger ſhakes his throne;
Scendocht he calls, and thus indignant cry'd:
" Rodahver's fate the deſtinies decide!
" Vain is reflection! hope no longer ſprings!
" I dare not brave the mighty king of kings.
" To pleaſe our Lord, thee and thy daughter fall;
" 'Tis peace demands it, and the ſpacious ball.
" And yet ſhou'd Saum aſſemble all his force,
" What man will dare to meet him on the courſe?"
When Scendocht heard, ſhe penſively reclin'd;
'Midſt various thoughts revolving in her mind
One clear reflection roſe: ſhe folds her hands,
And thus addreſs'd the chief of Kabul's lands:
" Oh! hear a moment! then let judgement guide;
" If Scendocht ever was her warrior's pride,
" Oh! let a few ſhort hours to peace be giv'n!
" This night is pregnant with the will of heav'n."——

" Why

" Why pauſe?" he cry'd, " ſhort is the gloom of night,
" Soon will the ſun burſt forth with fulgent light,
" Bright as the ruby on the mountain glows,
" When high Bedeekſhan all its luſtre ſhows."——
" Then raiſe thy vengeful arm," fair Scendocht cries;
" The warrior never," Mehrab ſtern replies,
" (Let wiſdom circle round the female ſoul,
" Still it is female) yields to the control."
Scendocht rejoins; " My thoughts are juſt and good,
" Do not precipitate thy hands in blood!
" Oh! let me ſeek the tent of warlike Saum,
" Soften the hero and avert the ſtorm.
" Wiſdom my guide! the low'ring proſpect clear,
" And chaſe the cauſe, the motive of thy fear:
" In grief I toil: to me thy treaſures yield."——
" Take then the keys, to worth I am not ſteel'd;
" But do not grieve. The diadem prepare,
" Horſes and thrones, and ſlaves, be all thy care.
" Go to the chief, be eloquence thy guide,
" That peace may flouriſh:" Mehrab thus reply'd.

The queen then ſpoke; "To cloſe our various toils,
"Compar'd to life what are theſe gorgeous ſpoils?
"Yet in my abſence let Rodahver, free
"From ev'ry danger, find no foe in thee.
"For her alone my tears, my ſorrows flow;
"The ſpring of all my hopes, and all my woe!
"Oh! let this day be ſacred to her life,
"Be free from vengeance, and the mortal ſtrife.
"From the firſt day thy ſolemn pledge I bore,
"Gave manly counſel; what cou'd woman more?"
Now dreſt in golden tiſſues, jewels bright,
And rubies beaming with a purple light.
Twice fifteen thouſand dinars were decreed,
Ten chargers beauteous, of a coſtly breed,
With fifty ſlaves whoſe golden turbans ſhine,
With thirty horſes of Arabian line,
With ſixty female ſlaves whoſe collars blaze,
Each in her hand a cup of gold diſplays.
With muſk and eſſence here the ruby glows,
One cup with ſweet-meats, one with wine o'erflows.

The

The various gem with forty mantles told,
Inlaid with ſilver and the pureſt gold.
Twice fifty Indian blades to ſight reveal,
The glitt'ring ſurface of the poliſh'd ſteel.
Twice fifty female camels, yellow hair'd,
Twice fifty males were with the females pair'd.
A throne of jewels worthy of a king,
With collars, bracelets, and the pendant ring.
So bright the jewels beam as when on high,
The ſtarry planets gild the vaulted ſky.
Three hundred pictures, rulers of the earth;
Four royal elephants of Indian birth,
Bore the rich gifts; this done, ſhe mounts her horſe,
Like Arzur Gerſhaſp famous in the courſe.
Her Grecian helmet tow'rs above the throng;
Swift as the winds her courſer bounds along:
She rode majeſtic to the tents of Saum,
And gave no notice whence her beauteous form.
" Go, (to the train her voice ſhe thus addreſt)
" And tell the mighty ruler of the Weſt,

" An envoy from Kabul a meſſage bears
" To Zabul's warrior."——To his tent repairs
A ſervant of the chief, and tells the king
An envoy from Kabul.——" The envoy bring,"
Brave Saum replies. Alighting, the fair queen
Majeſtic enters with an air ſerene,
Bowing ſubmiſſive: " Be thou bleſt," ſhe cry'd,
" And bleſt the king of kings! the nations' pride!"
Two miles the preſents that ſhe brought for Saum
In order rang'd. In ſupplicating form
The ſlaves appear.——" Why by a female friend
" Does Kabul's warrior mighty preſents ſend?
" Shou'd I receive the gift, it will enrage
" The king, the army, th' Iranian ſage.
" Shou'd I return them, Zal, with furious ire,
" Darts as the Semurgh his vindictive fire."
Thus Saum reflects, as, when o'erpow'r'd by wine,
The tott'ring mind can fix on no deſign.
He folds his arms, he bends his thoughtful head;
" Let all theſe preſents," thus the warrior ſaid,

" Now

" Now to the treaſurer of Zal be giv'n,
" From Kabul's moon, the brighteſt orb of heav'n!"
Fair Scendocht, blooming, ſmiles with new-born charms,
The gift accepted ceaſes all alarms,
(She whiſper'd to her ſoul) and by her ſide
Three beauties glow'd, fair nature's boaſted pride!
Their necks the ſcented jeſſamine exceed,
Their taper waiſts ſurpaſs the ſlender reed;
In rank arrang'd before the chief they ſtand,
A cup of rubies beam in either hand.
They place them at his feet, and then retire.
Scendocht thus ſpoke with renovated fire;
" Prop of the battle! hero of the war!
" Fam'd in the courſe! Oh! bright Zeiſtania's ſtar!
" From thee religion draws her pureſt beams,
" From thee the prieſt improves the pious themes.
" The world enlighten'd, vice expell'd by thee,
" And heav'n is open'd by thy wiſe decree.
" Has Mehrab err'd, the purple drops diſtil
" From his ſad eyes, and all his manſion fill.

" But

" But what dire crimes has Kabul's ſons deſign'd,
" To cauſe ſuch vengeance in thy mighty mind?
" They are ſubmiſs; with fav'ring eye behold
" The mourning city ere the flames are roll'd.
" Then dread the great diſpoſer of our fates,
" For ſtrength and wiſdom he alone creates.
" From him the ſun, and moon, and Venus ſhines,
" All nature moves, and all the ſtarry ſigns.
" Sure horror cannot pleaſe thy martial care,
" Claſp not the girdle of deſtructive war."——
" Say," Saum replies, " without deceit unfold,
" Where Mehrab's daughter, Zal did firſt behold?
" Deſcribe the maid: if fair, if blooming, wife,
" Tall as the cypreſs, and of radiant eyes."——
" Ah! chief benevolent!" the queen replies,
" Firſt pledge thy word, atteſted by the ſkies,
" All nature hear it! that on me or mine
" No injury or wrong will Saum deſign.
" Vaſt are my treaſures, and my palace great,
" My kindred num'rous: then, unaw'd by fate,

" I will

" I will elucidate whate'er you claim;
" All Kabul's treaſure ſhall increaſe your fame."
Saum pledg'd his faith, atteſted by the ſkies:
The queen low bends, in private thus replies:
" In me, O! warrior, Mehrab's queen behold!
" Rodahver is the moon, whoſe charms control'd
" The heart of Duſtan: and by day or night
" Thee and the king our conſtant pray'rs unite.
" To your high tents I came to hear your will,
" To paint our ſorrow, and your wiſh fulfil.
" And if I err, unworthy of a throne,
" Suppliant behold me, helpleſs and alone!
" Here pierce the dagger, or in fetters lay;
" But burn not Kabul, nor the guiltleſs ſlay.
" Shou'd'ſt thou expel my grief, the gloom of night,
" Great is thy glory, and thy trophies bright."
Th' attentive Saum perceiv'd what wiſdom flow'd
In all her ſpeech, where manly courage glow'd;
Saw her fair face all blooming as the ſpring,
Tall as the cypreſs, all the graces wing

Around

Around her ſlender ſhape, and in her mien
A pheaſant moving graceful o'er the green.
" Though pale deſtruction hover'd o'er my head,
" My pledge is ſacred;" thus the warrior ſaid;
" Thee and thy race, ſecure from all alarm,
" Shou'd live in peace, exempt from ev'ry harm.
" I wiſh the union, though of varying race,
" Yet ſtill deſerving of imperial grace.
" Thus the world acts, no ſhame to this is giv'n,
" This breathes no wrong to yon refulgent heav'n.
" Some live in ſplendor, ſome in humble ſtate,
" Wealth ſhow'rs on ſome, and ſome oppreſs'd by fate.
" Fortune on others pours her fav'ring ſmile,
" And ſome all wretched view their fruſtrate toil.
" Yet all alike ſink in the empty urn;
" From duſt they ſprung, to duſt they will return.
" For thee I toil; to favour thy requeſt,
" Late I a letter to the king addreſt.
" There painted all my cares; brave Duſtan bore
" On wings the letter to Irania's ſhore,

" So

" So ſwift he bounded on his foaming horſe,
" Like winds he vaniſh'd rapid o'er the courſe.
" Great Munochere will give the prompt reply,
" And wipe the tear ſtill flowing in the eye.
" Duſtan enamour'd, by his paſſions toſt,
" By grief bewilder'd, is in ſorrow loſt.
" Thus the lone traveller, o'erpow'r'd by toil,
" Entangled, ſtrives to paſs the deep'ning ſoil.
" So loud lamenting fair Rodahver ſighs,
" Fate ſhou'd unite them in connubial ties.
" Say, cou'd ſhe view the brave, the dragon boy,
" What treaſures wou'd ſhe give to ſpeed her joy?"
Thus having ſaid, the blooming queen rejoins;
" Thy ſon, O! warrior, with ſuch luſtre ſhines,
" My ſoul will reach the ſkies whene'er you lead
" The chief to Kabul on his bounding ſteed.
" Shou'd Kabul view him on her regal ſeat,
" I lay my life, my treaſures at his feet."
Scendocht beholds the warrior ſmile with joy,
That rage no longer does his thoughts employ.

A nimble-footed meſſenger ſhe ſends;
Quick as the air to Mehrab's dome he bends:
The pleaſing news ſhe orders to declare,
Bids him be happy, and the feaſt prepare;
" Soon ſhall I follow. To the chief relate
" The ſecret ſpring of wonder-working fate."
The ſecond day, when man retires from reſt,
And the ſun's beams delight each mortal breaſt.
The queen, beneficent, to Saum repairs,
Who ſports with thrones; while all the throng declares
The plaudits of the queen. To Saum ſhe bows,
And aſks permiſſion, breathing grateful vows,
To ſee her lord; and to arrange the feaſt
For her great gueſt, the planet of the eaſt!
" Go," he reply'd, " to warlike Mehrab tell
" The pleaſing tale, and all his grief expel.
" Tell him the faith I ſwore: the gifts diſplay'd
" For Mehrab, Scendocht, and the beauteous maid."
All that can pleaſe, and all that Zabul yields,
From his rich manſions, and his cultur'd fields,

The

The warrior gave: "Thy gifts I take with joy,
"The nuptial rites unite the dragon boy
"With our fair daughter; and thy pledge I bear."
Thus ſpoke the queen; and thus the chief of war,
"In peace depart, and let no anxious fears
"Oppreſs thy thoughts to cauſe thy flowing tears."
Her face all radiant with celeſtial bloom,
Seeks her own houſe, exulting in her doom.

THE ARGUMENT.

Zalzer *goes to* Iran—*His reception at the court of* Munochere—*The king directs the aſtrologers to declare the future deſtiny of the ſon of* Saum—*The ſages predict the birth of* Ruſtem *from the union of* Zal *and* Rodahver—Munochere *convenes the ſages, who propoſe enigmatic queſtions to* Zalzer—*His ſolution of them*—Munochere *commands the warriors to the field, where* Zalzer *diſtinguiſhes himſelf*—*The preſents of the king*—*The letter of* Munochere *to* Saum—Zalzer *quits* Iran, *and tranſmits a narrative to* Saum *of his ſucceſs*—*The feſtivals in* Kabul—*The arrival of* Zal *in the camp of* Saum, *who announces to* Mehrab *their intentions of marching to* Kabul—*The union of* Zal *and* Rodahver—*The diſtreſs of* Zal, *who, recollecting the promiſe of the* Semurgh, *burns the feather*—*The* Semurgh *deſcends, and directs what operations are eſſential for the ſafety of the queen*—*The wonderful birth of* Ruſtem—*The image of the boy ſent in proceſſion to* Saum, *who marches to* Kabul—*The addreſs of* Saum *on ſeeing his grandſon*—*The magnanimous reply of* Ruſtem.

THE

SHÂH NAMÊH.

BOOK VIII.

SOON as th' imperial monarch heard the news,
That Duſtan to Iran his way purſues,
The nobles crowd the gallant youth to bring:
All cede the path as he approach'd the king.
When in the preſence, bowing to the ground,
In lofty notes the royal praiſes ſound.

Still

Still on the earth his eyes ſubmiſſive bend,
The monarch ſmil'd, and ſpoke his youthful friend;
" Duſtan, ariſe, (and muſk around he threw)
" Say, by what mode did Zal his march purſue
" Through ſuch dire paths."—" From thee, O king of kings!
" The warrior ſprings, all mortal ſplendor ſprings.
" 'Tis thy ſupreme decree that guards the way,
" Though mild in peace, a lion in the fray."
He gave the letter, which the monarch read,
Who inſtant to the heir of Zabul ſaid:
" My mind in mazes thy entreaty leads,
" Yet I accord, thy father's boſom bleeds!
" Howe'er reflection ſhou'd my thoughts employ,
" No longer I oppoſe thy nuptial joy."
The table ſpread, the genial feaſt begun,
The king was ſeated with the hero's ſon.
The nobles, ſages of illuſtrious line,
The king commands ſhou'd in the banquet join.
In the imperial room the flowing bowl,
With fragrant wines, delight the gen'rous ſoul.

The

The banquet clos'd; the glorious ſon of Saum
Mounts his fierce ſteed, and with the praiſes warm
Of Iran's king. In his imperial breaſt
Benevolence and glory ſtood confeſt.
Juſt when the ſun had tipt the dewy lawn,
Zal claſps his girdle with the early dawn.
On the high chief, the victor king he waits;
Who bids th' aſtrologers, well vers'd in fates,
And all th' intelligent, the ſapient ſeers,
To read the ſtars, and Duſtan's future years.
Much they conſult, compute the ſecret ſprings
Of pregnant fate, which rules all mortal things.
Three days they gave to ſtudy deep profound,
With tables aſtronomical renown'd.
From Greece they waited on Irania's king;
And thus addreſt him: "Fav'ring news we bring;
" For by computing all the ſtarry theme,
" Clear and tranſparent flows the lucid ſtream.
" From Zal and fair Rodahver there will riſe
" A glorious hero, brilliant, brave, and wiſe!

" His

" His life will years unnumber'd greatly ſhine,
" Fierce and athletic, glory of his line!
" So great a warrior heav'n did ne'er behold;
" In fight intrepid, and in danger bold!
" Unequall'd in the courſe; whene'er his ſteed
" Bounds o'er the breathleſs trains, the foe will bleed;
" The tow'ring eagle ſinks with drooping wing;
" The chief ſuperior to each earthly king.
" Tall and majeſtic! ev'ry foe will fall;
" On him will wait the monarchs of the ball.
" Irania's warriors will the chief protect,
" And burn the infidels' unfaithful ſect.
" From his ſharp ſword o'er ev'ry hoſtile plain
" Blood will in purple ſtreams terrific rain."
The King of kings then calls the warlike youth,
T' explore his knowledge, and explain the truth.
Anxious to ſound the phantoms of his mind,
In things myſterious, and by age refin'd.
The ſage were ſeated in the royal hall,
With them the monarch, the ſagacious Zal.

A ſage

A ſage thus ſpoke; (the fate all-knowing ſeers
Each in their turn) "Say, what to thee appears
"Twelve cypreſs trees, majeſtic, tall, and high,
"That verdant tow'r luxuriant to the ſky?"——
Nor more nor leſs, for ſo the Parſees teach,
The thirty branches ever ſhoot from each.
Another ſage then ſpoke: "Two ſteeds appear,
"One white and ſplendid as the chryſtal clear,
"One the black ſea reſembling; though they ſpeed
"With rapid ſteps, the courſe will neither lead."——
Then thus the third: "What thirty horſemen ride
"For months and weeks, and when you wou'd decide,
"One more you find when they are number'd right
"Than what appears perceptible to ſight?"——
The fourth continu'd: "Say, what is that grove,
"Verdant where flows the ſtream, and ſongſters rove?
"A man athletic, with majeſtic mien,
"Enters, with ſharpen'd hook, the ſylvan ſcene,
"Levels the grove; if with perſuaſive ſtrain
"You ſtrive to ſtop him, all the labour's vain."——

" What are," another ſage the chief addreſt,
" Two lofty cypreſſes? (on each a neſt)
" Like reeds they ſhoot up in the limpid ſtream,
" The bird there morn and eve attunes his theme;
" The one he quits all moiſture flies and bloom,
" The one he perches on is muſk perfume:
" Of theſe two trees, one ſhows the verdant leaves,
" One, dry and wither'd, ſorrowing droops and grieves."——
Another ſage then queſtions of a town,
Of ſtrength and magnitude, and high renown,
That on a mountain, he, the ſage, had ſeen,
Whoſe people dwelt upon the fickle green:
To the pale moon their lofty buildings dawn'd,
And, ſelf-adorers, worſhip'd what they form'd;
Their native town employ'd their mind no more;
Sudden a duſt aroſe and tempeſts roar,
Obſcure their country, then their anxious thought
The former city to their mem'ry brought.——
" What is that grove," a diff'ring ſage rejoins,
" Whoſe odours charm, where various beauty ſhines?

" Where

" Where the dry graſs appèars, and pleaſing green,
" Where muſk and camomile perfume the ſcene;
" With the ſharp ſcythe, when, lo! a man there came,
" With rage and hatred ſtamp'd upon his frame,
" Of eaſe regardleſs, dry and moiſt he mows,
" Nor ſleep he heeds, nor reſt a moment knows?"——
" Theſe are myſterious; do thou, gallant youth!
" Announce the riddles, and declare the truth.
" Theſe enigmatic ſecrets if you ſolve,
" Then the black earth ſhall into muſk revolve."——
Now Duſtân's mind reflection deep poſſeſt,
He knits his brows, and bends his thoughtful breaſt.
Then thus he anſwer'd to the ſage decrees:
" Each thirty branches, the twelve lofty trees,
" Are the twelve moons or months in ev'ry year,
" Like monarchs on new thrones theſe moons appear.
" Each month revolving counts twice fifteen days;
" So the world paſſes, and ſo time decays.
" Now the two ſteeds which like the light'ning ſhine,
" One white and black, which follow in a line,

" 'Tis day and night, that ever paſs along,
" Nor ſtop a moment with this earthly throng.
" Neither will foremoſt in the chaſe appear,
" Though fleet and rapid as the hunted deer.
" The thirty horſemen of the third wiſe ſeer,
" That fly o'er months and weeks, and will appear
" One leſs in number, yet, when counted right,
" Is found again, and evident as light;
" This bears a reference to the months' decreaſe,
" When by our rules a night will often ceaſe.
" Now on that queſtion be my ſpeech addreſt,
" Where on two cypreſſes the bird will neſt:
" Aries to Libra ſtill the world conceals,
" Its darkneſs hid, and only light reveals,
" When it returns, and enters in the whale,
" Through the whole realm the luminaries fail.
" The cypreſs trees are the two poles of heav'n,
" From which both joy and grief are ever giv'n:
" The bird that perches on the trees may ſeem
" Yon radiant ſun. The next unravell'd theme,

" That

" That myſtic city on the mountain height,
" (That erſt appeared to the ſage's ſight)
" Is paradiſe alone, the judgement hour,
" This city is the world and human pow'r:
" Where ſometimes pleaſures, ſometimes wealth abound,
" Where pain and poverty are often found;
" It deems your reſidence an airy dream,
" A tranſient bleſſing, a deluſive beam.
" A wind ariſes, and the earthquakes roar,
" While loud complaints are pour'd from ev'ry ſhore;
" We grieve to quit the town elyſium ſtyl'd,
" And go unwilling to the thorny wild.
" Though any one in grief lament our fate,
" Soon will he follow, ſoon will change his ſtate.
" Such was the world from time's remoteſt day,
" Thus it goes on, yet does not waſte away.
" If emulous of worth and virtue's friend,
" Bleſt is the ſoul, and happy in its end.
" But if through life is ſtamp'd a vitious ſtate,
" Self-evident will be our future fate.

" Although

" Although the palace reach to Saturn's ſphere,
" A winding ſheet will all our lot appear
" To ſhade the lifeleſs face and clay-cold breaſt;
" And the wan head by duſt will be poſſeſt.
" This is the place of fear; the men the wild,
" The ſcythe that dry and moiſt alike deſpoil'd,
" Who levels both the wither'd and the green,
" Unmov'd by pray'r, and equally ſerene,
" This man's the world; we mortals are the graſs,
" To whom alike the fire and children paſs,
" Who views both age and youth with equal eye,
" Hunts all the game, and none the ſcythe can fly.
" Such are the ways and manners of the world:
" All born to die are into atoms hurl'd.
" 'Tis but to paſs he enters at the door,
" Goes through the other, and is heard no more.
" Oh! then reflect that in a moment flies
" The tranſitory ſcene:" thus Zal replies.
The ſages, wond'ring, heard the well-ſolv'd truth.
With notes of praiſe the monarch hail'd the youth.

A ſplendid

A ſplendid feſtival the king ordains,
Bright as the moon on the ethereal plains;
Till eve the flowing bowl elates their veins!
The herald ſpoke; when riſing from their ſeat,
From the king's palace all the gueſts retreat.
The heroes roſe, when o'er the mountain's height
The ſolar rays burſt forth in glorious light.
Then Zal accout'red, with majeſtic mien,
Like the bold lion ſtalking o'er the green,
Waits on the king, permiſſion to requeſt
To viſit Saum: and thus the chief addreſt:
"Oh! king beneficent! to view my ſire
"Glows ev'ry thought, as duty ſhou'd inſpire.
"I kiſs thy iv'ry throne, ſupremely bleſt!
"Let now thy victor mandates ſtand confeſt."
To him the king: "In Iran ſtill remain,
"'Tis not thy ſire, Rodahver fills the vein.
"Order the clarion, cymbal, to the field;
"Let the loud trumpet ſound: the lance and ſhield,

"The

" The mace, the ſcymitar, the chief ſhall grace,
" Till joy irradiates on each warlike face."——
With bows and arrows all the captains ſhine,
And marks were made as when in martial line,
The forces move. Each chief in various arms,
Spurs on his ſteed, and glows at the alarms.
There ſtood an ancient palm tree on the plain;
Now Duſtan draws the bow, the ſinews ſtrain.
His courſer ſprings, impetuous as the ſea;
The well-aim'd arrow pierces through the tree.
Another arrow flew, though loſt it ſtood,
And deeply buried in the wounded wood.
Some ſeiz'd the pond'rous ſpear, and ſome a ſhield,
While mighty Zalzer thunders o'er the field;
He braves the boldeſt to an equal fray,
Who dare diſpute the honour of the day.
He rais'd his jav'lin; to this novel game
Three warriors fell, and rais'd the hero's name.
" Who now," the king exclaims, " his force will dare?
" Let all oppoſe this victor of the war."

The chiefs agree, although they ſpoke in jeſt,
By indignation were their minds poſſeſt.
With flowing reins, and with the poliſh'd ſpear,
The combatants advance, unmov'd by fear.
Zal urges on his ſteed, he kens the courſe
To mark what warrior ſkilful rein'd the horſe:
Then like a leopard through the crowd he ſprings,
He ſeiz'd his girdle, while his armour rings,
And from the ſaddle liſted him on high;
Loud acclamations rend the vaulted ſky.
The king of kings, the crowd, ſtood all amaz'd;
On ſuch a chief what mortal ever gaz'd?
O'er all his foes the parent's tear will flow,
And ſuch a ſon no lion chief will know.
No mortal he; the water-dragon's force
His ſtrength exceeds; how ſkilful in the courſe!
Saum's name ſhall live engrav'd in ſuch a ſon;
The monarch prais'd, the chiefs his glories ſung.
Such gifts the king prepar'd, the warriors gaz'd;
With the rich preſents all the palace blaz'd.

A coſtly crown, a throne of burniſh'd gold,
A necklace, bracelets, dazzling to behold!
The golden girdle, and the ſplendid zone,
The rich tiara, and the coſtly throne.
Then thus to Saum the king of kings addreſt;
" Be ev'ry wiſh by warlike Saum poſſeſt!
" Oh! chief renown'd! triumphant o'er the foe!
" I thought, I knew, thy fame wou'd ever grow.
" So brave a ſon ne'er bleſt a mortal's ſight,
" Firſt in the throng in wiſdom and in fight!
" Attractive is his form! your plans ſucceed;
" His ſoul is in them; and the rite's decreed.
" For many a day thy ſon I here detain'd,
" And ſaw that virtue in his actions reign'd.
" From the brave lion bounding o'er the chaſe,
" Who hunts the leopard in the lordly race.
" What but an offspring, valiant as the ſire,
" Can ſpring, and act as glory will inſpire?
" I hence diſmiſs him eminently gay;
" From him each hoſtile arm be far away!"

Zal

Zal now departs, high tow'ring o'er the trains,
And quick to Saum he ſends theſe happy ſtrains:
" With joy the royal preſence I depart,
" With regal gifts, a crown, each work of art.
" With necklace, bracelets, and an ivory throne,
" And ev'ry princely bounty is my own."
So bleſt was Saum to read the bliſsful ſtyle,
Youth gave his age a renovated ſmile.
An envoy to Mehrab imparts the news,
The king and chiefs aſſented to his views.
When Zal arrives, for Kabul we depart,
And fix the union of the lover's heart.
The news ſwift flew, and eccho fill'd the ſail,
Mehrab exulted in the pleaſing tale.
Bleſt as when ebbing life returns again,
Or renovated age exempt from pain.
Treaſures were ſcatter'd, and the tuneful throng
Taught mirth and harmony to fill the ſong.
New joy irradiates o'er Kabulia's lord;
Each lip was young, all ſmil'd with one accord.

He called Scendocht, the elegant and fair,
And thus addreſt her: "By thy ſapient care,
"Illuſtrious conſort! is the darken'd gloom
"For ever fled, and bright our future doom.
"Aloft the praiſes of Irania's king
"Tune to our wiſhes, high our glories wing.
"Say, from what ſource ſuch wiſdom fill'd your breaſt,
"Such ſage reflection on your thoughts impreſt?
"And now the feaſt prepare, the choral band;
"Thine are my treaſures and the ſcepter'd land."
This Scendocht heard, and, ſmiling, haſtes away
To tell her daughter of the glorious day.
"The bleſt event," the tender mother cries,
"Beams o'er your life; no more will penſive ſighs
"Diſturb your days, no more ſhall you repine;
"Let joy ſucceed, the hero will be thine!"
The fair Rodahver caught th' inſpiring glow,
And thus reply'd; "From thee my raptures flow,
"Hail, beauteous queen! the univerſal praiſe
"Of all mankind will ſing thy beaming rays.

"Thy

" Thy feet my pillow, and thy will my fate;
" The evil genius ſinks before thy ſtate.
" My heart the ſeat of ev'ry human joy!
" Now pleaſures only can my mind employ."
The queen commands that all the regal ſeats,
The ſplendid gardens, and the green retreats,
Diſplay a new elyſium to the ſight;
A dazzling ſcene! and radiant as the light!
The richeſt eſſence and each ſweet perfume,
With muſk and amber, ſcent the royal room;
The decorated pillars riſe in gold,
With emeralds ſtudded, beauteous to behold!
Commands, feſtoon'd with pearl, a golden throne,
And ſuch as China's artiſts form alone.
Rubies around the footſtool ſplendid beam,
And ſet with gems, the painter's happieſt theme.
The throne Kianian! here Rodahver, dreſt
In all her charms, and in elyſian veſt,
Sat like an angel, and ſo fair ſhe ſeem'd,
The faſcinated ſun no longer beam'd.

No mortal here approach'd. Kabulia's plains
Reſplendent ſhone with decorated trains.
The painted elephants, the ſlaves well dreſt,
The vocal minſtrels, and the loaded cheſt,
The martial nobles crown'd; in pomp elate
Prepar'd to meet the prince in ſplendid ſtate.
As the ſwift bird that does outſtrip the gale,
Or ſhips that plough the waves with ſwelling ſail,
So Zal with rapid ſpeed wings on his way,
Saum hears the tale, and bleſt the happy day.
He meets his darling boy; in fond embrace
Claſp'd the young hero, glory of his race!
Duſtan obedient bends, and to his ſire
Relates the paſt with animated fire.
When Saum of Scendocht ſpeaks with ſmiling mien;
" Lately a female meſſenger ſerene,
" A pledge from me with pleaſing rapture bore,
" (Never her foe;) to Kabul's anxious ſhore.
" This pledge, the union of our neighb'ring lands,
" That Saum ſhou'd viſit, that united hands,

" Abſolve

" Abſolve her woes, and late an envoy came,
" Announcing all prepar'd to meet your flame.
" Say, what reply to Mehrab ſhall I ſend;
" Declar'd a foe, or be announc'd a friend?"
The happy Duſtan glow'd with bluſhing joy,
" If Saum approves; does this his thoughts employ?
" Obedient to his will with quick accord,
" I bear his mandates to Kabulia's lord."
The old chief ſmil'd, the ardour he approves.
" Nor Zal," he cries, " without Rodahver moves.
" No reſt, no ſlumber on his couch appears,
" Unleſs Rodahver vibrates on his ears.
" The tymbal, and the Indian bell prepare,
" Pitch the high tents, and to a warrior's care
" Commit the meſſage, and to Mehrab ſend;
" Quick let him fly, and tell our mutual friend
" That Saum and Duſtan, with Zabulia's train,
" Immediate march to Mehrab's fertile plain."
The envoy ſpeeds; the fife and drum proclaim
The monarch's glory, and the lover's flame.

On

On royal elephants the muſic play'd,
The earth again appear'd th' elyſian ſhade.
The trains in rapture fill'd the tuneful ſong,
Bright as the glances of the dancing throng.
The waving colours fly; the yellow bright,
The bluſhing red, the violet, and the white;
The breathing flute, the tymbal ſounds on high,
The cymbal, and the clarions reach the ſky.
This hour of joy unnumber'd ſhouts diſplay
As at the time of judgement's awful day:
Thus mov'd the trains: to Saum Kabulia goes;
The chiefs embrace, and various converſe flows.
Mehrab in plaudits ſpeaks the praiſe of Saum;
And Zal's high virtues all his boſom warm.
The chiefs march on; on beauteous ſteeds they ride,
As when the moon in all her riſing pride
Tips the tall mountain; thus the heroes ſhine,
In ſtature tow'ring o'er the martial line.
Bleſt in completed wiſh they reach the town,
Where Mehrab reign'd; and where a golden crown

On

On Duſtan's head the brave Kabulian plac'd,
And the gay ſcene with ev'ry trophy grac'd.
All nature teem'd with harmony divine,
And muſic floated o'er the ſparkling wine.
Scendocht approach'd; "Say when, illuſtrious queen,
"Shall fair Rodahver gild the ſplendid ſcene?"
Thus Saum addreſt; and Scendocht leads the king
To the bright beauty, and the flow'ring ſpring.
There in the golden room, the chief amaz'd
With rapture at the moony fair one gaz'd.
Yet knew no language to expreſs his praiſe,
Her charms tranſcendent, her illumin'd rays.
Mehrab advanc'd; in native rites he gave
The lovely princeſs to the warrior brave:
Gave nuptial preſents; and then plac'd the pair,
Glowing with tranſport, on the regal chair.
Rapture ſat ſmiling on the warrior's face;
He views his conſort, bleſt with ev'ry grace.
This is the maid! his thoughts in ſecret roll,
The faſcinating fairy of the ſoul!

In bluſhing glances ſhe beheld her lord;
When all depart, and night, with love's accord,
Stole ſlyly on, then Zal the fair addreſt,
And thus the raptures of his ſoul expreſt:
(Rodahver ſeem'd a Houri, heav'nly bright!
And Zal's bright eye appear'd the rays of light.)
" Fate ſmiles at length propitiate on our flame,
" And future bliſs ſhall crown our ſpotleſs fame."
With eager eye her ſcented, muſky hair,
Her form of elegance, her gracious air,
Duſtan entranc'd beholds: he claſp'd her arms,
Preſt her ſoft lips, all conſcious of her charms!
How ſhall the bard the lover's joys impart,
Or paint their fondneſs, their united heart?
With the firſt dawn the happy warrior roſe;
And bathing, pray'd, the ſolar planet glows.
When Zal returning to his beauteous bride;
The gallant Mehrab, glitt'ring by his ſide,
Amazing treaſures gave: ſucceeding days
In feſtive joy on rich pavilions blaze.

The

The mighty warriors in the preſence ſat;
Till Zal retiring to Zeiſtania's ſtate,
With his fair bride, and Scendocht the divine,
When Saum, delighted with his warlike line,
Yeilding his kingdom on his blooming heirs,
To Backſher and Kergerſeran repairs.
Many a day in elevated joy
The lovers paſs, and all their hours employ.
When fair Rodahver gave the bliſsful ſign,
To make Zal parent of a beauteous line.
But ſoon, alas! ill health her frame invades;
The roſes fly, and all her beauty fades.
" Why, why ſo wan?" the tender mother cry'd,
" Nor day or night I reſt," the queen reply'd;
" The fear of death alarms my anxious care,
" I dread the mighty burden that I bear."
Yet ſoft repoſe her penſive mind reſtores,
The Pow'r Omniſcient pious Zal implores.
When on a morn the fainting princeſs pale,
Sinks on the ground, and all her ſenſes fail.

Pale Scendocht heard the news, the plaintive fair,
Wild with her grief, rends her diſhevell'd hair.
Thoſe jetty treſſes, where the rich perfume,
Of playful odours ſcents the muſky room.
The mournful tale to Duſtan was convey'd,
That the tall cypreſs wither'd and decay'd.
Now near Rodahver's pillow, dew'd in tears,
The yellow Zal with anguiſh'd grief appears.
Torn is his ſoul by frantic ſorrows preſt:
He claſps his hands and beats his ſwol'n breaſt.
The faithful ſervants in their cares unite,
Run round their queen, a miſerable ſight!
Much Zal revolves, by adverſe fate oppreſt,
Though ſapient contemplation leads to reſt,
When recollective of the Semurgh's ſtrain,
The promis'd feather to relieve his pain.
O'er all his face the ſmile of hope is ſeen;
He ſpeaks his thoughts to the diſtracted queen.
The kettle brought, high blaz'd the mounting flame,
Burnt was the feather; in an inſtant came

The

The ſhrouded Semurgh in a cloud array'd,
Where all the luſtre of a gem's diſplay'd.
Such gems as glitter radiant on the breaſt;
To Zal ſhe came with happy omens bleſt.
She prais'd the chief, for him her fervent pray'rs,
And Zal to her his gratitude declares.
The Semurgh ſpoke; "Why grieves the warlike chief
"Why are the lion's eyes bedew'd in grief?
"From this fair cypreſs, from thy moony dame,
"Shall ſpring a hero of immortal fame,
"When the brave warrior views his manly form,
"His mighty club, and the reſiſtleſs ſtorm,
"Proſtrate he falls; his voice ſhall ſpread alarm,
"And ev'ry warrior tremble at his arm.
"Gay at the banquet he like Saum will ſhine,
"A martial lion in th' embattl'd line:
"In ſtature the tall cypreſs will he prove,
"In ſtrength the chief an elephant will move;
"Two miles a brick the future chief will throw,
"Victor of worlds! triumphant o'er the foe!

"By

" By God's high favour will his glories blaze,
" And Zal will triumph in his glorious rays.
" Bring the ſharp knife, a ſkilful artiſt chuſe,
" Then through the lady's veins bright wine infuſe,
" Do thou attend; extract the child, and place
" The future hero in a wooden caſe.
" Then cut the hollow in the lady's ſide;
" All pain ſhall ceaſe, and ev'ry care ſubſide.
" Then ſew th' inciſion, tranquilize your mind,
" Dread no alarm, be ev'ry fear reſign'd.
" Pound milk and muſk with graſs, be theſe convey'd,
" And dry'd the three together in the ſhade.
" To the inciſion thou this ſalve apply,
" Soon will it heal, and charm thy anxious eye.
" Then take this feather, rub it o'er the wound:
" The ſhadow of my glory is renown'd!
" Do thou rejoice, high triumph at my ſtrain,
" And in the preſence of the king remain.
" 'Twas he who gave thee this imperial dame,
" To raiſe thy ſplendor, and adorn thy name.

" Let

" Let not thy heart with fearful anguiſh ſhoot,
" Thy faithful branches are ſurcharg'd with fruit."
She ſpoke, and from her wing a feather throws:
Exalted Zal with grateful fervour glows:
He takes the feather, when the Semurgh flies;
And Zal, ſubmiſs, the remedy applies.
Amazing operation! wond'rous deed!
One world beholds it, all their ſenſes bleed.
The purple drops fell from the eyes of Seen.
Oh! ſtrange idea! From the parent queen,
From her fair ſide to take the infant child
A ſkilful artiſt waits; with tremor wild,
The queen, the beauty, drinks the flowing bowl;
Cut is the ſide, no pain oppreſt her ſoul.
He turn'd the infant's head, and when he ſaw
The wondrous birth, above all nature's law,
The youthful lion charm'd the gazing ſight;
Of lofty ſtature, eminently bright!
All ſtood amaz'd; no mortal ever knew
An infant like the elephant in view.

For

For days and nights th' intoxicated queen,
Was loſt in ſlumber, ev'ry ſenſe ſerene.
They ſew th' inciſion; and the order'd balm
Healing all pain, produc'd a tranquil calm.
When ſhe awoke, rich preſents ſhe beſtow'd;
To him, the Lord of all, her praiſes flow'd.
They bring the child, exalt it to the ſkies;
The queen aroſe, and opes her radiant eyes;
She ſees the burden from her womb remov'd,
And eyes the manly child, by all approv'd.
The lovely boy whoſe ſkin was heav'nly fair,
Roſeate his cheeks, and black his infant hair.
His breaſt like jeſſamine; the boy appears
As if two ſummers ſaw his infant years.
Thus hyacinths and tulips ſweetly riſe,
And floreate gardens beautify the ſkies.
Rodahver ſmil'd, and in her ſon ſhe view'd
Majeſtic grace, and thus the theme purſu'd:
"Clos'd are my labours." And from this the name
Of Ruſtem roſe, the glorious chief of fame!

Zal

Zal and Rodahver glow'd with raptur'd joy,
Conven'd the ſage; in ſemblance of the boy,
They form'd a figure of a child of ſilk,
Who ne'er had taſted yet the parent's milk.
Stuff'd with the weaſel's ſoft and furry hair,
And on the cheek was Venus painted fair,
All brilliant with the ſun, and on the arm
A dreadful ſnake; the lion's claws alarm
Depicted on his hand, in which appear'd
A waving ſtandard; while the other rear'd
A bridle high; on a dun horſe they place,
And lead the image with the lion's grace.
(Throngs of attendants crowd around the horſe,
Large gifts were thrown in honour of the courſe.)
This martial figure was to Zal convey'd,
Young Ruſtem's image borne in great parade.
A jubilee in ev'ry garden blaz'd:
Hence to Kabul the voice of joy was rais'd.
While wine and muſic flow'd on ev'ry plain,
And jovial crowds unite their bliſsful ſtrain.

Mehrab enraptur'd the vaſt gift beſtows,
And the poor mendicant forgets his woes.
Through Zabul muſic aids the vocal train,
Yet ſtill more num'rous through Zeiſtania's reign.
Each tongue of Ruſtem, with his praiſe reſounds,
The roads were crowded from the diſtant bounds.
The gazing travellers, the way along
In numbers meet, as when the village throng
To market crowd; nor did the lower claſs
In numbers the nobility ſurpaſs.
As interwoven threads the crowds unite,
Before great Saum, the image in his ſight,
The grand proceſſion moves; aſtoniſh'd Saum
Eyes the fine figure, and with rapture warm,
" Behold the ſemblance of myſelf," he cries,
" This boy will one day reach the azure ſkies,
" And ſtride along the earth." Rich gifts he gave,
High as the image did his preſents wave.
The ſounding drums beat high; far blazing light
Illuminates the plain, refulgent, bright!

The king commands that Sugler, dog-like town,
And fierce Mazinderan, the victor's crown,
Shou'd blaze with light; while gifts profuſely gay
To ſkilful dancers, and the minſtrels lay,
The warrior gave: ſo ſplendid was the feaſt,
The moon deſcended with the beaming eaſt.
Now Saum to Zal replies; and in the line
His ſoul was painted; to the Pow'r Divine
High flow'd his plaudits for his bliſsful days,
Next to his ſon deſerving all his praiſe.
" The image I have ſeen, there greatly ſprings
" The force of heroes, and the fame of kings."
(He now commands to keep the boy ſublime
Exempt from danger or the varying clime.)
" For ſuch a child in ſecret have I pray'd;
" For ſuch a child implor'd celeſtial aid.
" While flow'd my tide of life I might behold
" From thee an offspring, like his grandſire bold.
" Now that he lives, what more can I deſire?
" The heir of glory like his martial ſire."

Swift as the wind the letter was convey'd
To joyful Zal, whoſe eye ſuch bliſs diſplay'd
At the glad ſtrain, that his elated ſoul
Glow'd through his frame in one tumultuous roll.
Tranſport to tranſport bore his mind on high,
His feet on earth, his head above the ſky.
Ten nurſes cheriſh'd the amazing youth;
The principle of lions, manly truth,
And manly ſtrength firſt mark'd his infant years,
When milk no more the mighty Ruſtem cheers,
With bread the mighty boy five ſheep devours,
Mankind aſtoniſh'd ey'd his wond'rous pow'rs.
Eight years had paſs'd, illuſtrious beam'd his fire,
As the tall cypreſs riſing in a ſpire.
Reſembling a bright ſtar, which all the train
With wonder views, on the celeſtial plain.
In mien and ſtature like the hero Saum,
In wiſdom, intellect, and mighty form.
Zal was his tutor in the letter'd rays,
That fortune might adorn his future days.

When

When Saum the brave, reſiſtleſs in his courſe,
Who guides through warring fields his furious horſe,
Firſt heard that Ruſtem like a lion grew,
That ſuch a child no mortal ever knew,
Such ſtrength, ſuch courage, wonderful to view!
To claſp the lion boy high beat his veins,
He leaves a leader of his martial trains;
And with the choſen few his march begun,
To Zabul's realms, and his immortal ſon.
When Zal was told th' intentions of his ſire,
The drums proclaim'd it, and with warlike fire
The num'rous forces blacken all the ground,
One plain of ebony appears around.
Now Mehrab, Zal, reſolve to meet the king,
The ſignal giv'n, they the march begin.
On ev'ry ſide the joyful ſhouts began,
Through armies eager all the tumult ran.
Thus mountains riſing in alternate ſpires,
Are loſt to view while one to heav'n aſpires.

Whole

Whole groves of ſhields of various hues unite,
The neighing ſteeds, and elephants of might
Reſound for many a mile. One royal, ſtrong,
Blaz'd with a golden howdah 'bove the throng.
On it was plac'd bright Zal's immortal ſon,
(The prize of glory, and of love he won.)
Whoſe limbs and ſtature the tall cypreſs grac'd,
Crowns on his head, and zones around his waiſt.
High blaz'd his ſhield, and in his hand appear
The weighty jav'lin, and the pond'rous ſpear.
Mehrab and Zal precede the wond'rous child:
Like indigo the duſt the chiefs defil'd.
But Ruſtem's face through clouds appear'd more bright,
Like the gay planet in meridian height.
When Saum from far, the mighty warriors ſhines,
The troops were rang'd in two embattl'd lines.
Mehrab and Zal alight; the old and young
Swift from their ſteeds with awful reverence ſprung.
They bow their heads obedient to the ground,
The praiſe of Saum re-echoes all around.

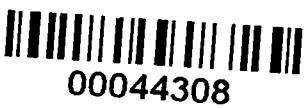
Not

Not with more colour beams the bluſhing roſe,
Than Saum at viewing the young hero glows.
The elephant approach'd, the warrior views
The mighty child, and thus the ſtrain purſues:
" Bleſt be thy days! for ever live in fame!
" Thou valiant youth! the glory of our name!
" Thou ſon of Zal! thou king of high renown!
" Oh! thou who merits an imperial crown!
" Thou ſplendid moon! be this thy mortal praiſe!
" Like Saum thy glories, thou thyſelf may raiſe!"
Ruſtem ſubmiſſive bow'd, and, ſtrange to tell,
His grandſire's fame thus eloquently fell
From his young voice; and to the youth around
Thus did his ſtrain, and thus the praiſe reſound:
" For ever live, thou hero of the earth!
" Thy branch am I, to thee I owe my birth.
" Thou art the tree from whoſe illuſtrious root
" Grows the ſtraight branch and the unerring ſhoot.
" For ever and for ever may'ſt thou reign!
" Thence flows my tranſports through the thrilling vein.

" My

" My time to eaſe, to ſloth ſhall never yield;
" Give me the courſer, helmet, and the ſhield!
" The ſpear, the jav'lin, I will dart along,
" And break like thunder o'er the hoſtile throng.
" Thy foes ſhall proſtrate at thy footſteps bend,
" Like thine my image and my fame aſcend!"

END OF VOL. I.



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on 17 May, 2019